"Okay, when I say 'draw.' Ready?.. Claw!... Straw!..
Not bad... Thaw!..

"Okay, when I say "draw," we draw - but not until I say "draw -" so listen carefully:... Straw!.. ~~Hedgehog!~~ oooooo, you almost ~~threw~~ drew."

Okay, when I say 'draw!' Ready... SAUERKRAUT!... ha

SUCK!

Rog Johnson is a blunderer gatherer

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but his license all checks out... but maybe I can get him to take husband somewhere else and

Hey! W... your face, Ogre. Dim

Larson



Insect photography

The Eye and I

I've already told one story about my childhood fear of monsters, but please allow me one more. This one is different, because something more than a good scare was burned into my psyche; I learned a precious lesson one night that has stayed with me. The lesson was about *craft*. I paid a high price to get it, but for you, my friends, it's free.

Growing up, I had a fear of my closet. The basement was of intermittent concern, but my bedroom closet, for obvious reasons, was a nightly menace. Something hideous lived in there, and that something wanted me. I knew it, it knew I knew it, and we both knew my parents knew nothing. (That's the way these things usually go.)

Fortunately, there was one rule imposed on my closet monster: If the sliding door was kept shut, I was safe. I'm talking *completely* shut—no room for errors here. I don't know where this rule came from or why the monster even honored it, but I knew it kept me alive. I knew it, it knew it, and, well—I won't wear that out.

One night I was in bed, reading. Only my lamp was on, so the rest of the room glowed in your standard, eerie semi-darkness loved by all monsters. As usual, I couldn't keep myself from glancing up at the closet every so often; you know, just monitoring the situation. And on this night—the night that changed me forever—I looked up and saw my worst fear realized. Very, very slightly, maybe by just a half-inch or so, the closet door was open. I was looking at a dark crack that led into the bowels of hell. How could this have happened? How did I overlook something so essential to my very existence?

My dilemma was this: I could try to make it over to the main light switch, through the said eerie semi-darkness, but that was a long way across the room—at least eight feet, I'm guessing—far, far from the safety of my bed. (The Safety of the Bed Rule is a whole other issue, with complex sub-rules and regulations; for brevity's sake, I'll not discuss it here.) Or, I could walk over to the closet and simply shut it, but I knew that's *exactly* what the thing inside wanted me to do! I was a chicken, not a fool.

I stared at that horrible sliver of darkness in the corner of my room until I could at last force my eyes back down in an effort to keep reading. But I hadn't read much before I looked up again. My stomach rolled over. The door, it *seemed,* had opened just a little wider. No, it *couldn't*

have moved. It *had* to be just my imagination. I lowered my eyes. Two seconds later, I looked up again. The closet door had opened further. There was no doubt. The slit was now open a full inch.

What happened next was all rather dreamlike. I was so scared I couldn't move, I couldn't even scream. (You know, it's that basic law of terror that a primal scream is sort of like a starter's pistol to all the participants in your own death. You scream, you die.) With my heart and adrenal glands going berserk, my eyes just burned into that inch-wide abyss. And as I stared, something very slowly took shape: Framed within that narrow slit, a single, listless eye stared back at me.

It was time to scream. Without taking my eyes off that horrible eye, my vocal cords opened up into a glorious, all-out shriek. Unfortunately, my scream also indicated to the monster that the jig was up; it was time to kill. As I watched (and screamed), the closet door began to slide open. Not hurriedly, but very, very slowly, with deadly deliberation. The thing inside knew it had me; there was no need to hurry.

And from the depths of the closet, something emerged. And that something was ... my older brother, Dan.

Chaos immediately reigned. My mom came running in, flipped on the light, absorbed the situation, and began to chew out my brother while I remained in bed, crying and hyperventilating. Blah blah blah, end of story. Ah, but the lesson about craft.

Dan was like some master from the Shau Lin Temple of Scaring Younger Brothers. The instant I had screamed, any hack would have crudely flung the closet door open, jumped out, and vocalized some corny, monster-cliché kind of sound. Not Dan. The nuances of fear—the nuances of humor—were imbued in him. Think of how long he must have hidden in that closet, patiently waiting for me to go to bed. He had studied me. He knew what scared me. He knew enough to open that door in such small increments that I would doubt what was actually happening. And in the end, he slid that door open with a methodical, uncanny perfection, letting me watch the horror unfold as if it were all a dream. He never yelled. The sound of that door rolling on its casters was enough. He simply "emerged"—smoothly, unhurriedly—from the darkness. He let my mind fill in all the blanks.

Craft. I hate craft.

January 1986



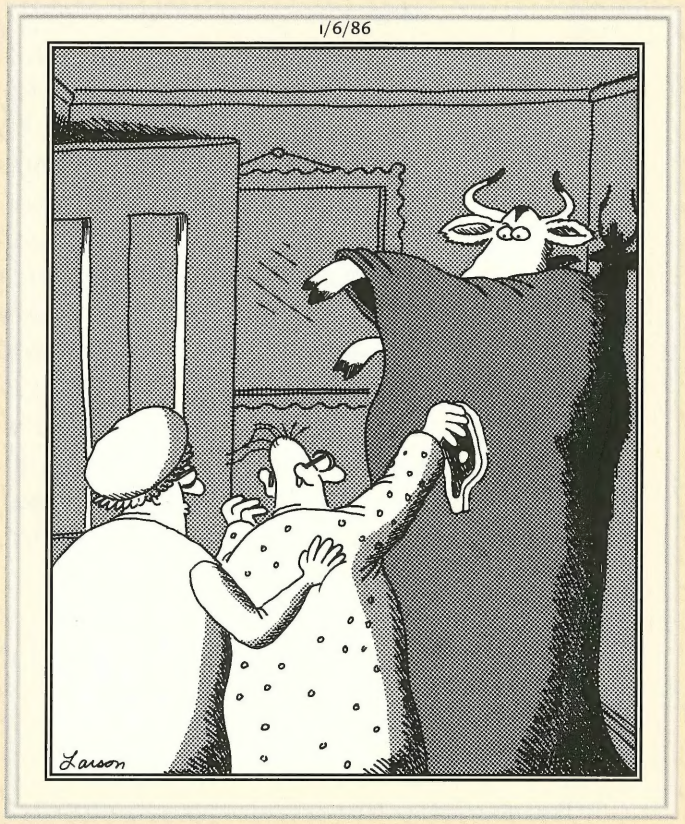
"Never mind my name. You just tell your boss some *thing* is here to see him!"



Butterflies from the wrong side of the meadow



"Ed ... the 'later' is back."

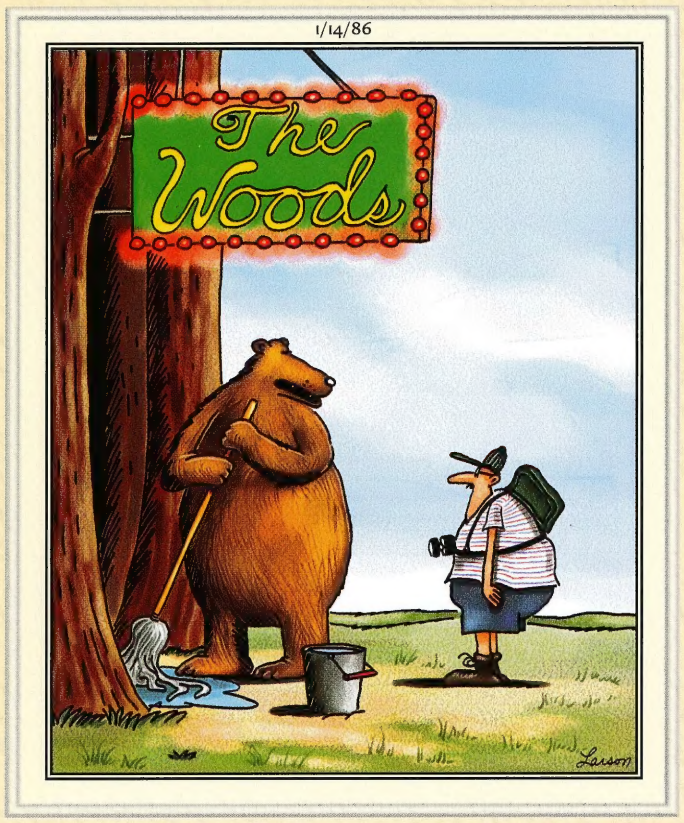


Thwarting the vampcow

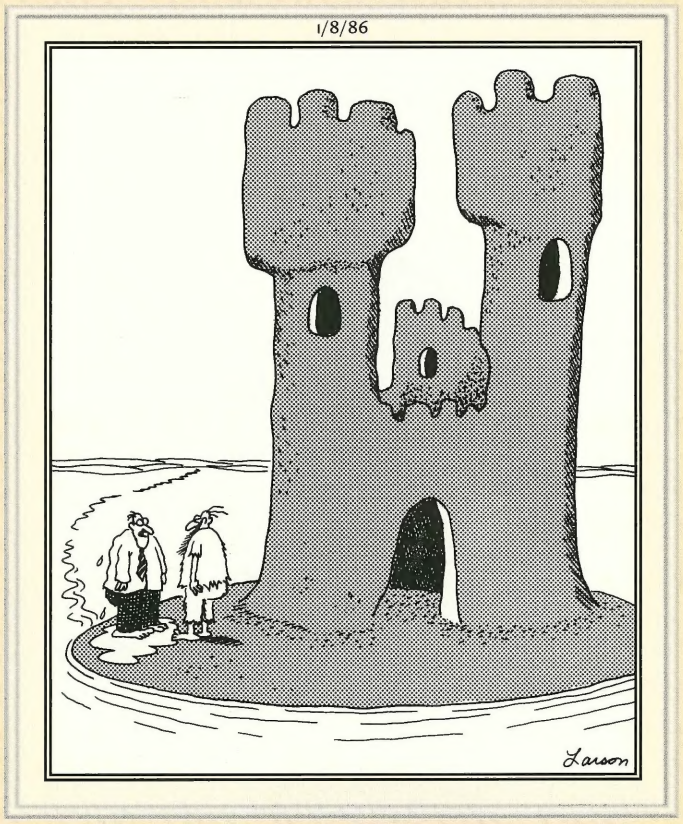
January 1986



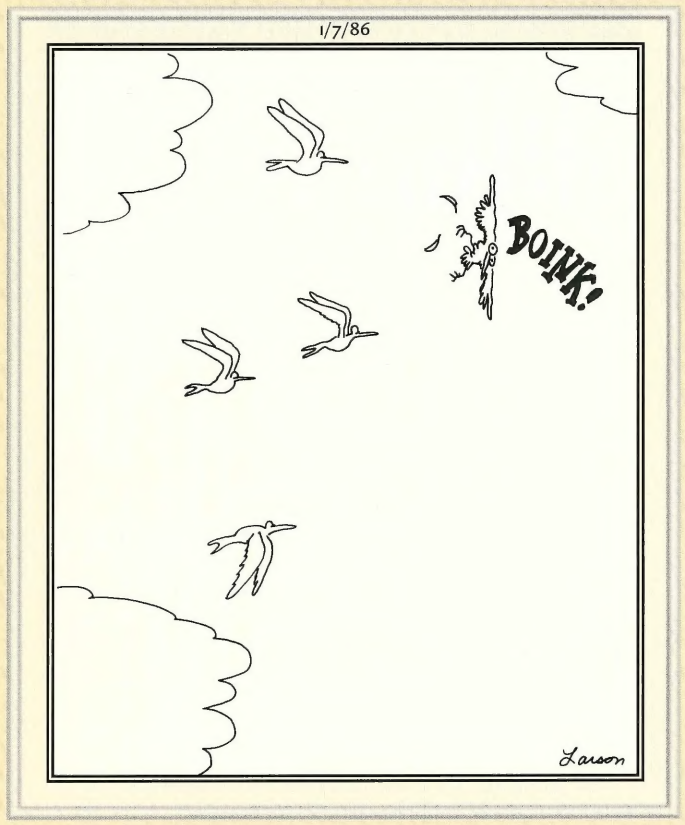
"Yup. This year they're comin' along reeeeeeal good. ... 'Course, you can always lose a few to an early frost or young pups."



"Hey, look. Number 1, we're closed, Number 2, I only work here, and Number 3, we don't like your kind in here anyway."



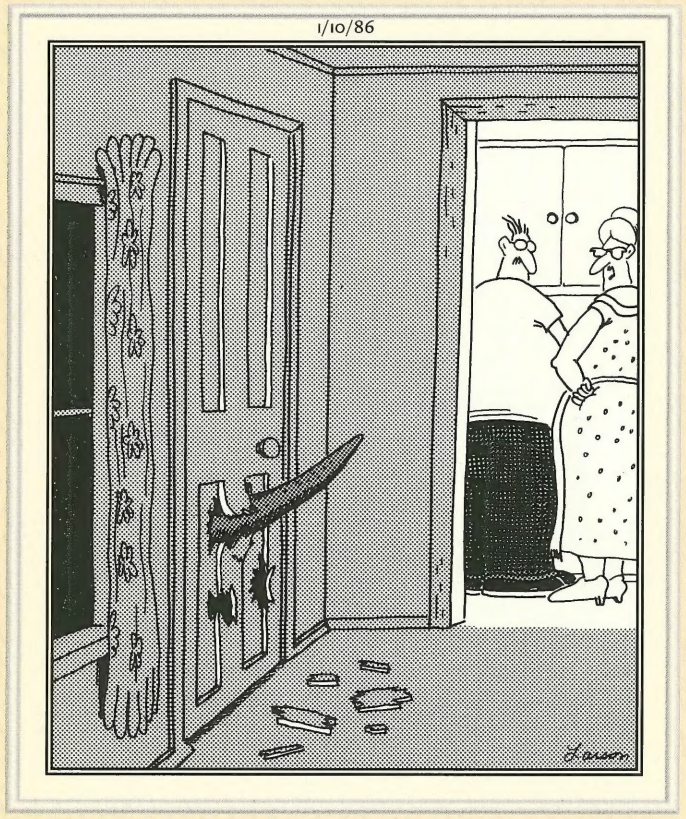
"And the next thing I knew, the whole ship just sunk right out from under me. So what's the deal with you? ... You been here long or what?"



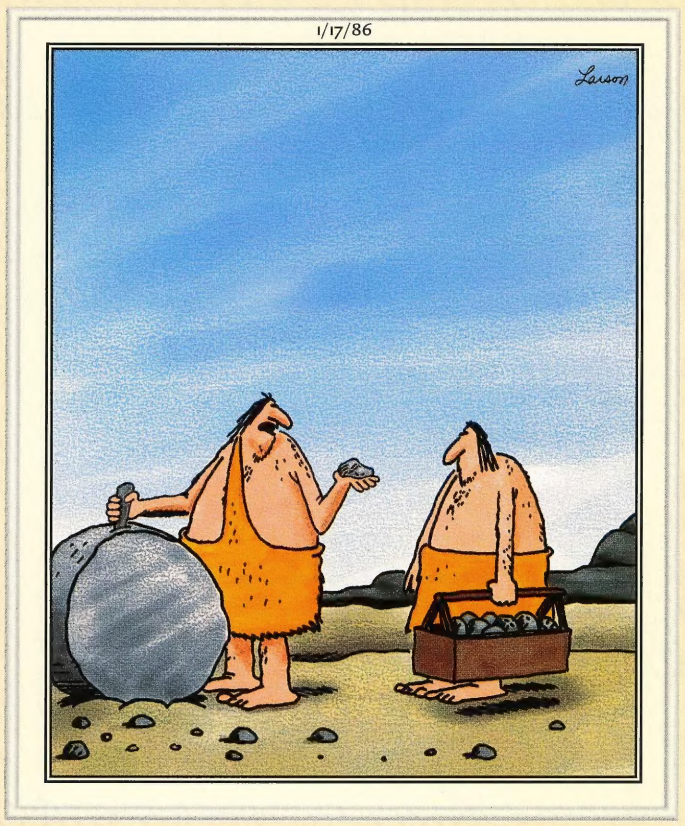
When migration routes encounter the window of vulnerability



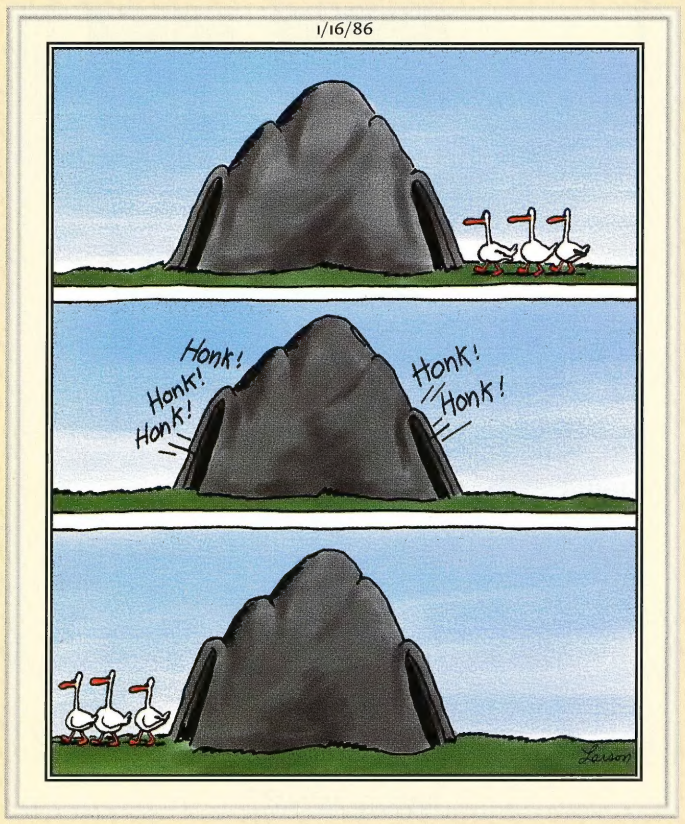
In its early stage, it was simply known as the Olduvai Pothole.



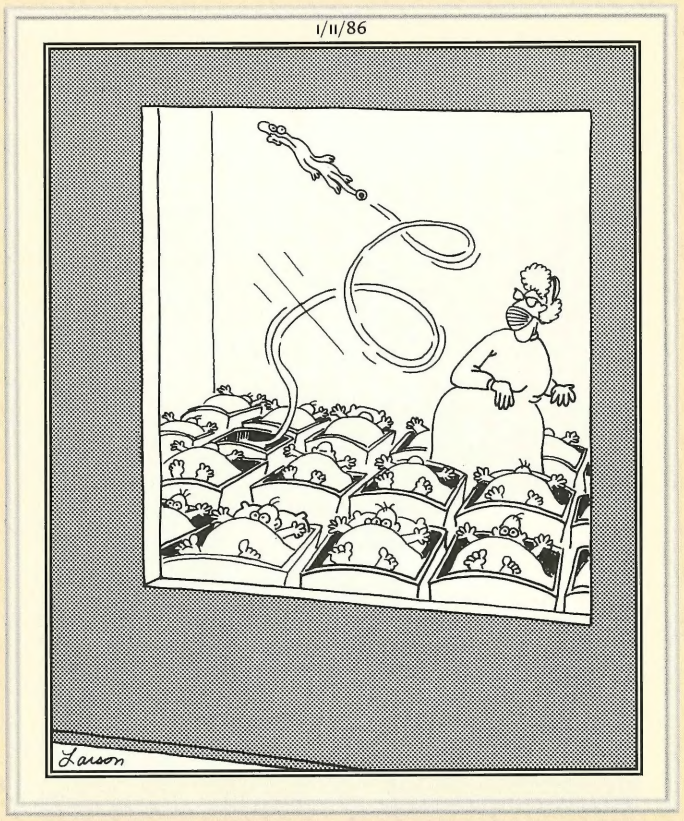
"For heaven's sake, Lee. That spoiled rhino is going to either bellow or charge the door all night till we let him in."



"So what's this? I asked for a hammer!
A *hammer! This* is a crescent wrench! ...
Well, maybe it's a hammer. ...
Damn these stone tools!"



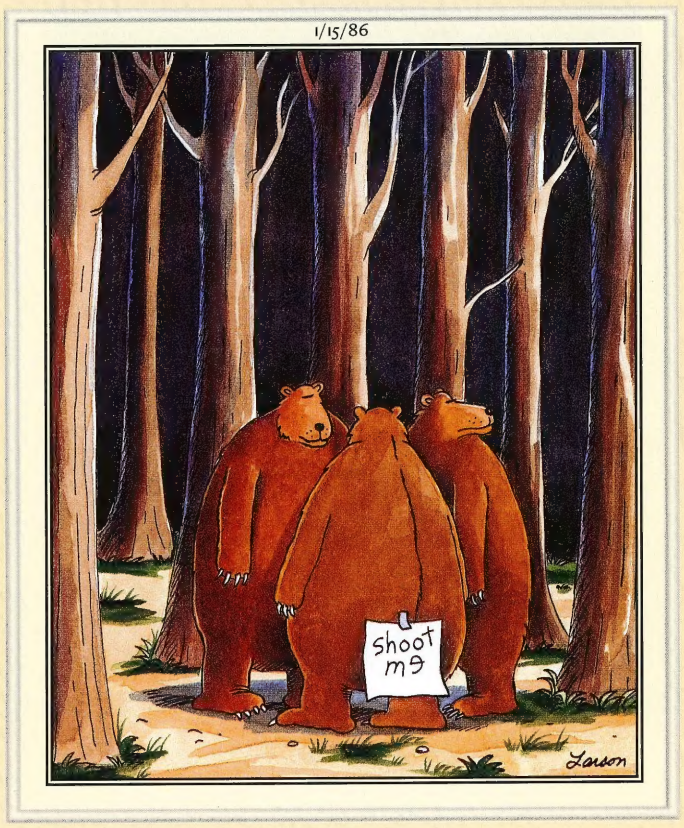
Whenever geese pass through tunnels



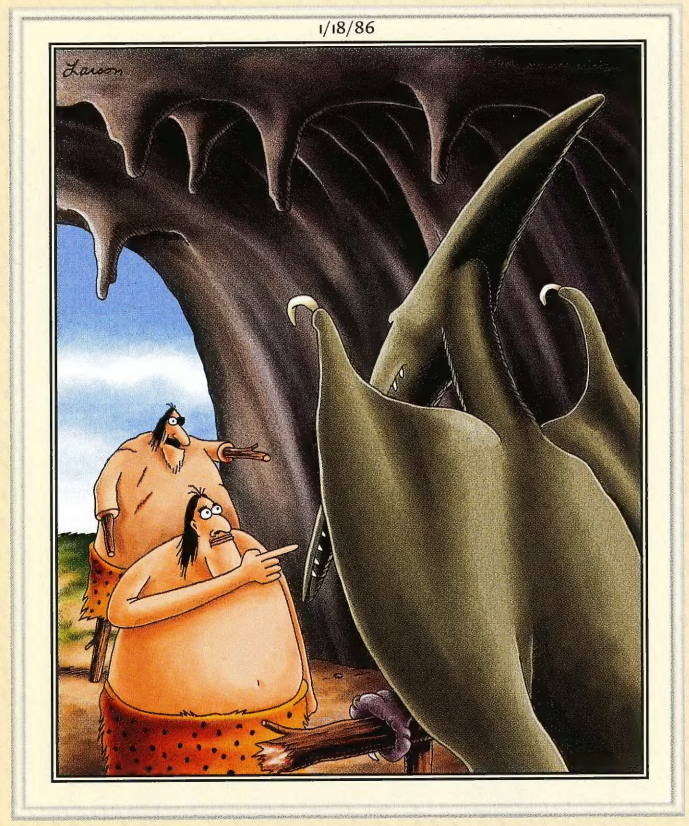
Belly button slipknots



Gross stories

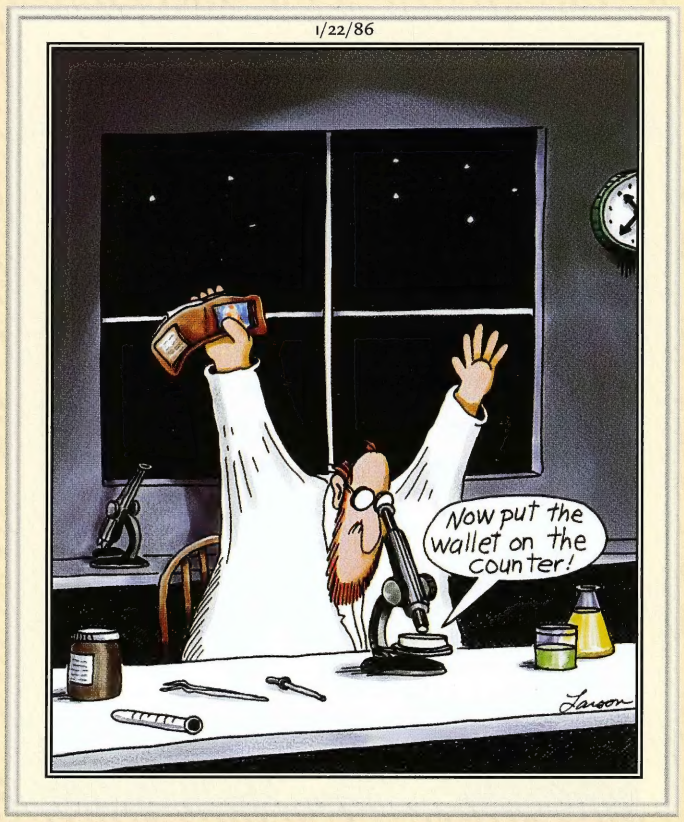


Practical jokes of the wild

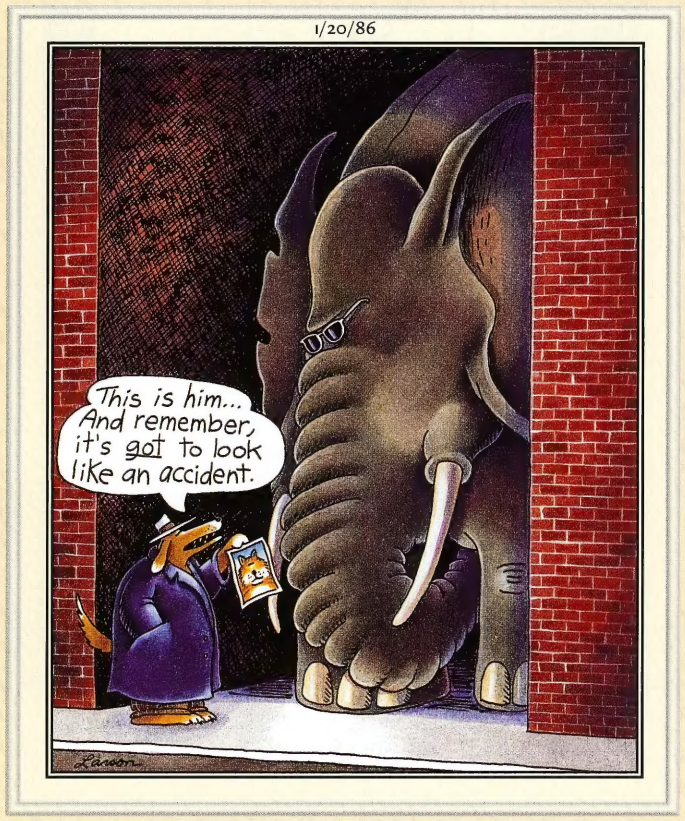


"Don't be 'fraid, Dug. Me teach him sit on finger. ... Closer, Dug, closer."

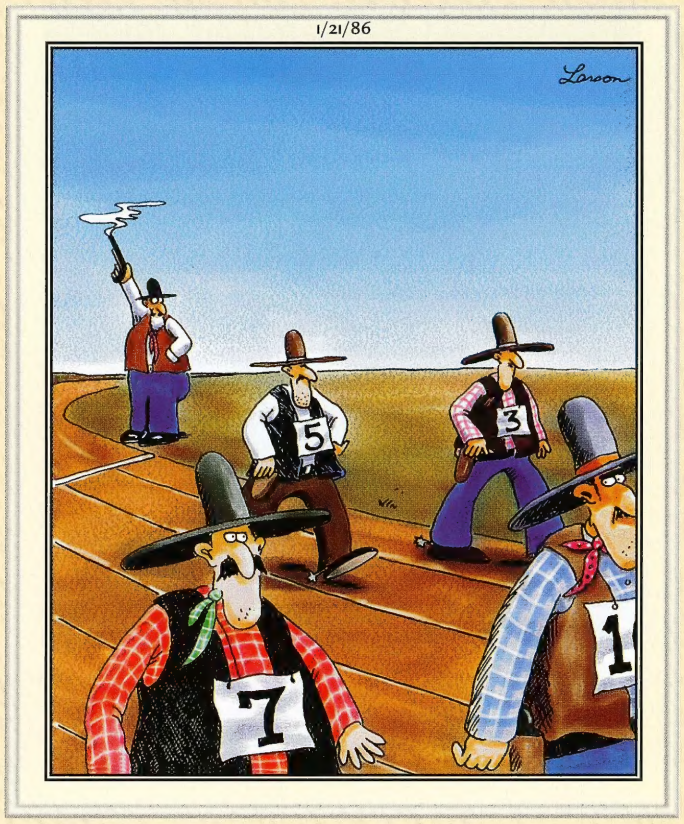
January 1986



Working alone, Professor Dawson stumbles into a bad section of the petri dish.



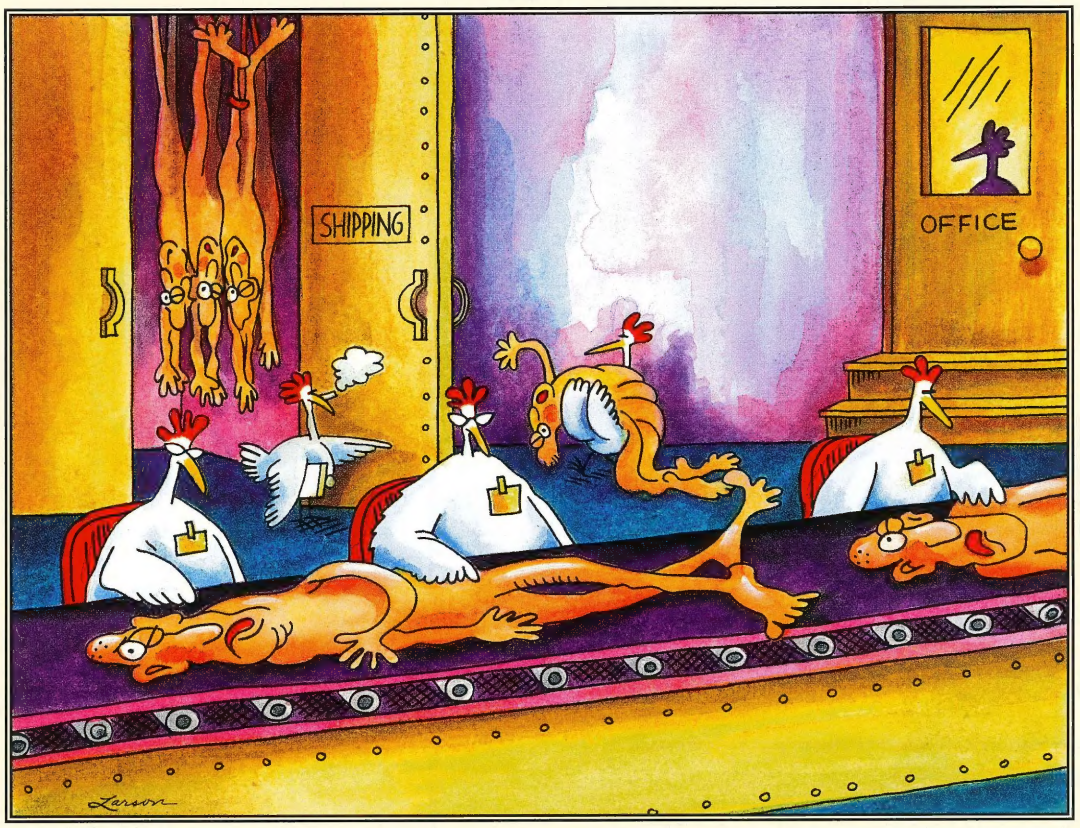
Hit elephants



The 100-meter mosey

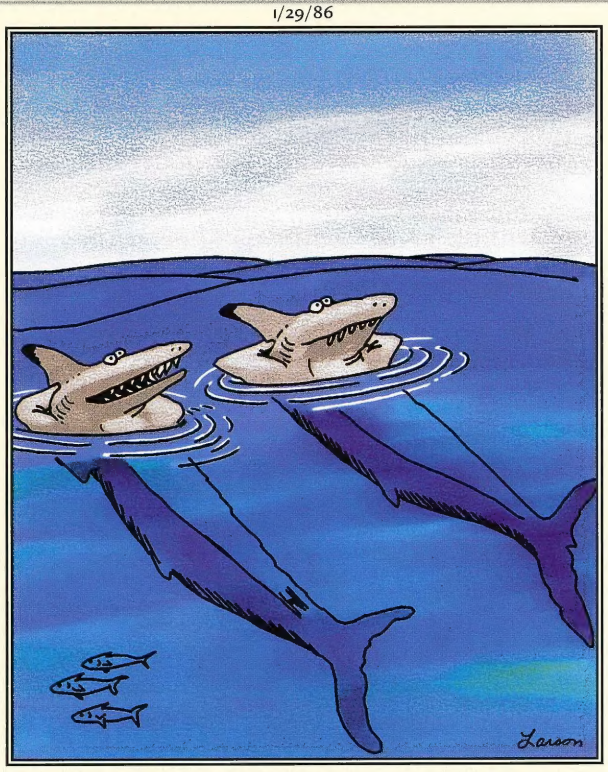


1/23/86



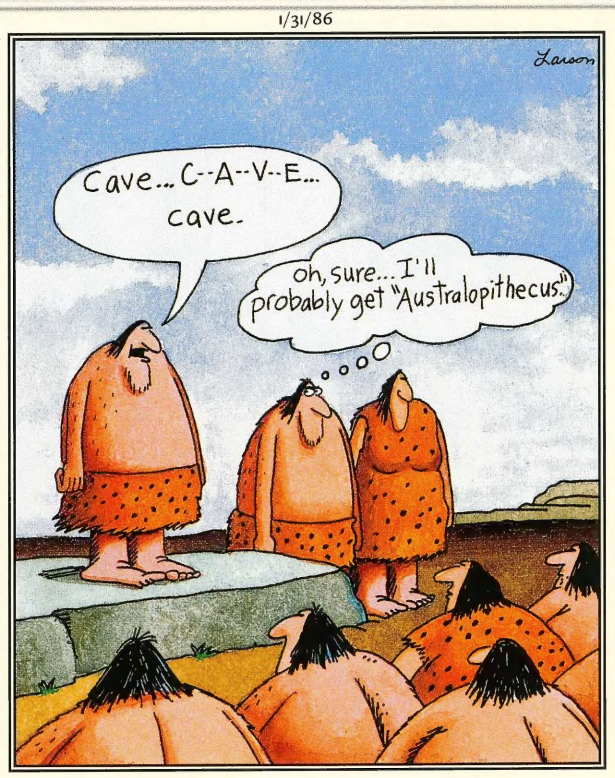
At the rubber man factory

1/29/86



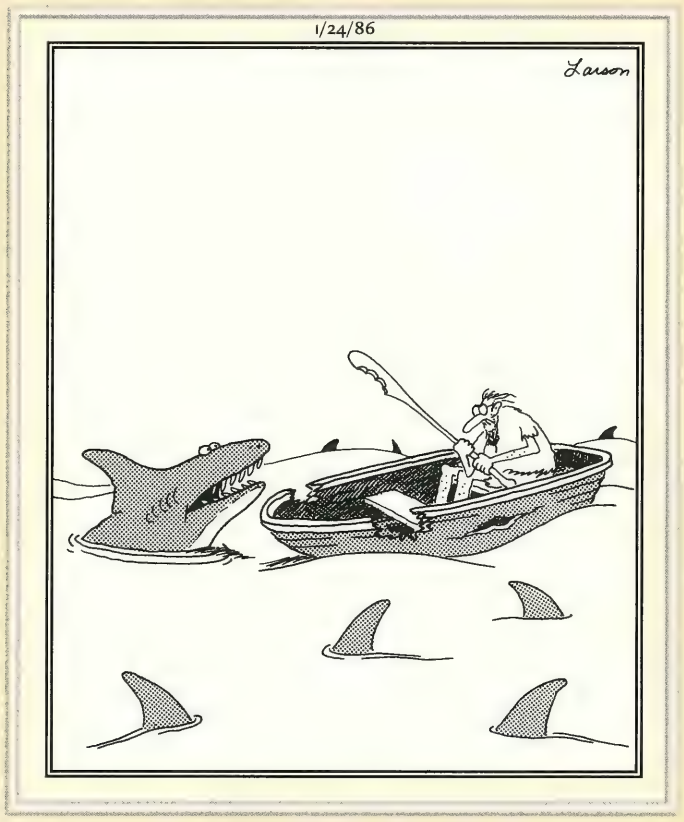
"Gee, that's a wonderful sensation. ... Early in the morning, you just woke up, you're tired, movin' kinda slow, and then that oooold smell hits your nose ... blood in the water."

1/31/86



Primitive spelling bees

January 1986



"Look. Why don't you just give yourself up quietly? ... Otherwise, this thing could turn into a frenzy—and nobody wants that."



"Check this guy out, Lois. ... Artificial for sure."

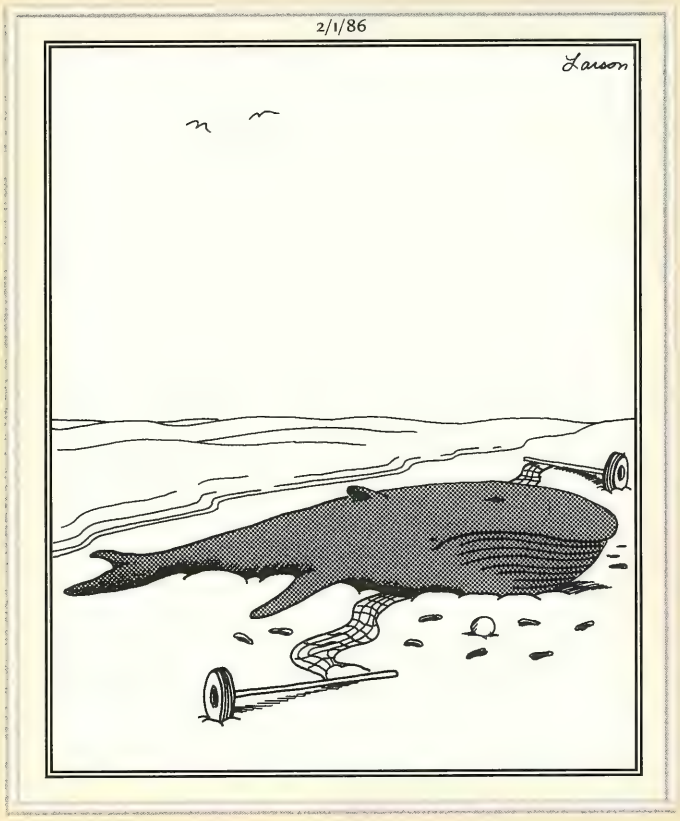


Another case of too many scientists and not enough hunchbacks.

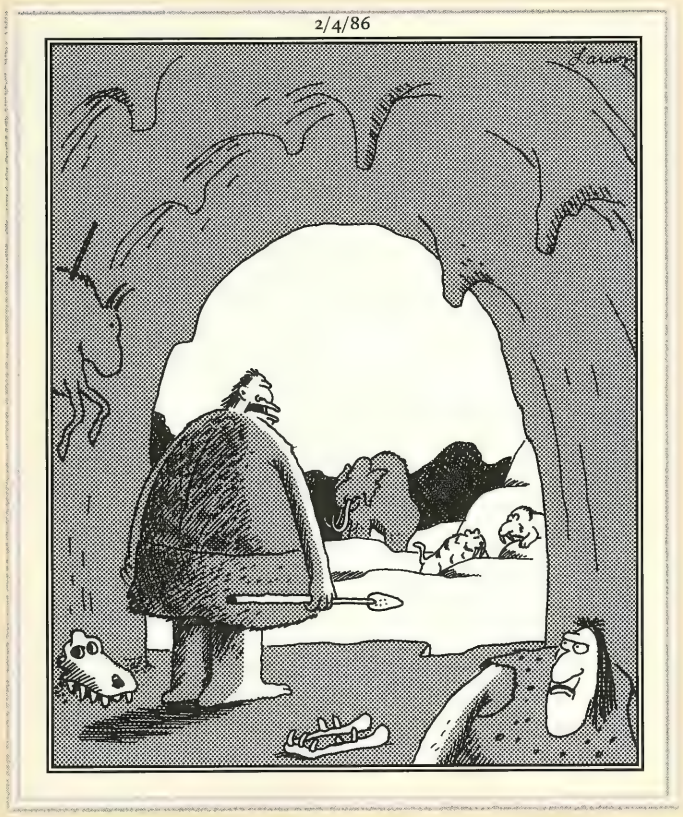


Edgar finds his purpose.

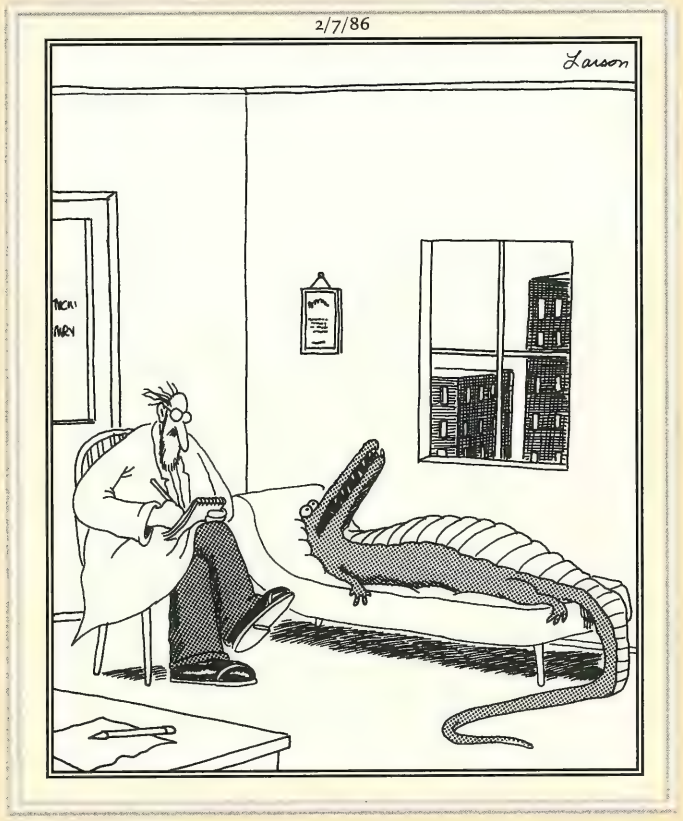
February 1986



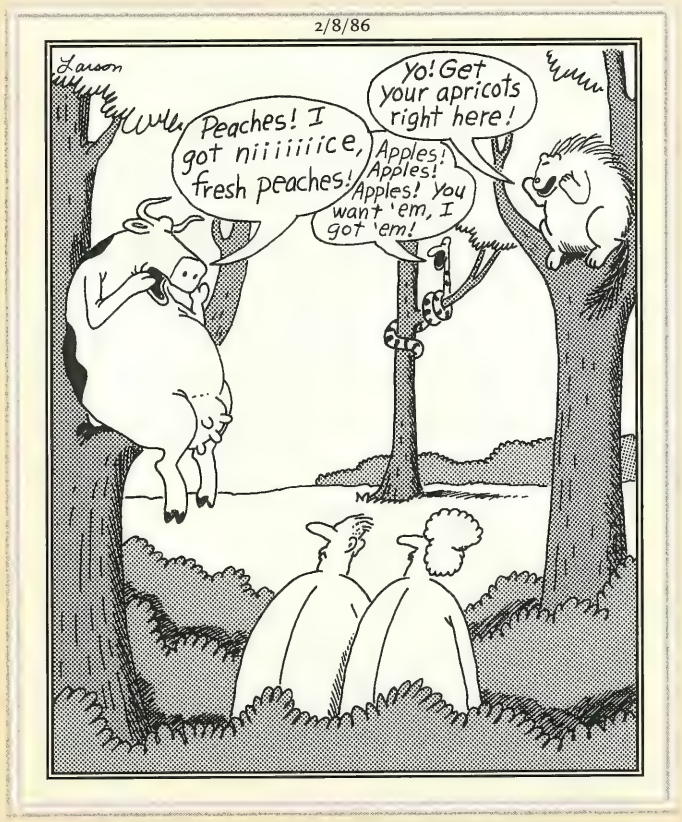
Beached whale surprise



"Once in a while couldn't we just have some pasta?"

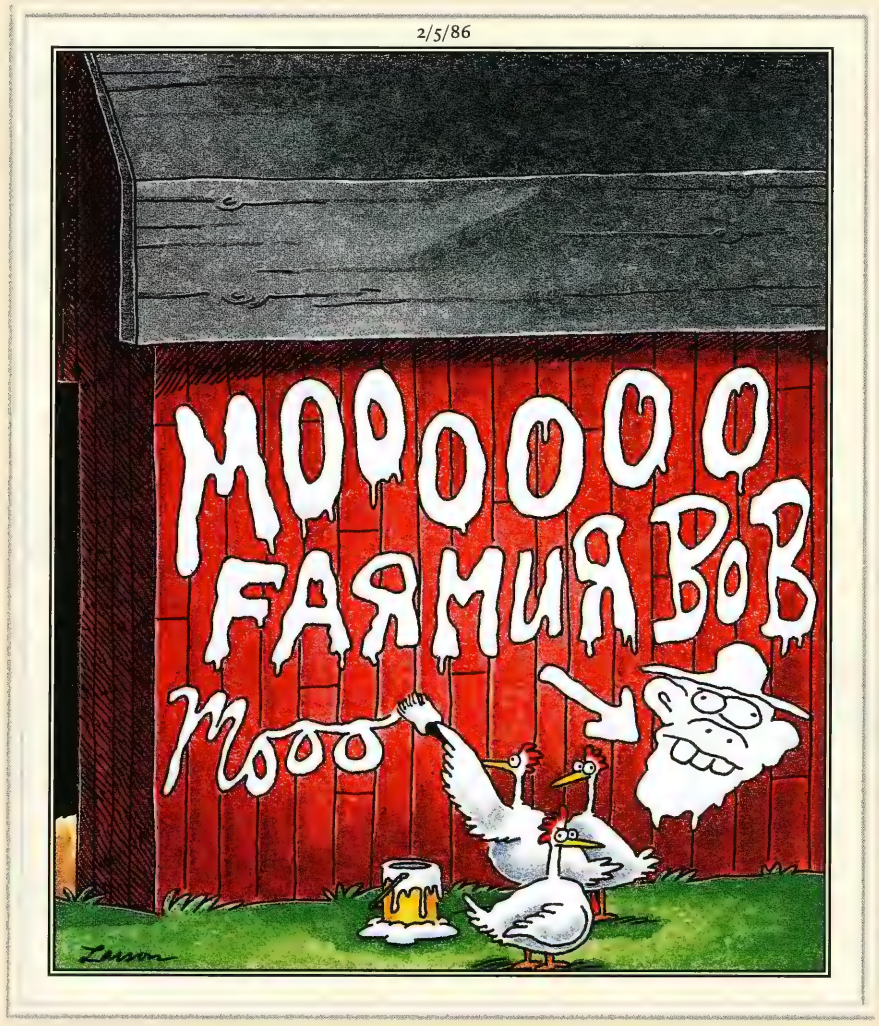


"You know those teeny tiny little birds that walk around so trustingly inside a crocodile's mouth? Well, I just been eatin' those little guys like popcorn."



Saturday morning in the Garden

February 1986



Eventually, the chickens were able to drive a wedge between Farmer Bob and Lulu.



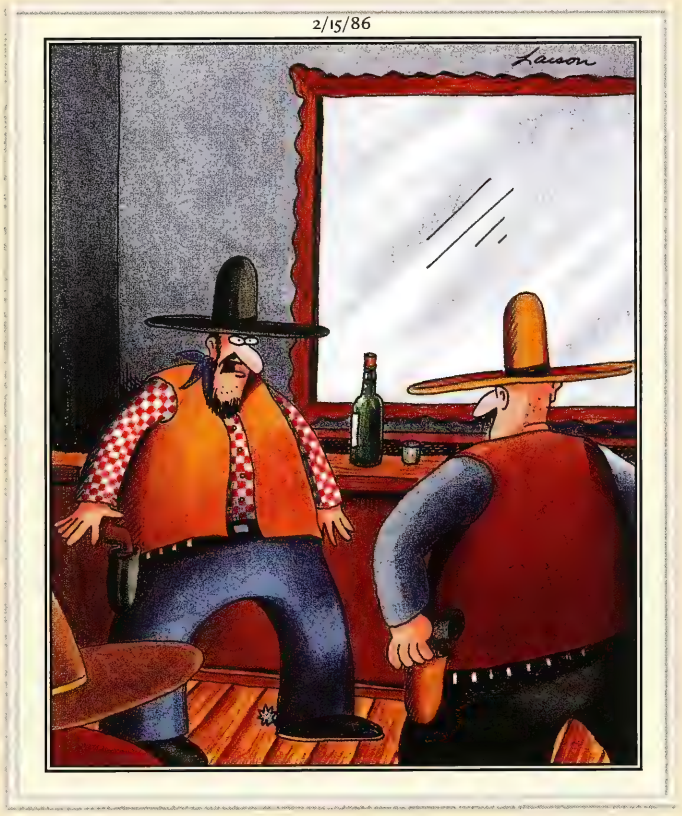
"For crying out loud, Doris. ... You gotta drag that thing out *every* time we all get together?"



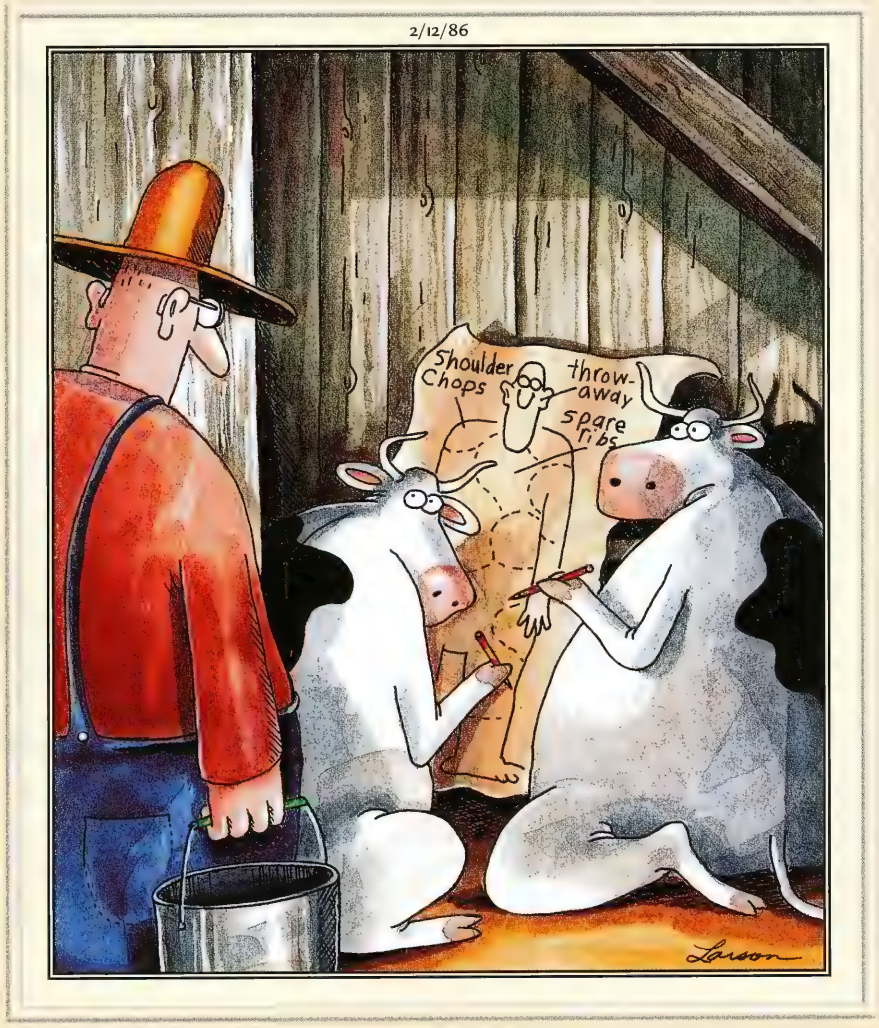
"Oo, Sylvia! You've got to see this! ... Ginger's bringing Bobby home, and even though her jaws can crush soup bones, Bobby only gets a few nicks and scratches."

February 1986



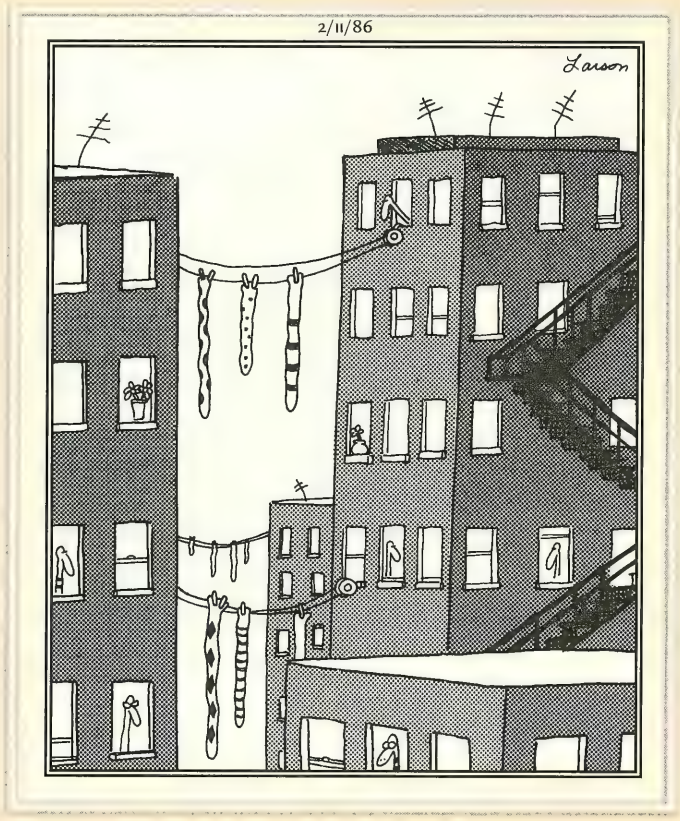


"Sure, I'll draw, mister—but first you gotta say the magic word. ... Didn't your mother ever teach you the magic word?"

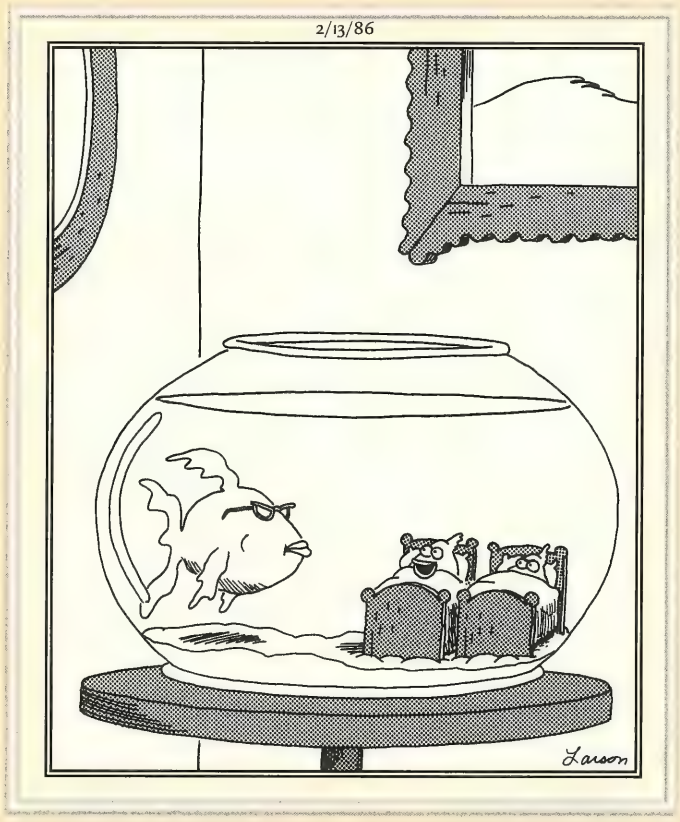


Farmer Brown froze in his tracks; the cows stared wide-eyed back at him. Somewhere, off in the distance, a dog barked.

February 1986



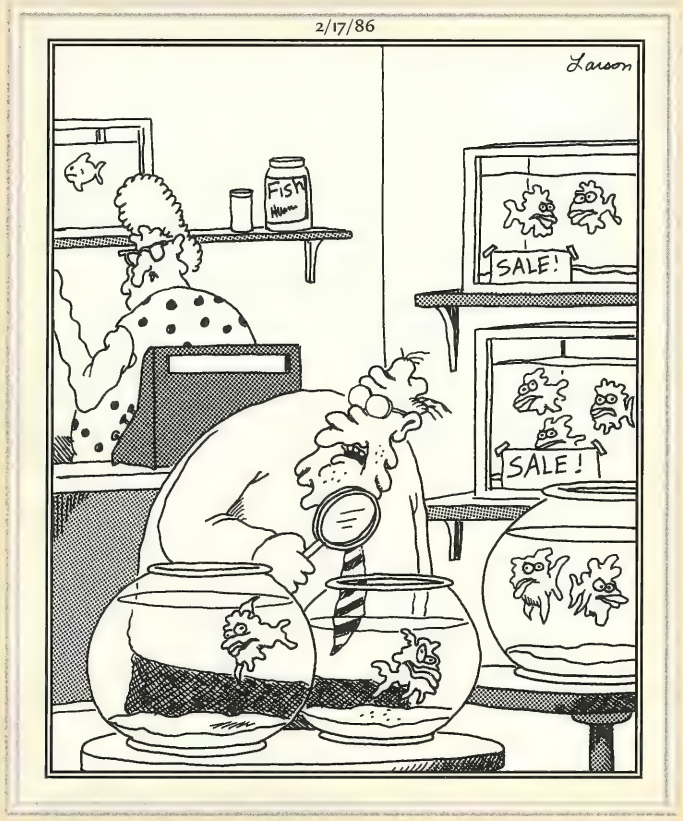
Across town in the snake district



"Mom! Theron's dried his bed again."

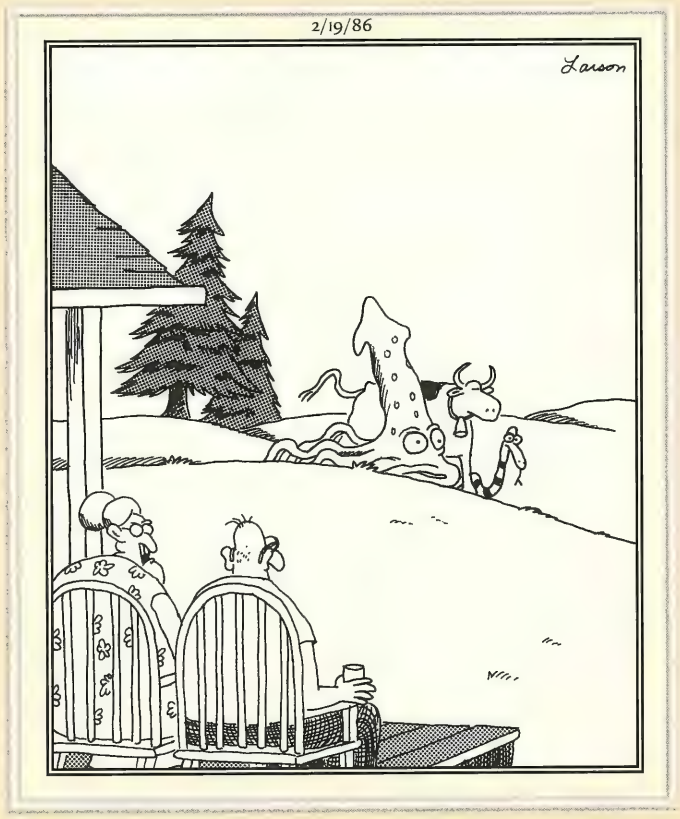


"Listen. You want to go extinct? You want them to shoot and trap us into oblivion? ... *We're* supposed to be the animals, so let's get back out there and act like it!"

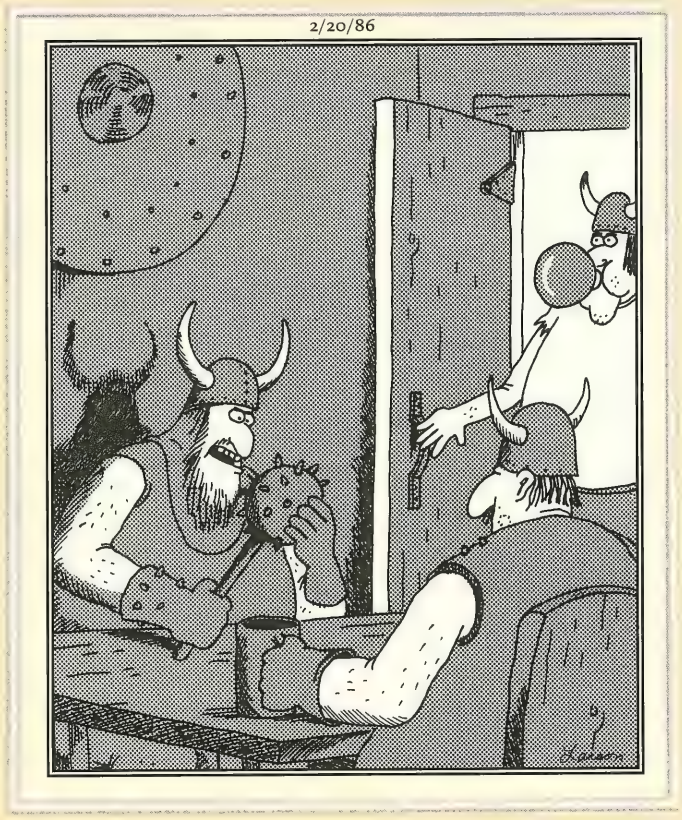


"Louise! C'mon over here. ... I think we got some bug spreading through the store."

February 1986



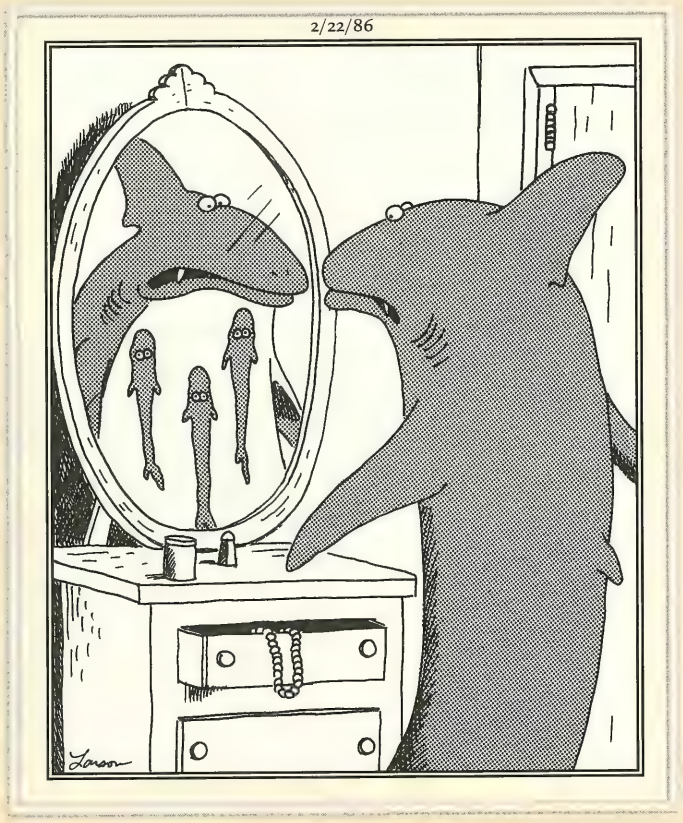
"Looks like another one of those stupid *Incredible Journey* things."



"You know, Bjorg, there's something about holding a good, solid mace in your hand—you just look for an excuse to smash something."

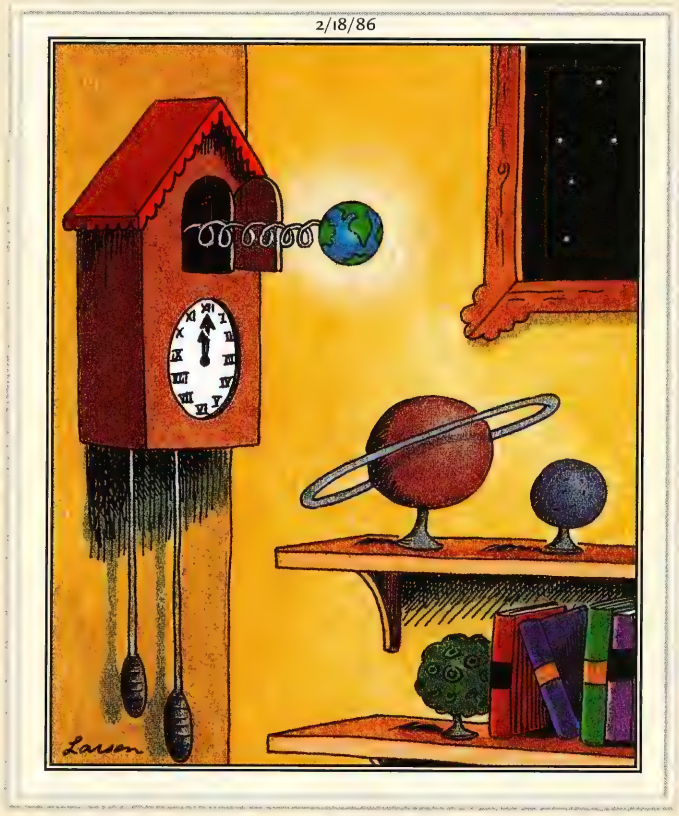


The invaluable lizard setter

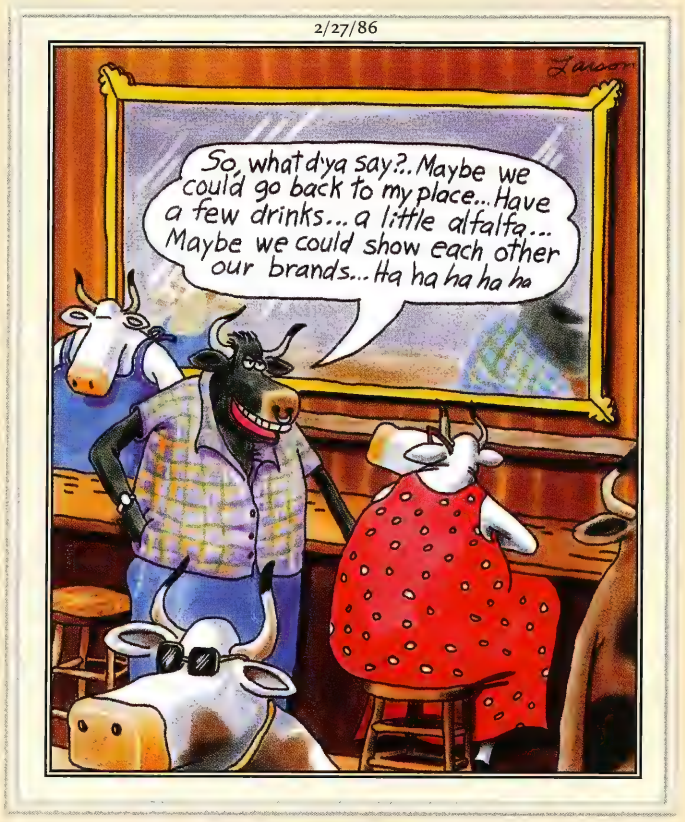


The heartbreak of remoras

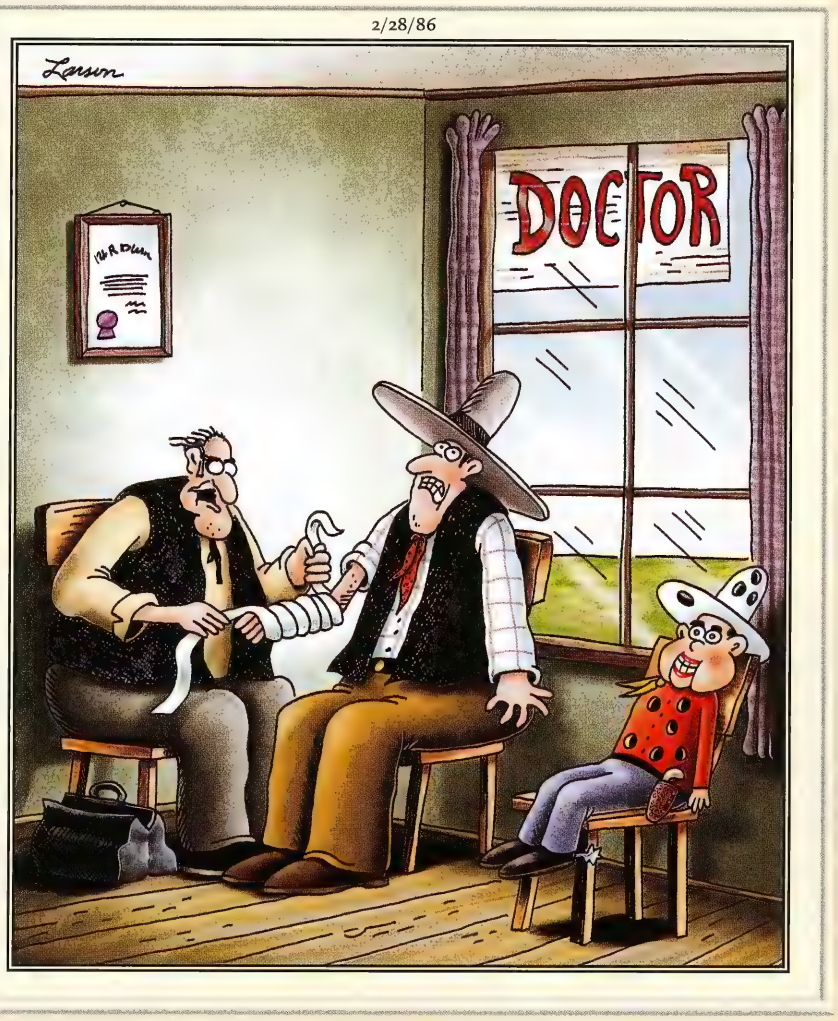
February 1986



In God's den



Cattle hustler

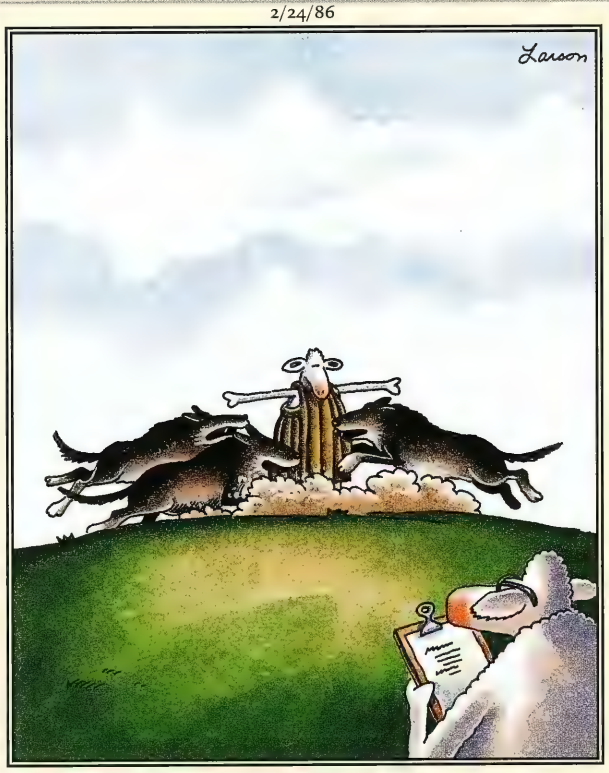


"You're gonna be okay, mister, but I can't say the same for your little buddy over there. ... The way I hear it, he's the one that mouthed off to them gunfighters in the first place."

2/26/86

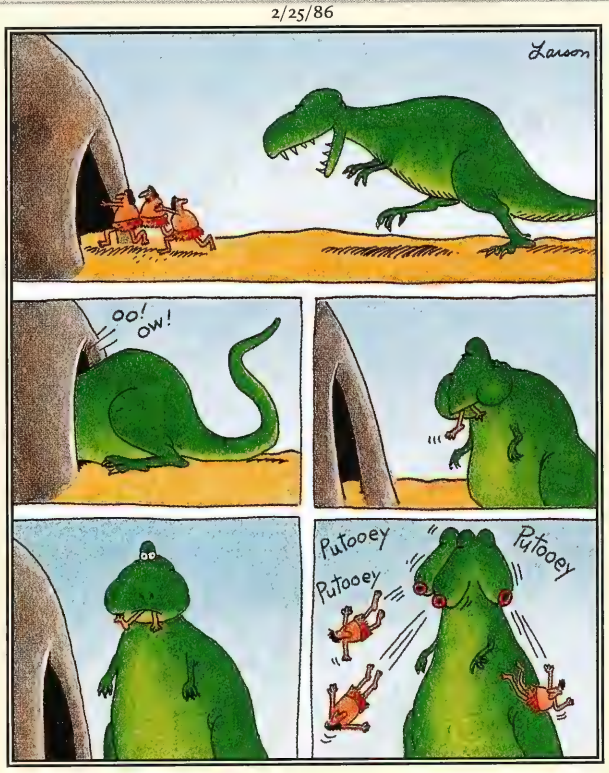


2/24/86



Testing the carnivore-proof vest.

2/25/86



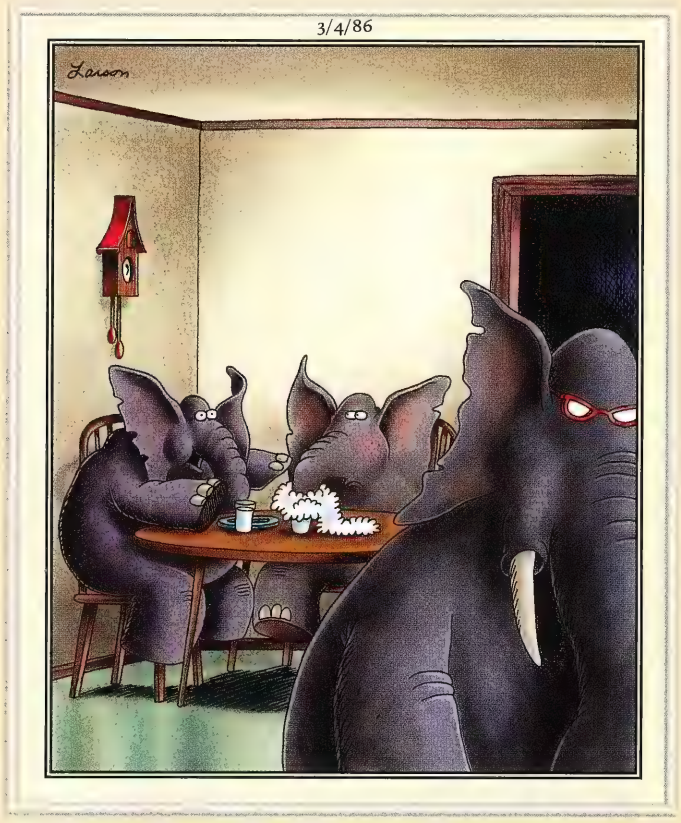
In the days before soap

March 1986

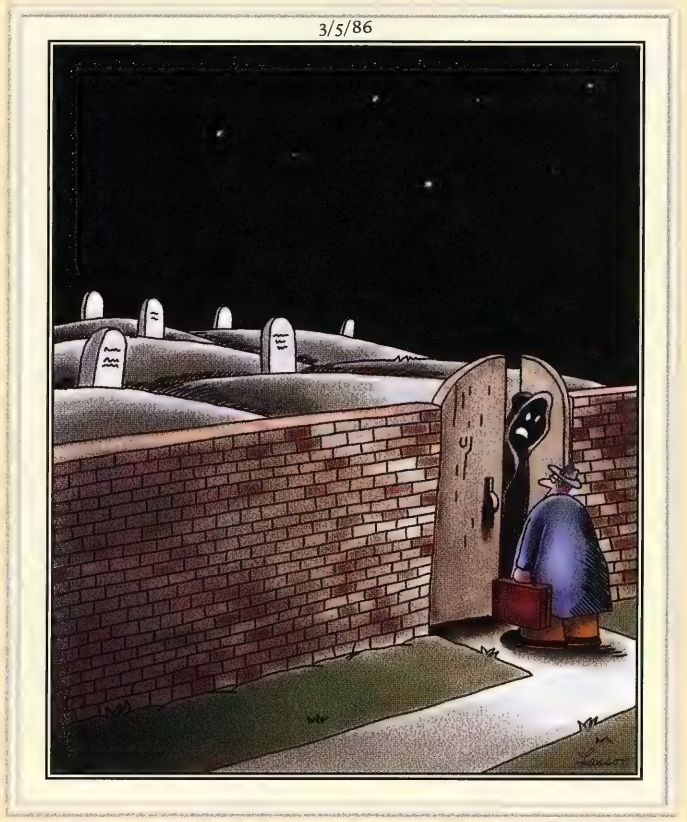




Single-cell sitcoms



"Mom! Allen's makin' his milk foam!"



"Sorry ... we're dead."

March 1986



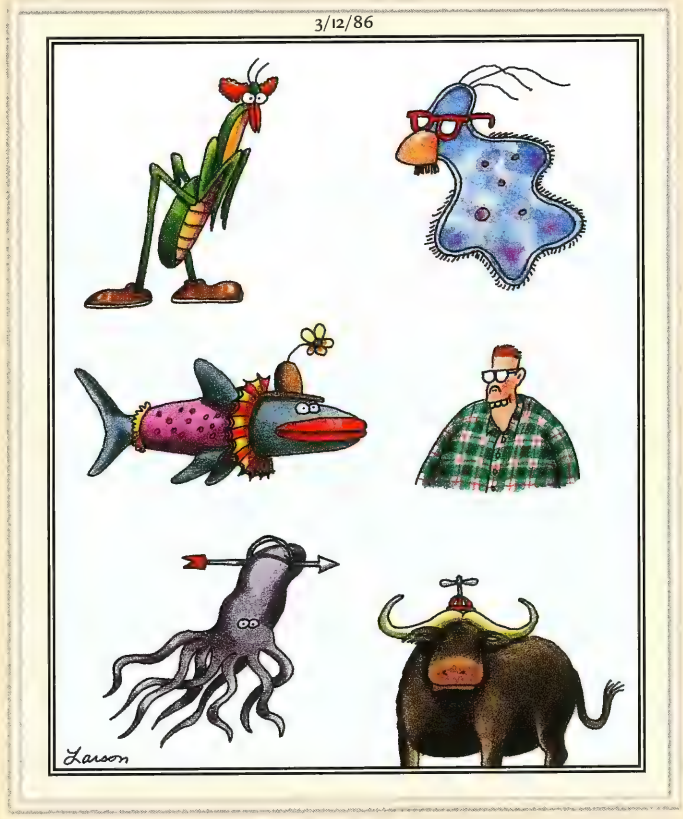
"Now watch this. He'll keep that chicken right there until I say okay. ... You wanna say okay, Ernie?"



Clumsy ghosts



Canine social blunders



Clowns of the animal world

March 1986



"Hors d'oeuvre?"



"Mr. Ainsworth. ... Calling Mr. Aiiiinsworth. ... If you're within the sound of my voice, Mr. Ainsworth, please give us some kind of sign."



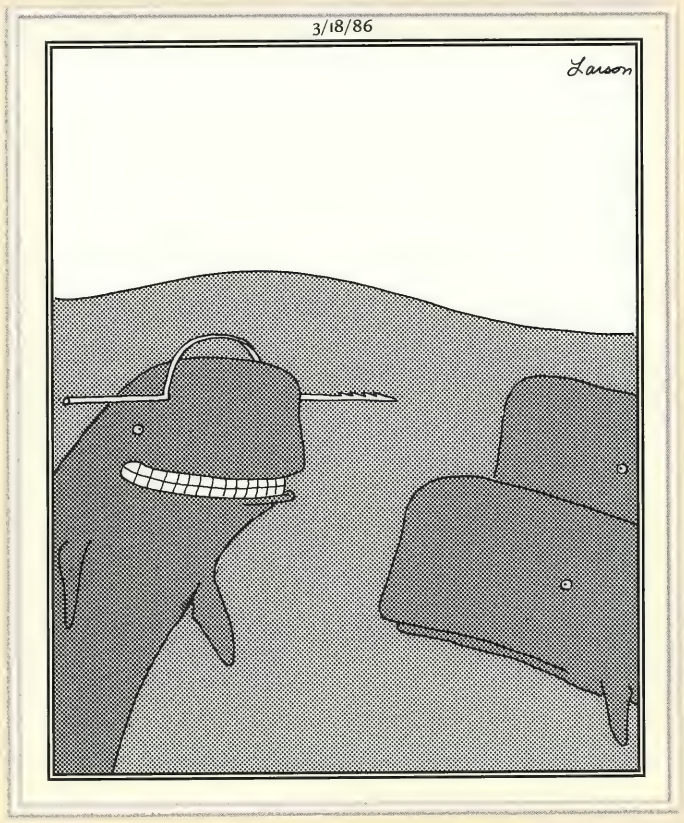
Early comedians



"Randy's goin' down!"

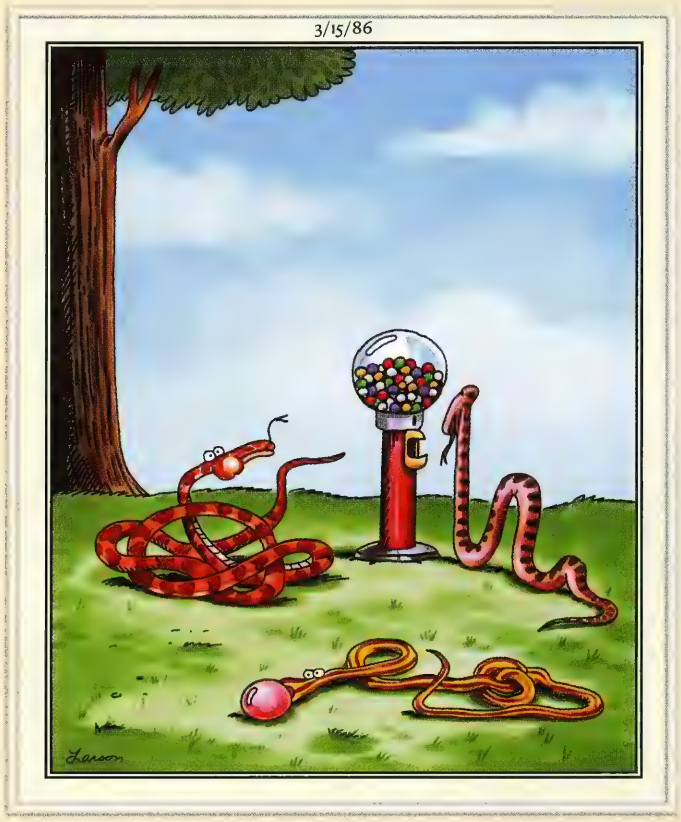


Forest violence



The old "fake harpoon" gag

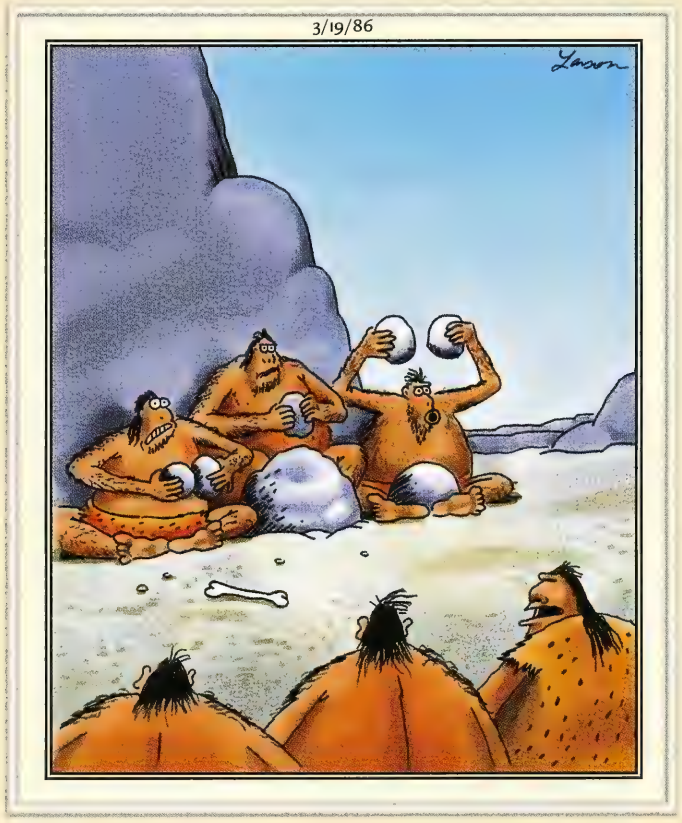
March 1986



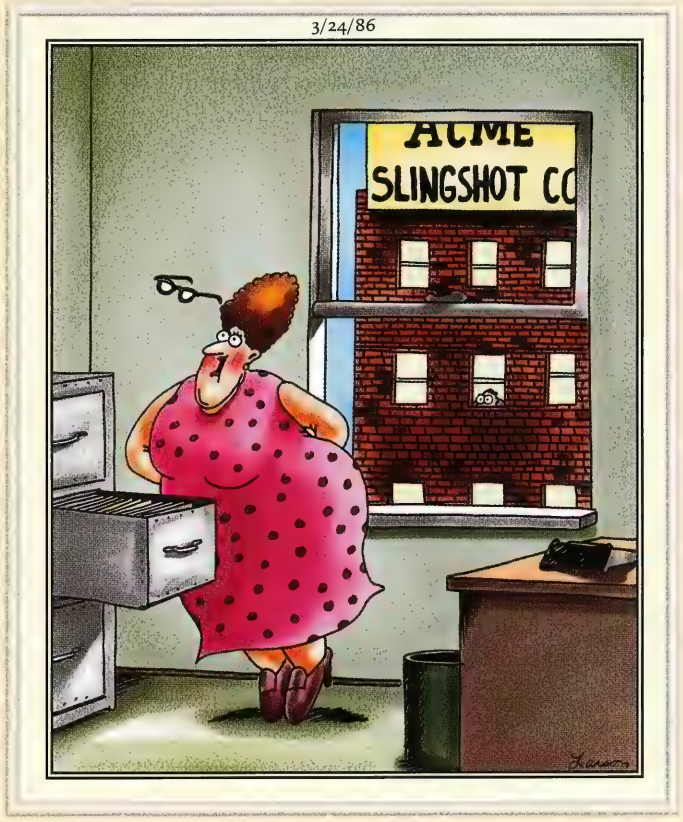
When snakes try to chew gum and crawl at the same time.

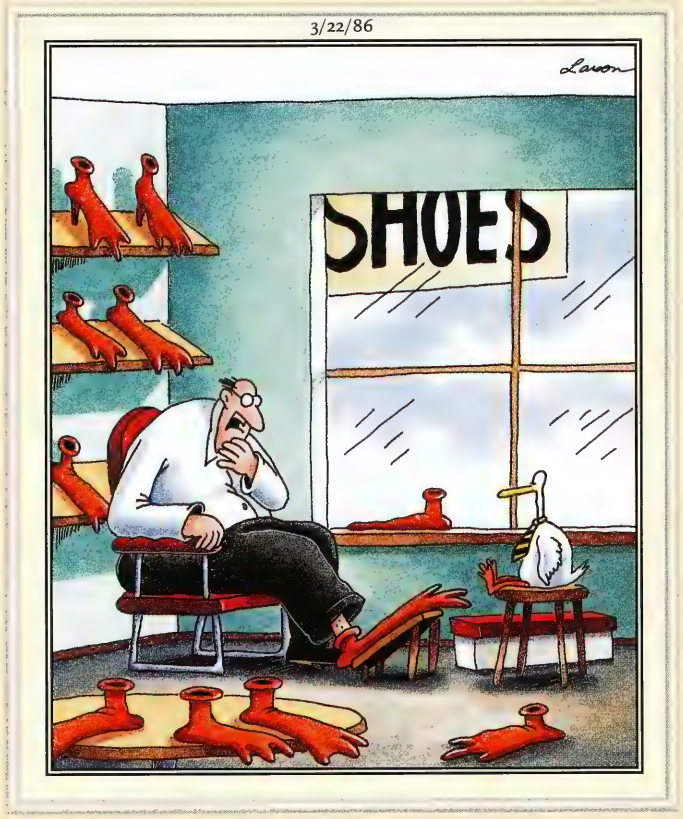


"Mr. Bailey? There's a gentleman here who claims an ancestor of yours once defiled his crypt, and now you're the last remaining Bailey and ... oh, something about a curse. Should I send him in?"

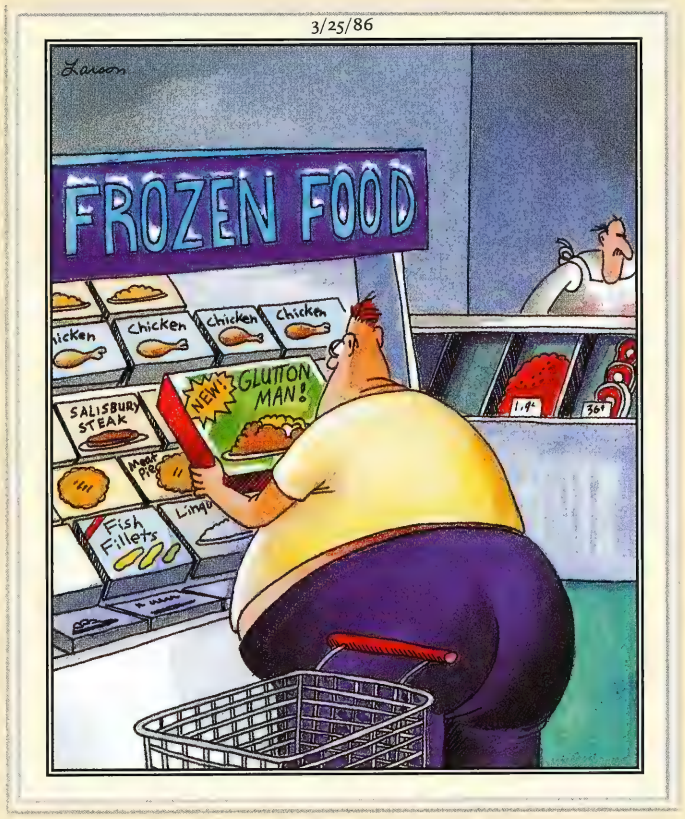


"Grog. ... They play our song."



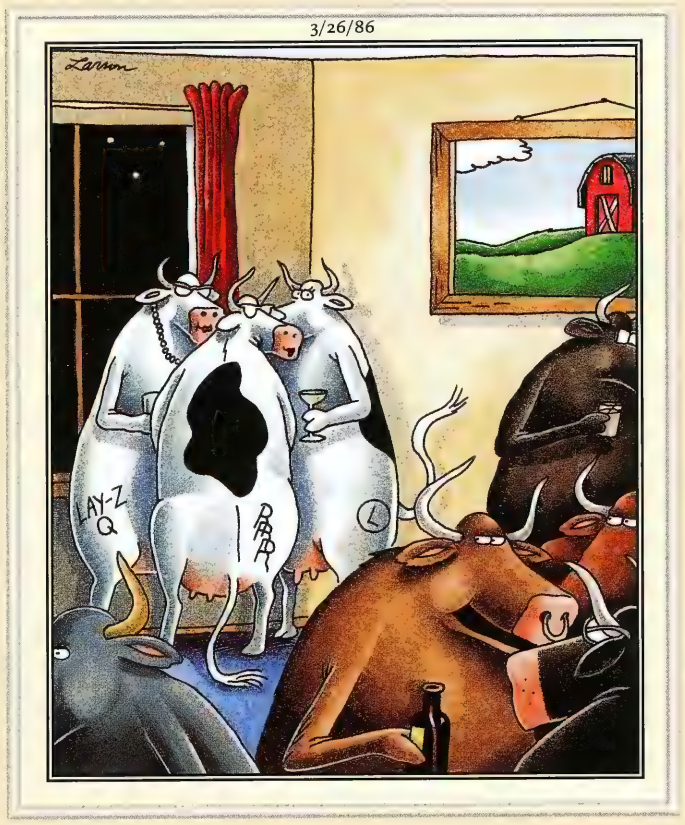


"Well, I'm not sure. ... You don't carry any other styles?"



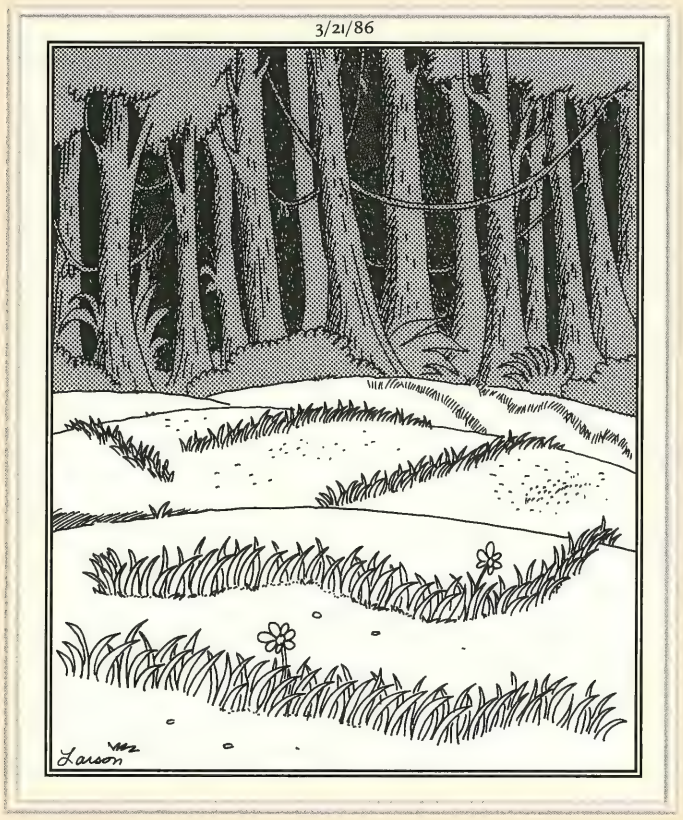


"Eddie! I've told you a hundred times never to run with that through the house!"

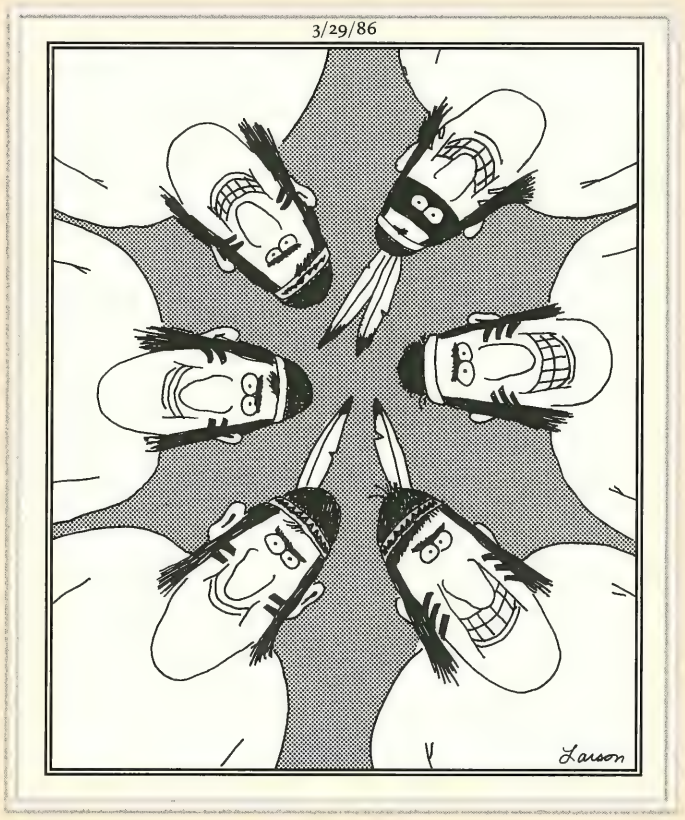


"Okay, guys, let's move in on those three heifers in the corner. ... Bob, you take the 'Triple R,' Dale, you take the 'Circle L,' and I'll take the 'Lazy Q.'"

March 1986



The secret python burial grounds



Custer's last view



The livestock would gather every morning, hoping for one of Farmer Dan's popular "airplane" rides.



"Hold it right there, Doreen! ... Leave if you must—but the dog *stays!*"

April 1986



Cartoon teenagers



Interplanetary luggage mix-ups

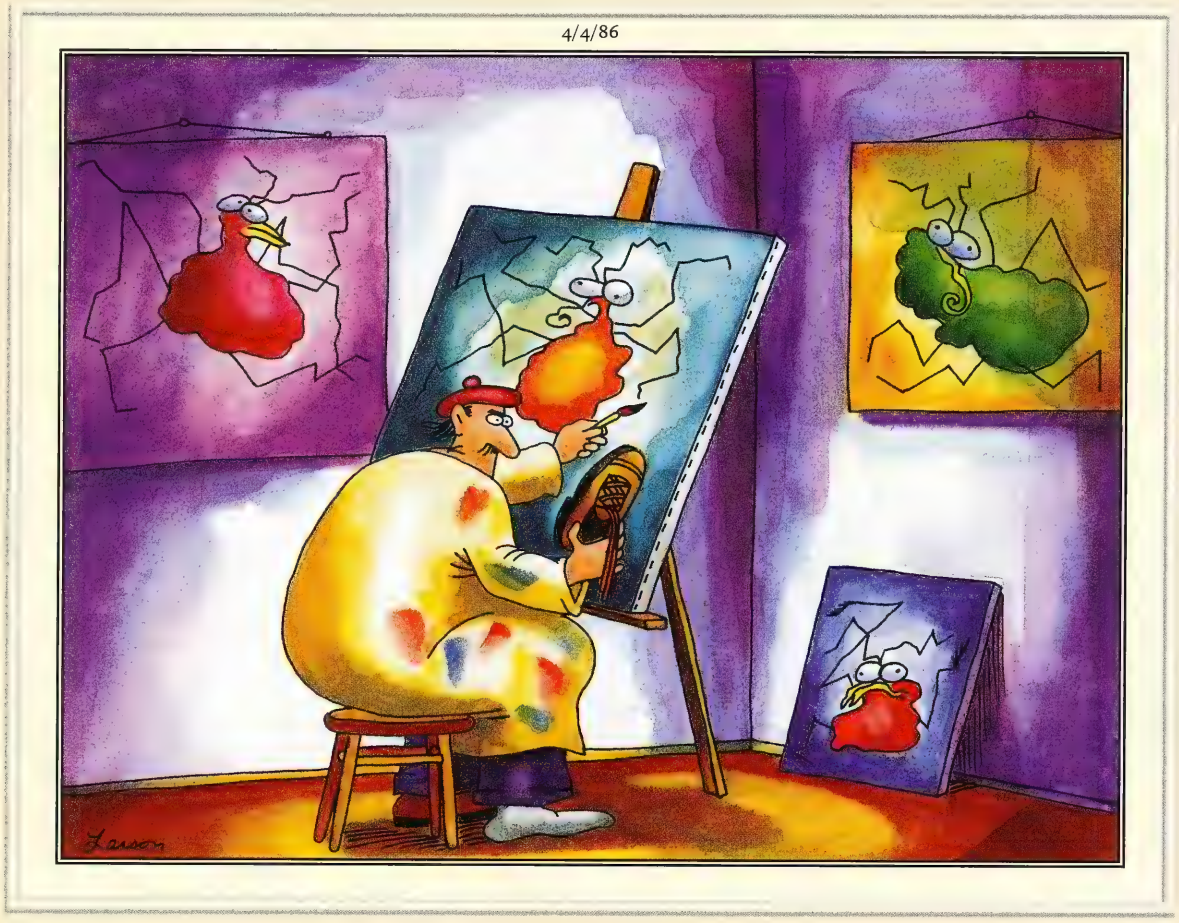


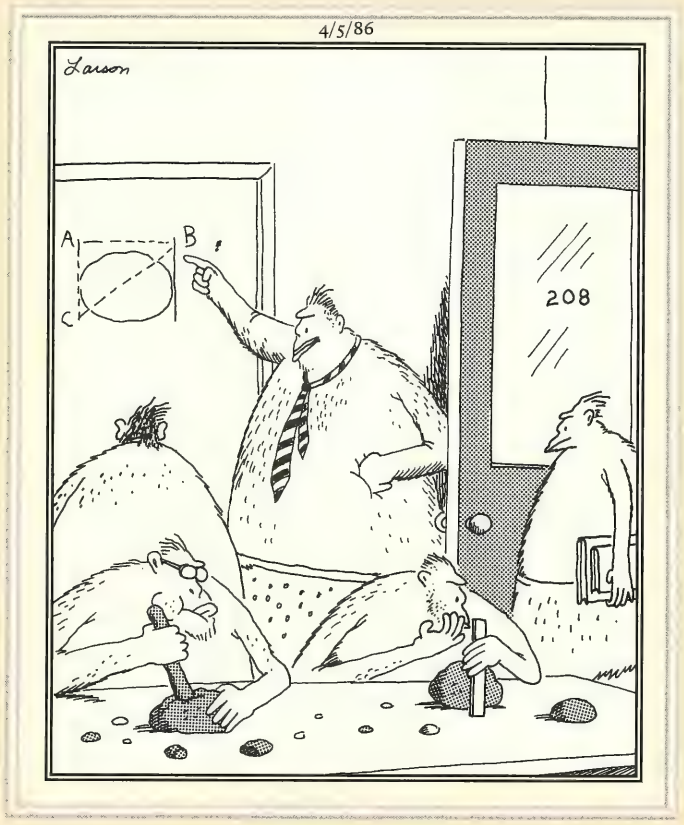
"Oh, lovely—just the hundredth time you've managed to cut everyone's head off."



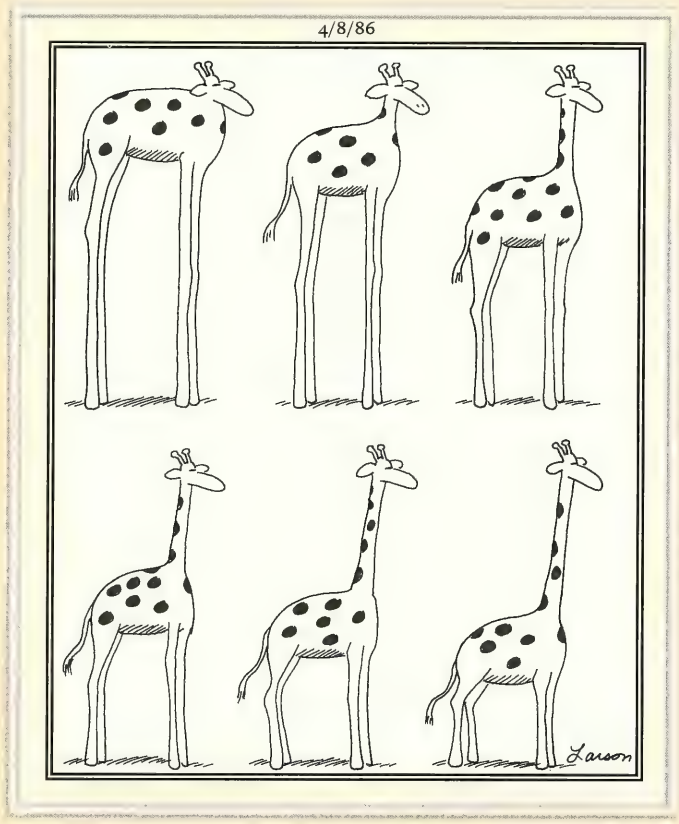
"Hey, Bob wants in—does anyone know how to work this thing?"

April 1986



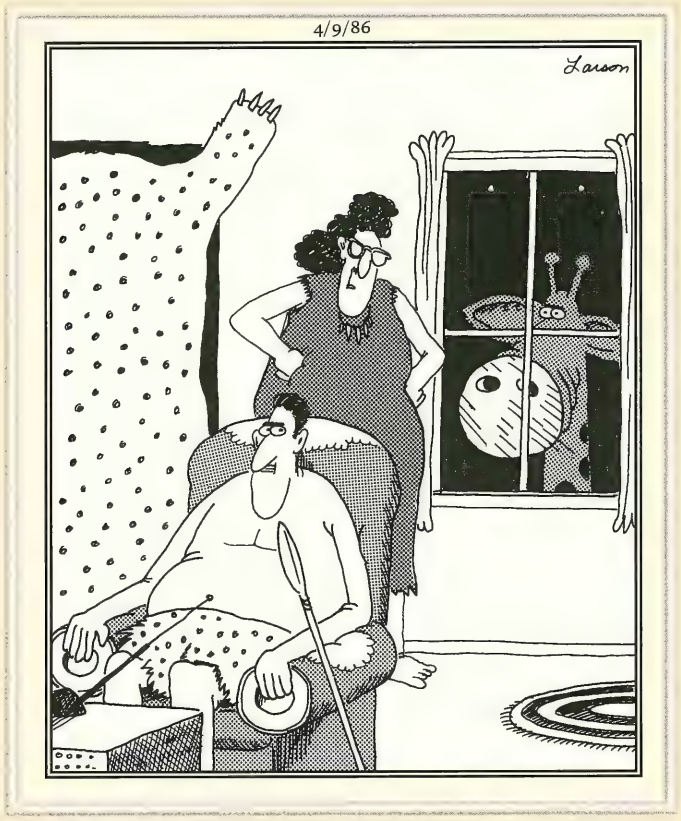


Rock Shop 101

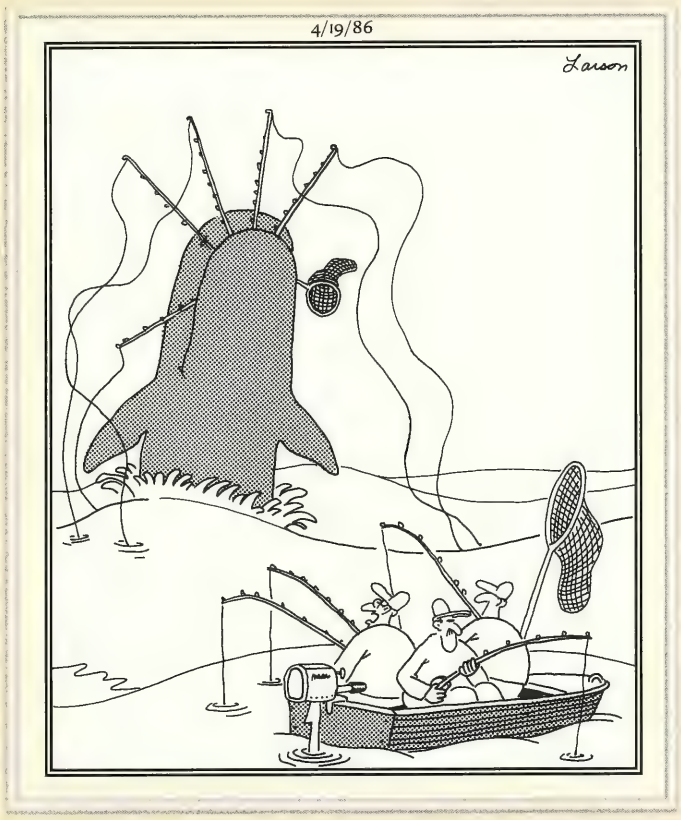


Giraffe evolution

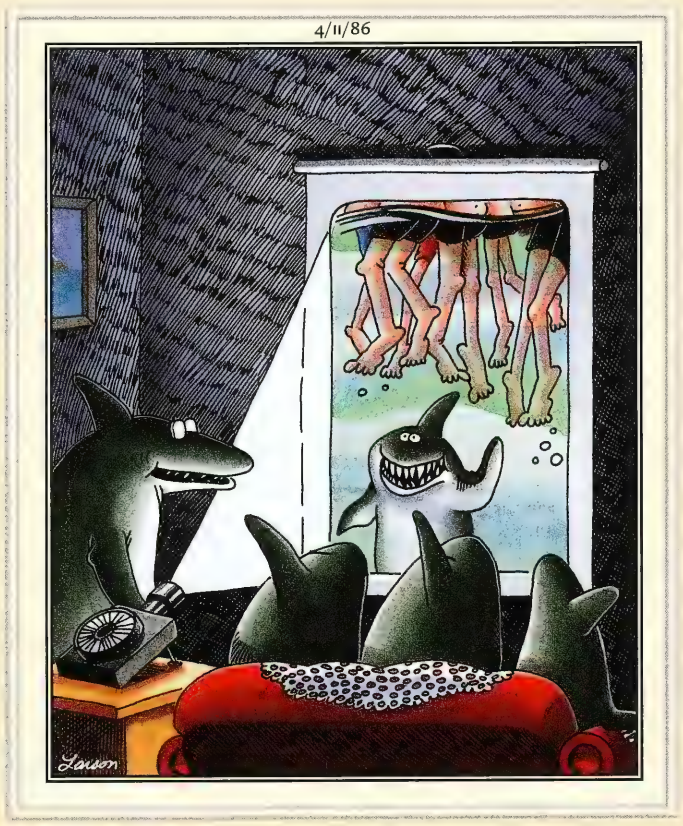
April 1986



"Uh-oh—did anyone remember to feed the giraffe tonight?"



"Oooooooweeeee! ... I wonder what they were using."

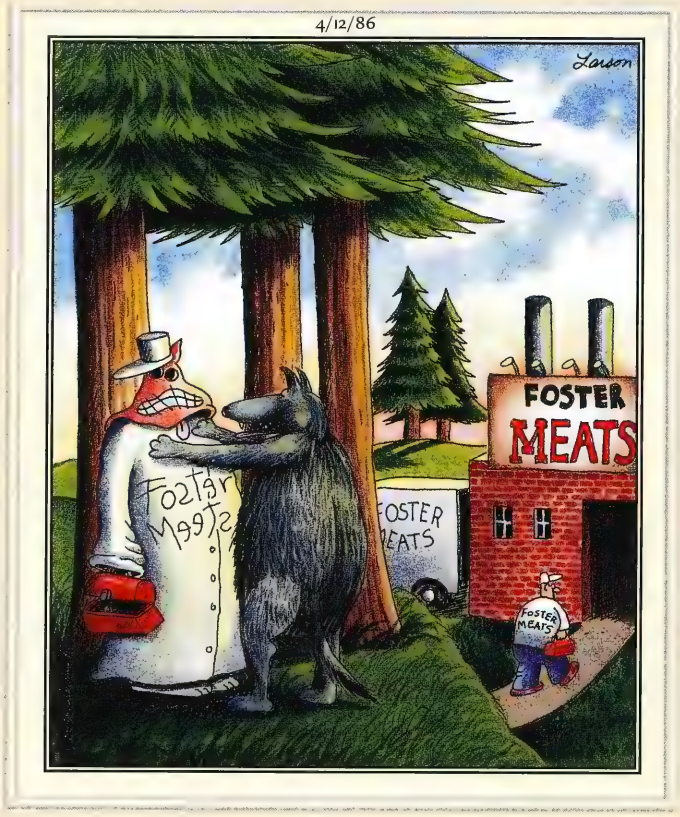


"And here we are last summer off the coast of ... Helen, is this Hawaii or Florida?"



"Margaret! He's doing it! He's doing it!"

April 1986



"Okay, let's take a look at you."



"In the wild, of course, they'd be natural enemies—but they do just fine together if you get 'em as pups."



"Well, one guess which table wants another round of banana daiquiris."



"Buffalo breath? *Buffalo* breath? ... Shall we discuss your incessant little *grunting* noises?"

April 1986



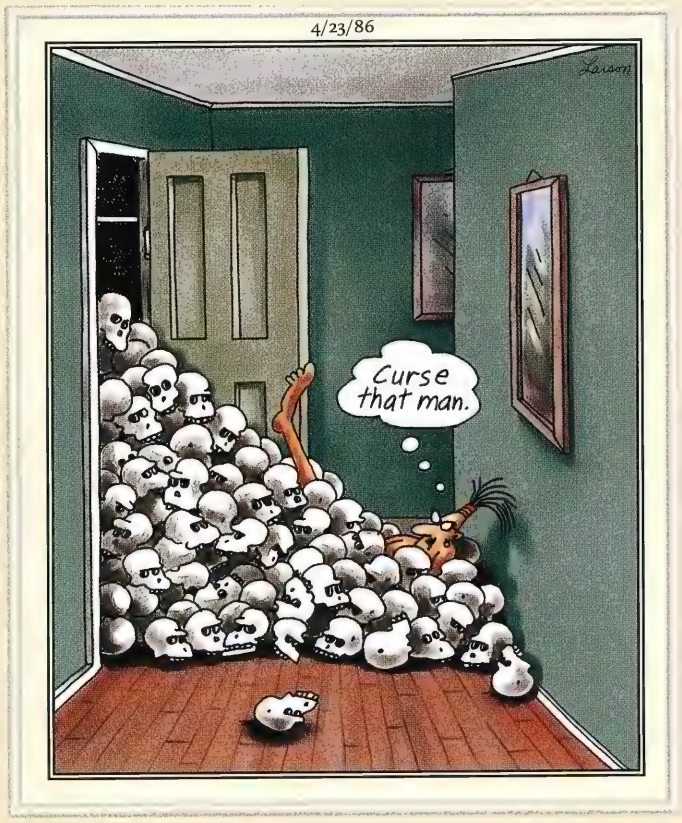
"Dang, that gives me the creeps. ... I wish she'd hurry up and scoop that guy out."



Elephant campfires



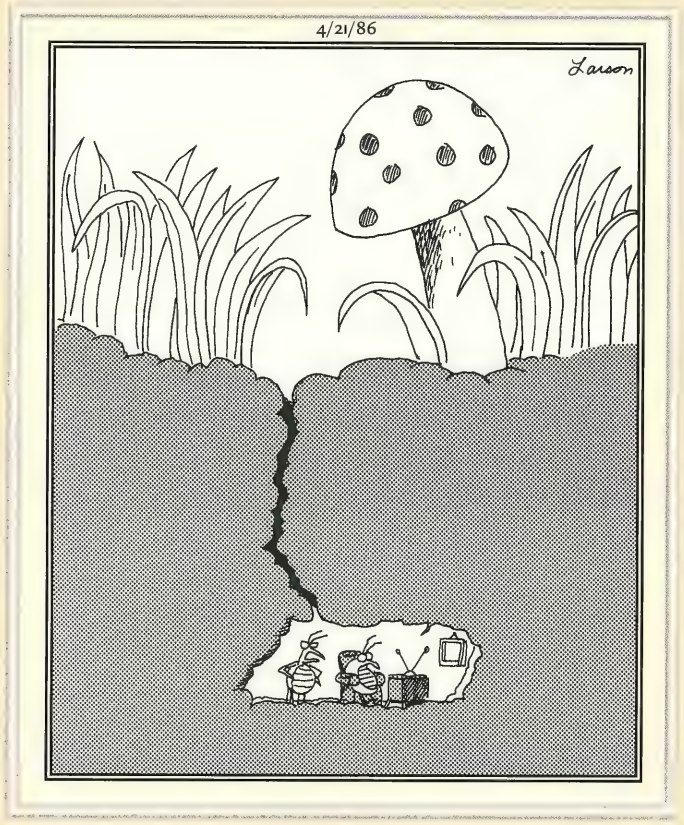
Neither rain nor snow nor sleet nor hail, they said, could stop the mail. ... But they didn't figure on Rexbo.



Headhunter hall closets



"Oh, and here's Luanne now. ... Bobby just got sheared today, Luanne."



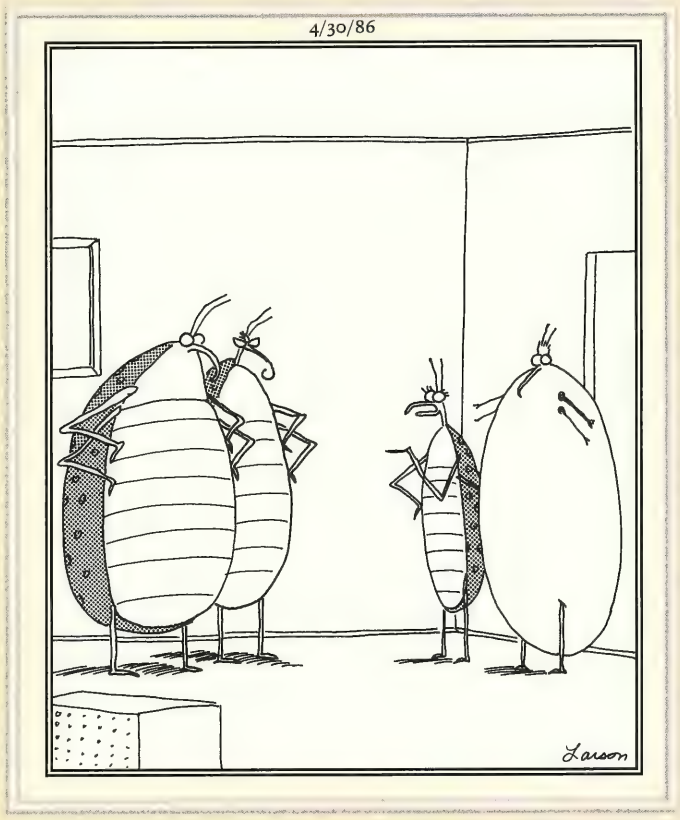
"You call this a niche?"



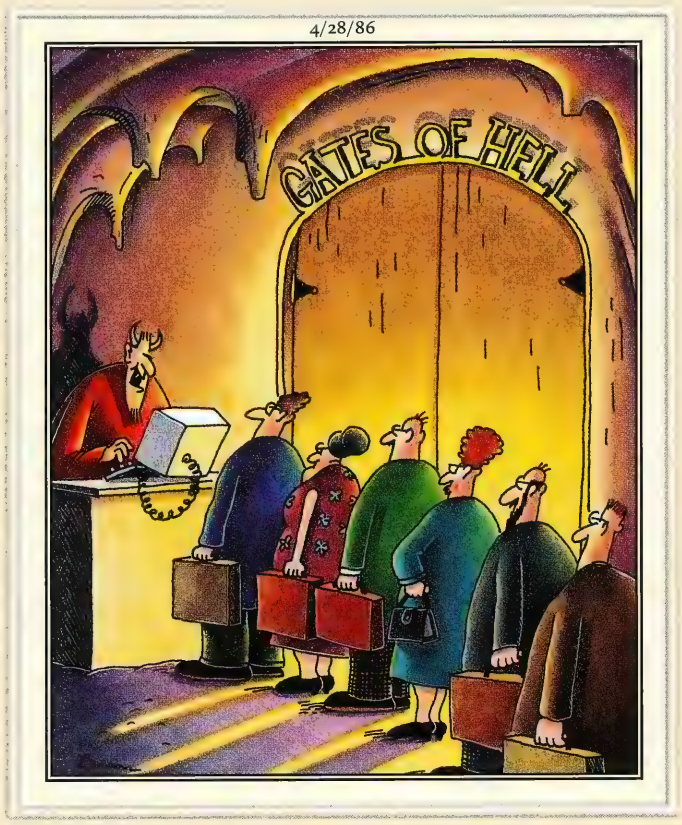
April 1986



The Kongs at home



"Listen. We may be young, but we're in love and we're getting married—I'll just work until Jerry pupates."

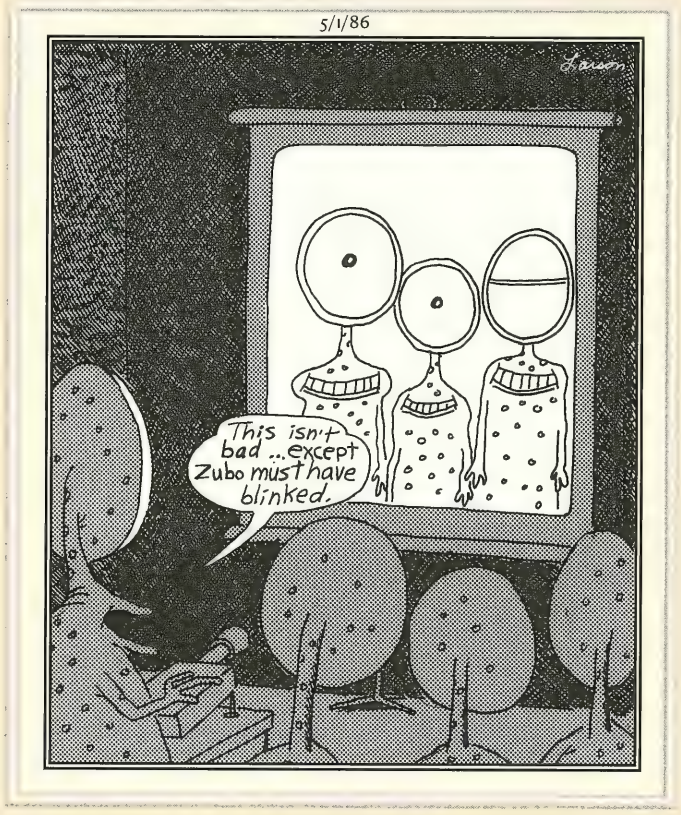


"Okay, sir, would you like inferno or non-inferno? ... Ha! Just kidding. It's all inferno, of course—I just get a kick out of saying that."

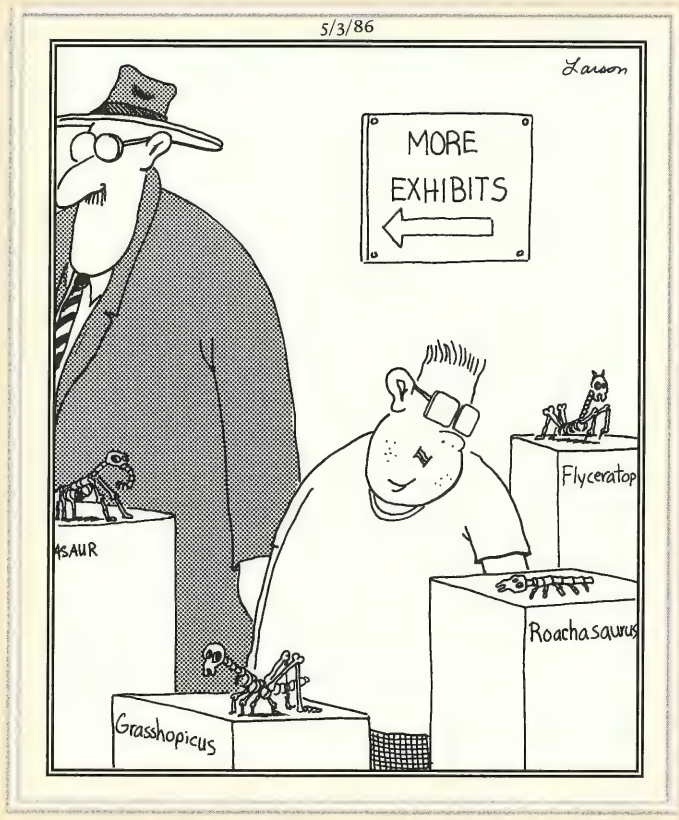


"NOW!"

May 1986



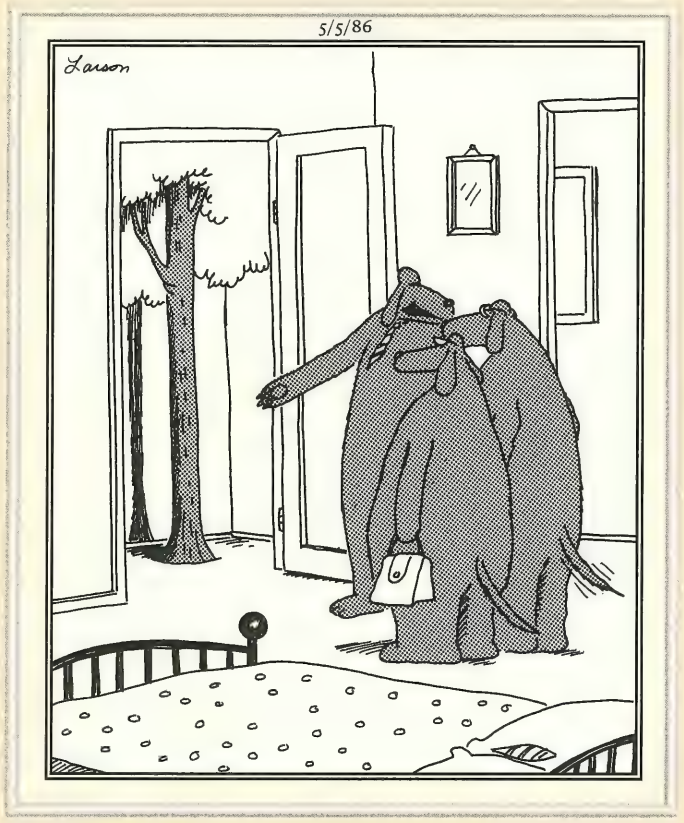
Alien slide-shows



Insectosaurs



"Donald ... trade you a thorax and six legs for two of your body segments."

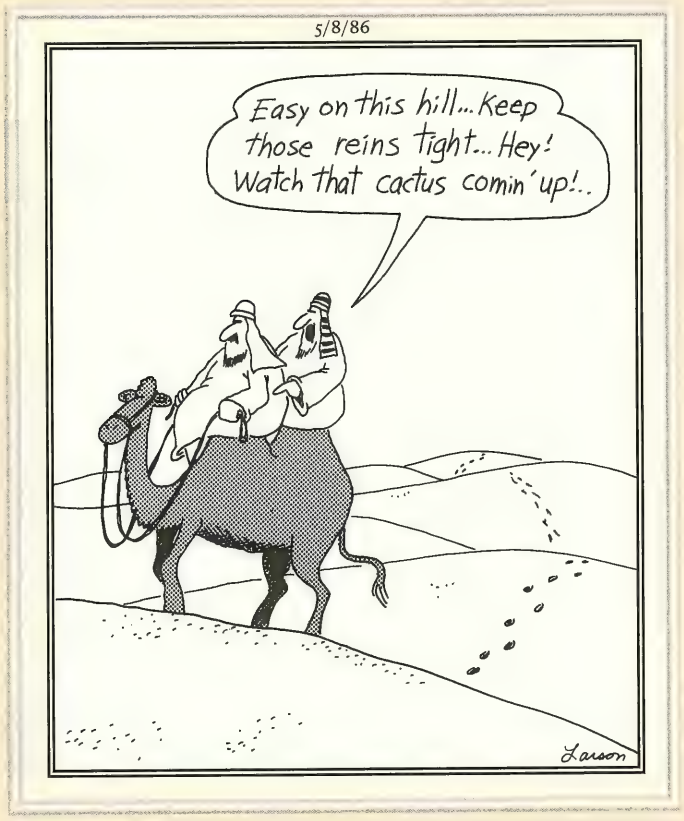


"Now, here's a feature you folks would really enjoy. ... Voilà! A tree right off the master bedroom!"

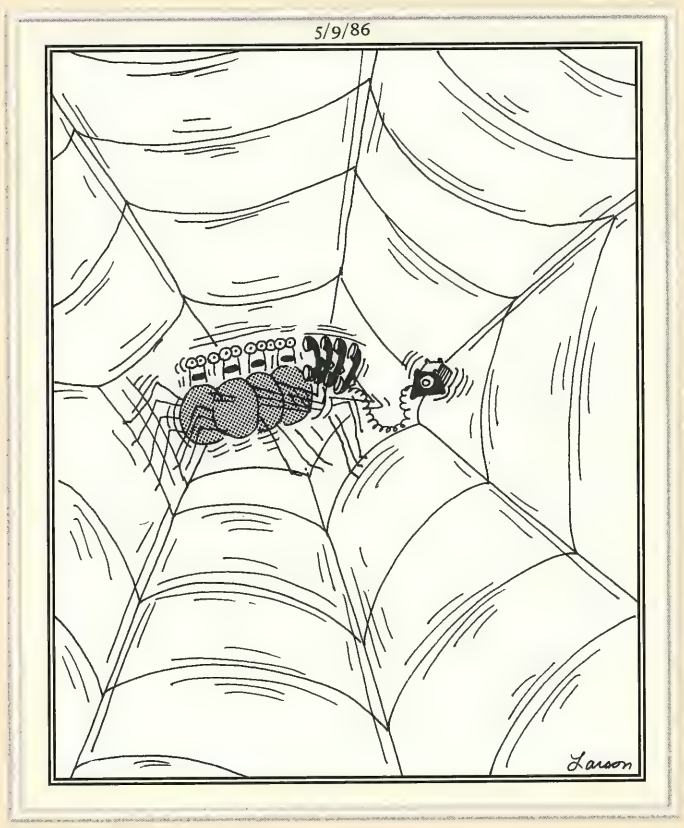
May 1986



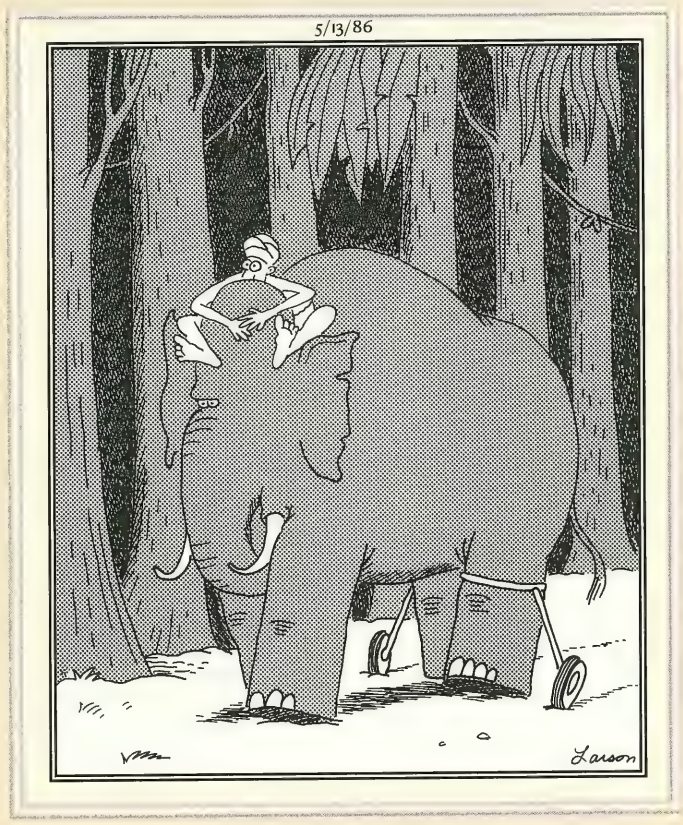
Parents of a lazy river



Back-hump drivers



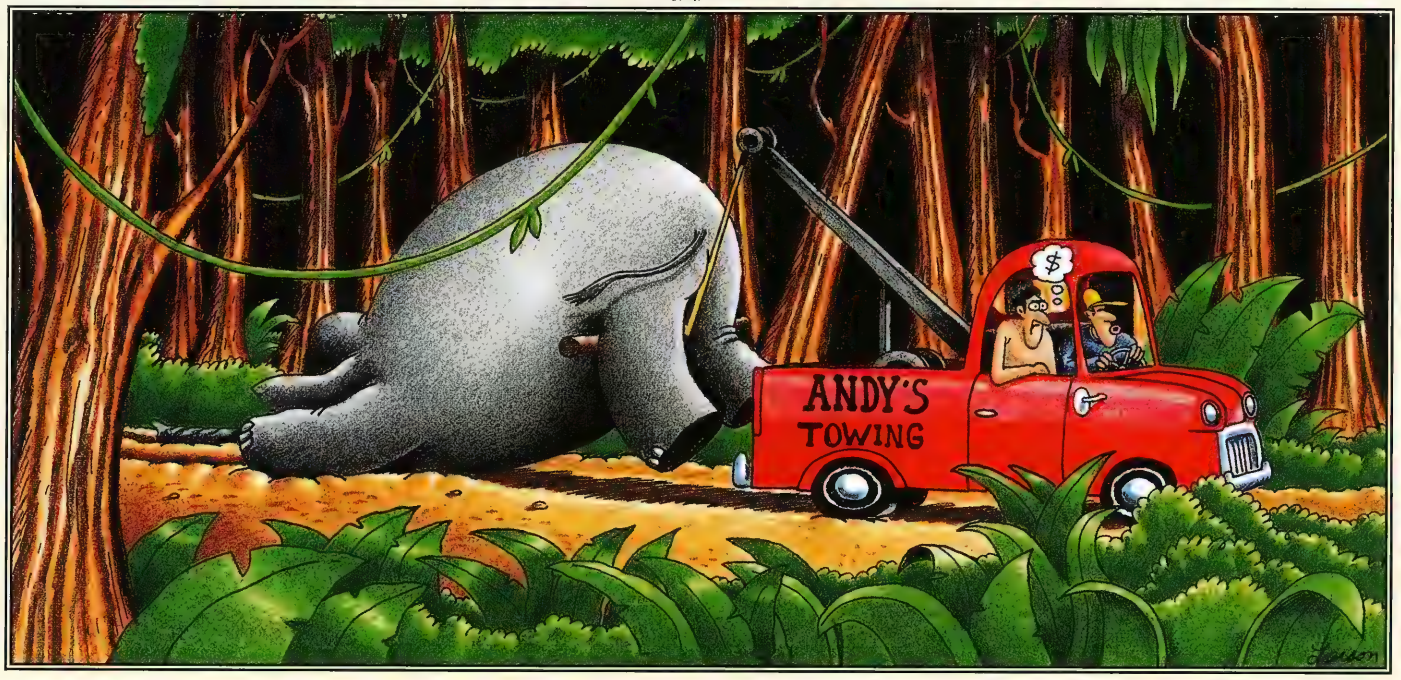
"Whoa! Gotta go, Karen. ... Think I've caught somethin' pretty big."



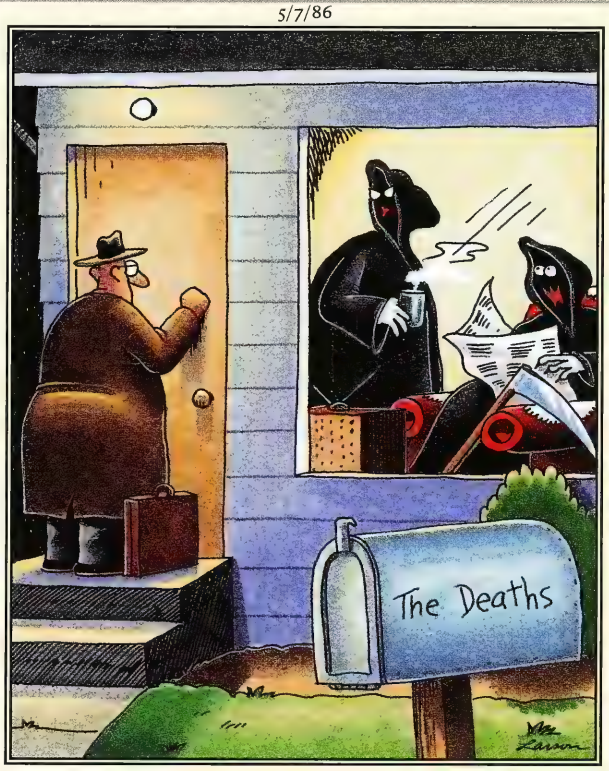
Mahout training wheels

May 1986

5/4/86



5/7/86



"Dang, if it doesn't happen every time! ... We just sit down to relax and someone's knockin' at the door."

5/10/86



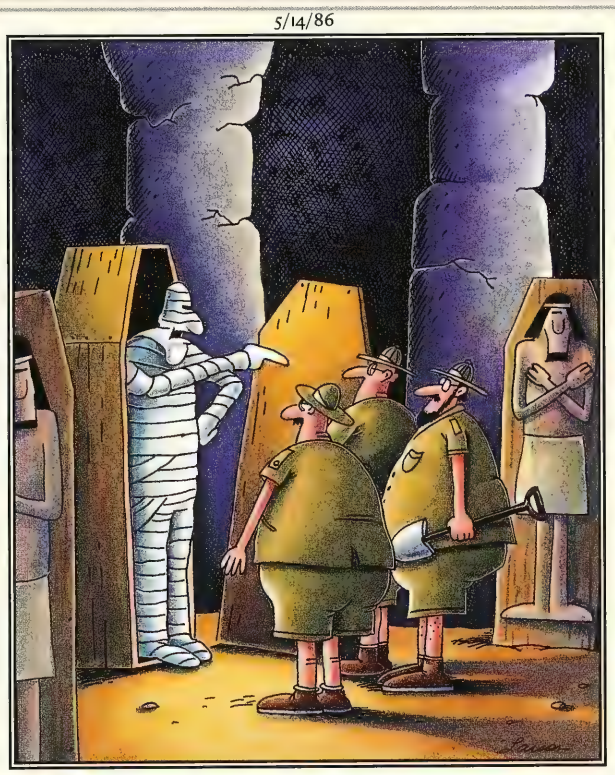
May 1986

5/12/86



Group photo disasters

5/14/86

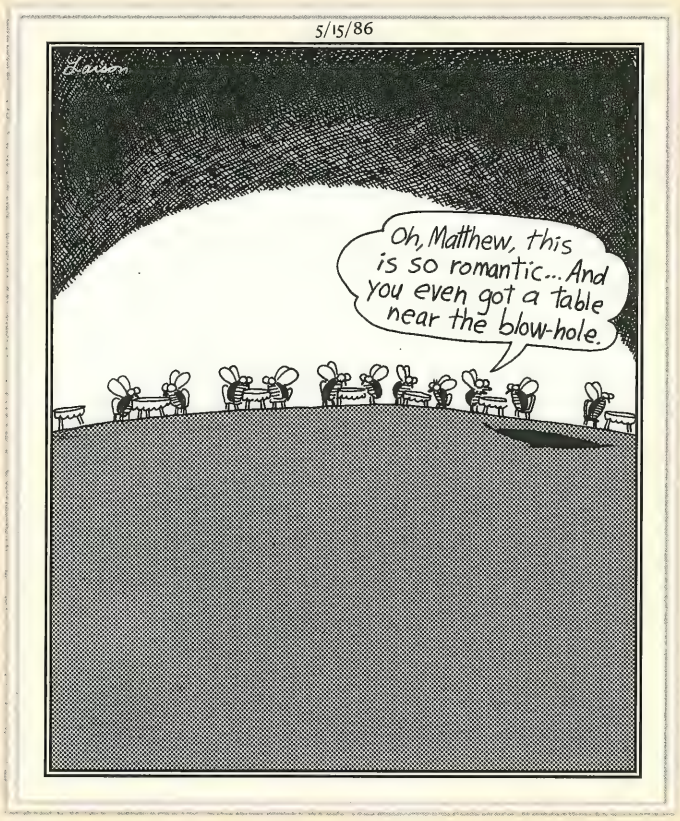


"Okay, let's see ... that's a curse on you, a curse on you, and a curse on you."

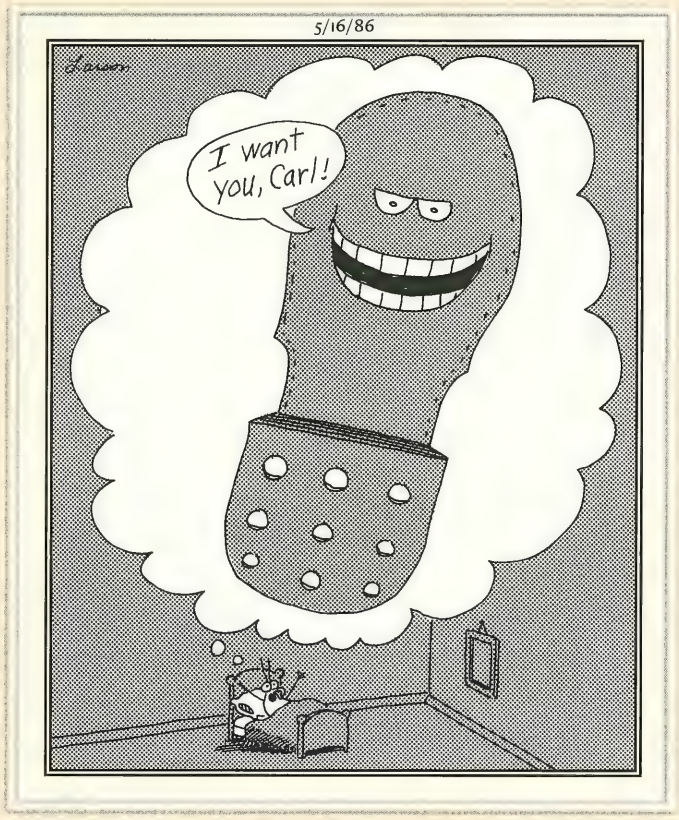
5/11/86



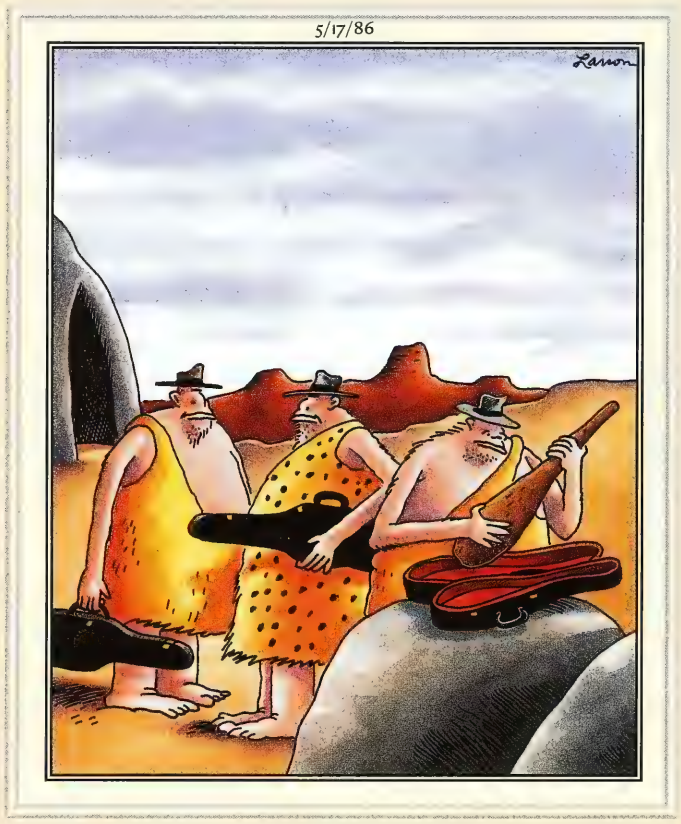
May 1986



Evening on a beached whale



Cockroach nightmares

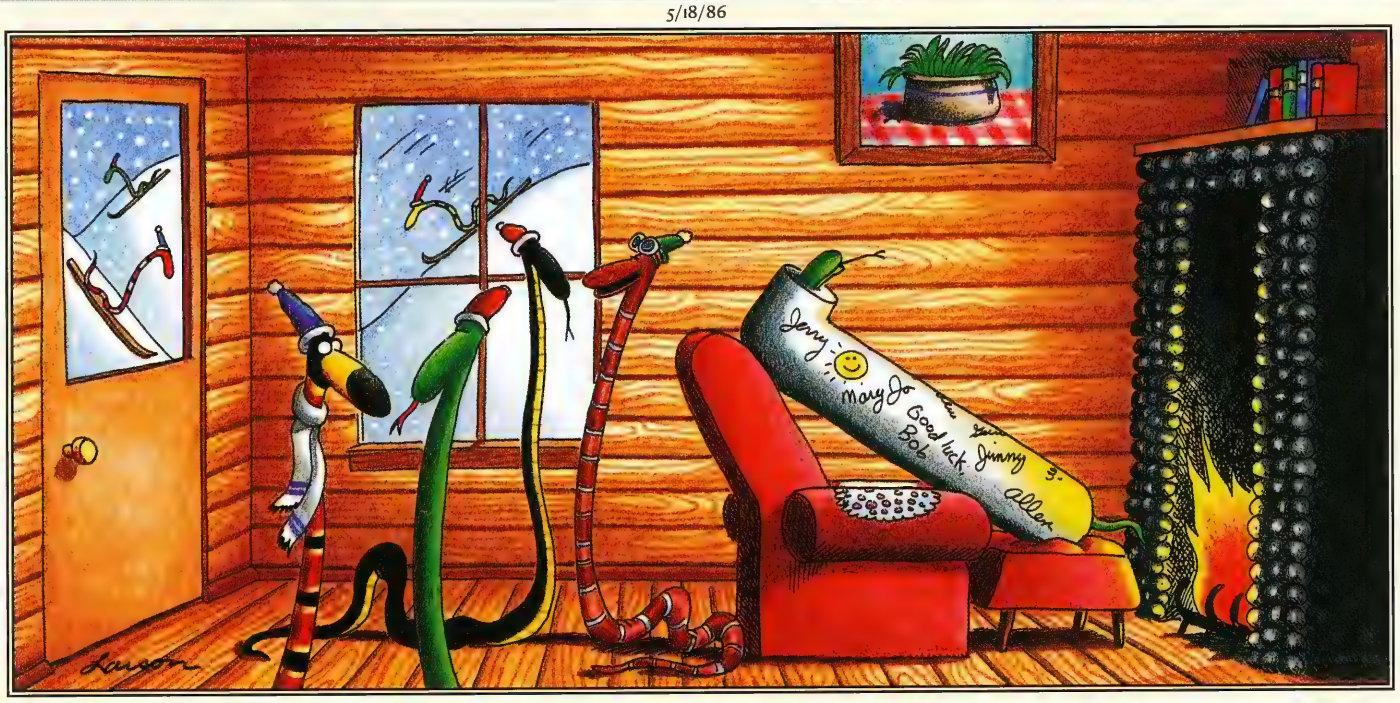


Primitive mobsters

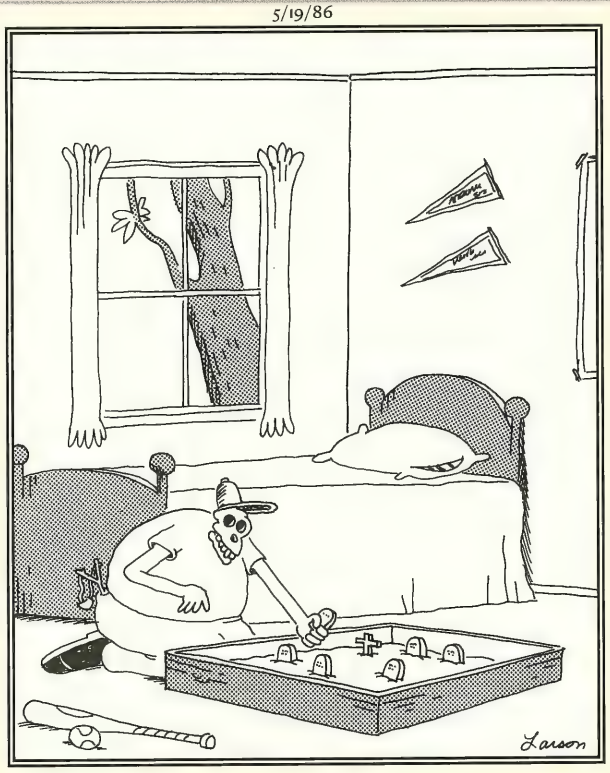


"Nik! The fireflies across the street—I think they're mooning us!"

5/18/86

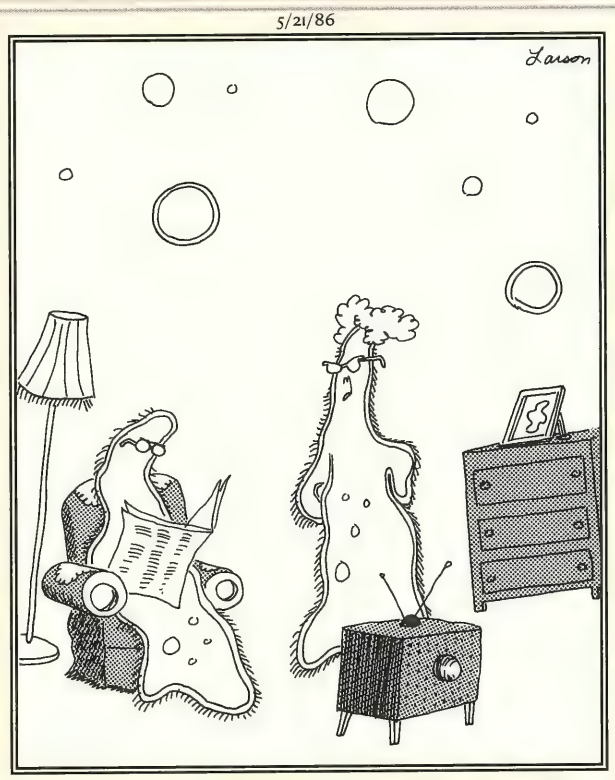


5/19/86



The Grim Reaper as a child

5/21/86



"I'm *talking* to you! ... You're so ... so ... so thick-membraned sometimes."

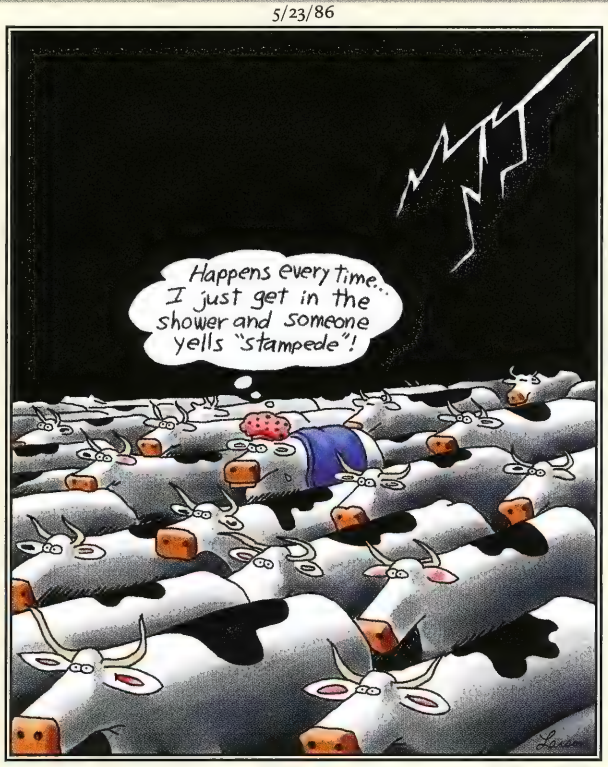
May 1986

5/20/86

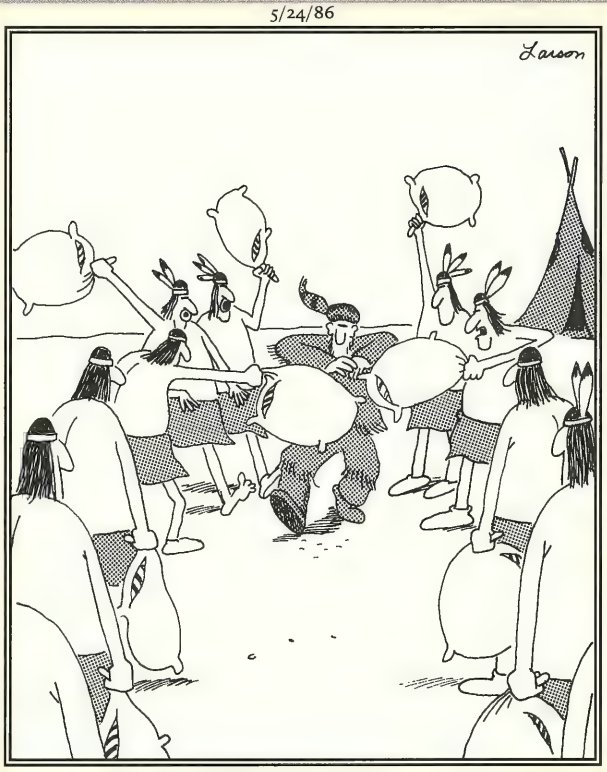


Cow joyrides

5/23/86

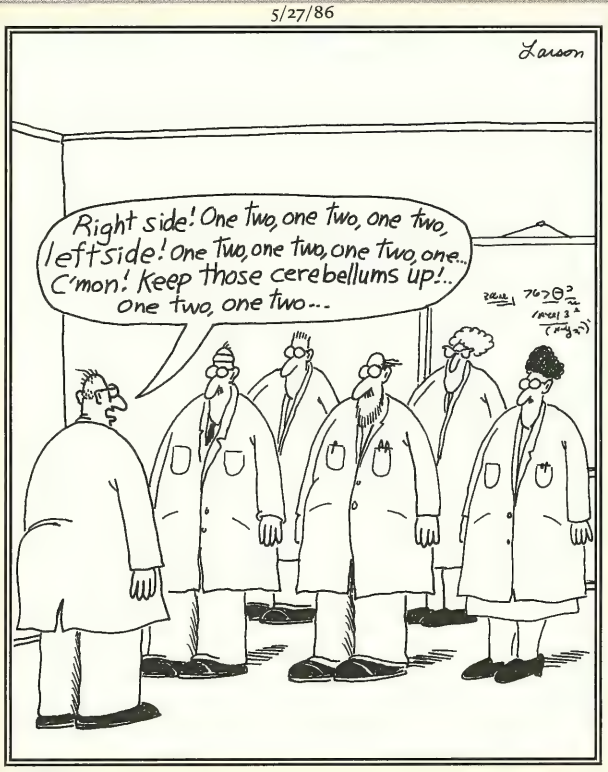


5/24/86

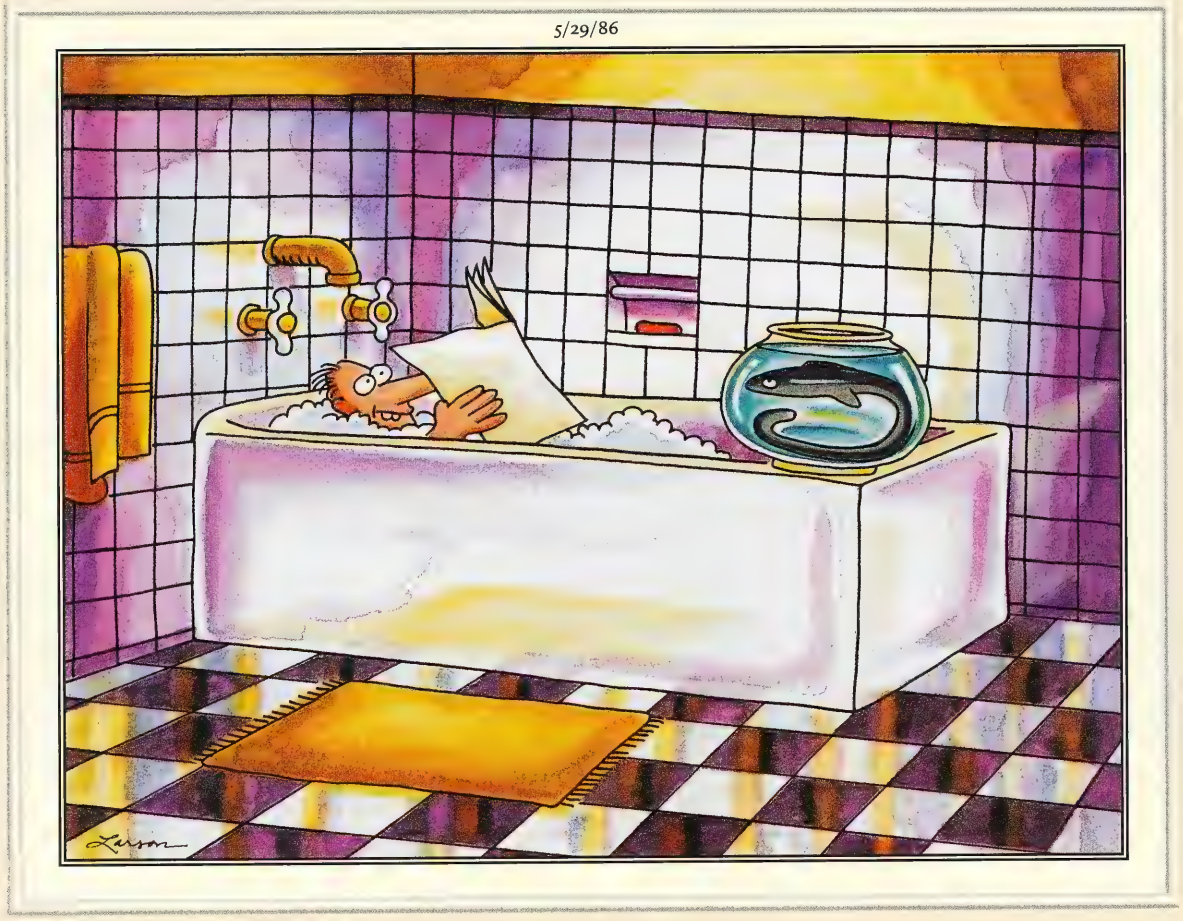


Braving the Indian "pillow" gauntlet.

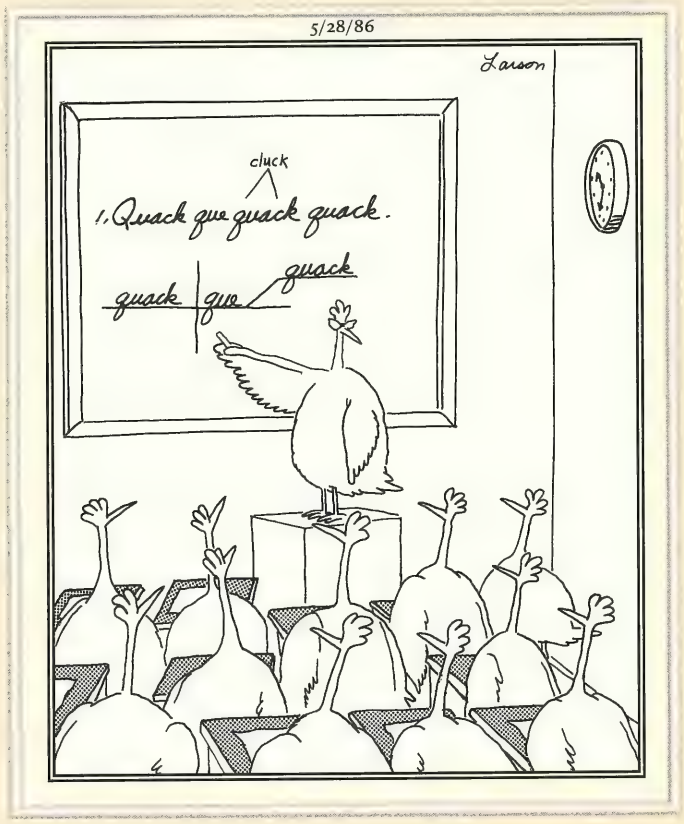
5/27/86



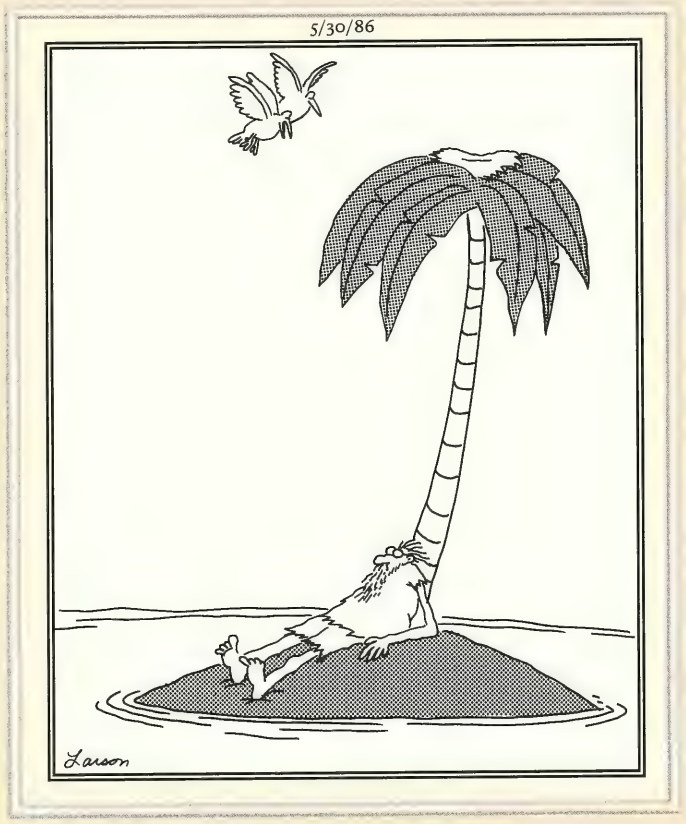
Brain aerobics



Places never to set your electric eel.



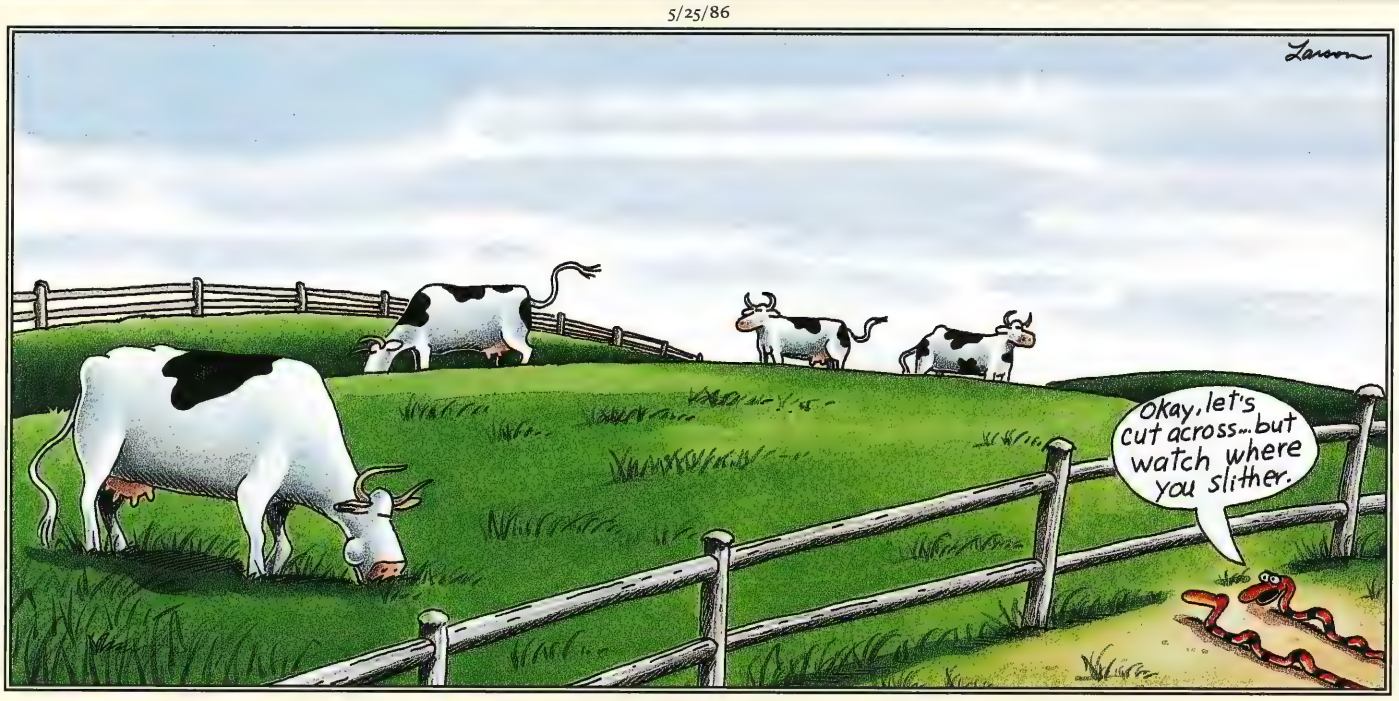
Beginning duck



"Gee, it's good to see the old nest. ... Even that thing down there's gettin' to be a sight for sore eyes."

May 1986

5/25/86

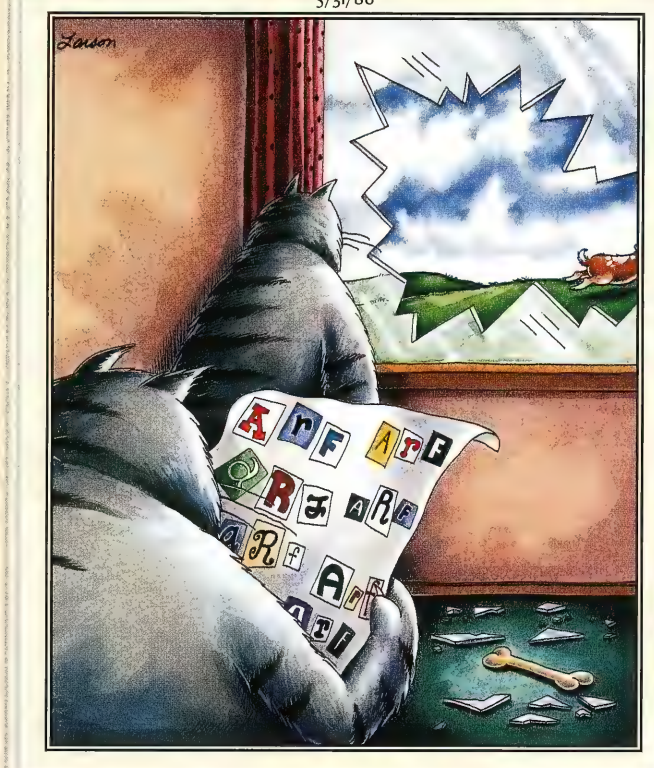


5/26/86



"Hit the bird, Ruth—he's stuck."

5/31/86



Dog threat letters

June 1986

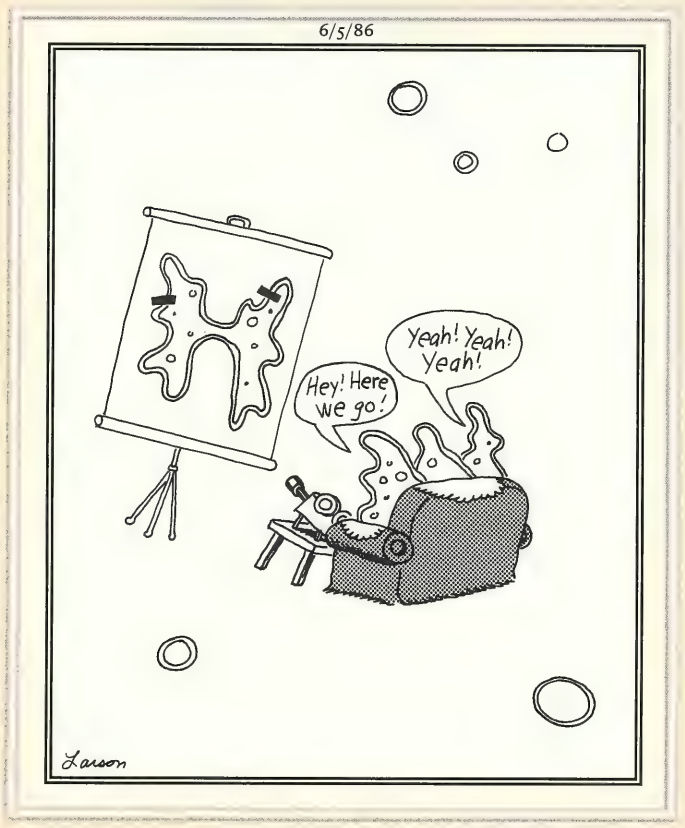


"Bummer of a birthmark, Hal."

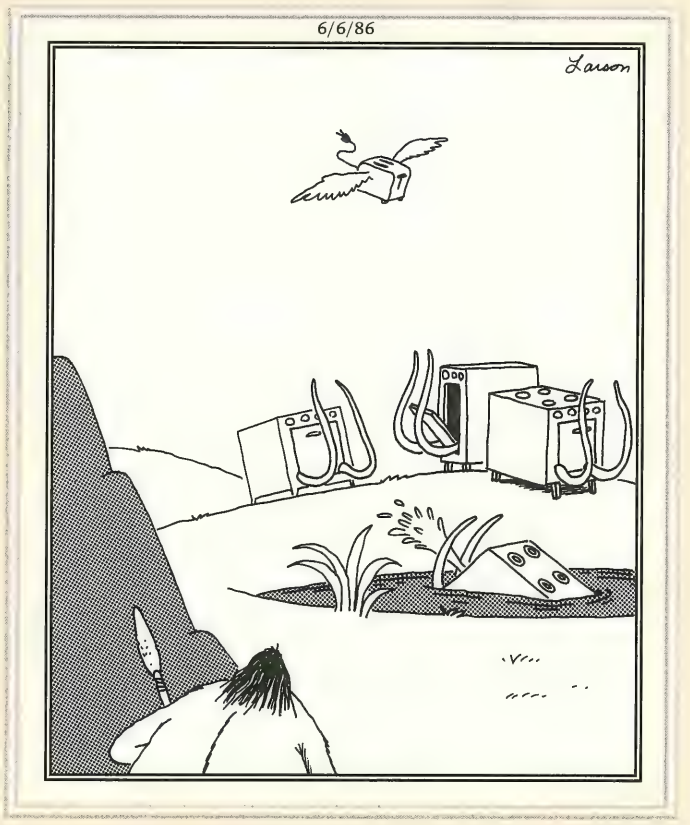
June 1986



Shark food-fights



Amoeba porn flicks

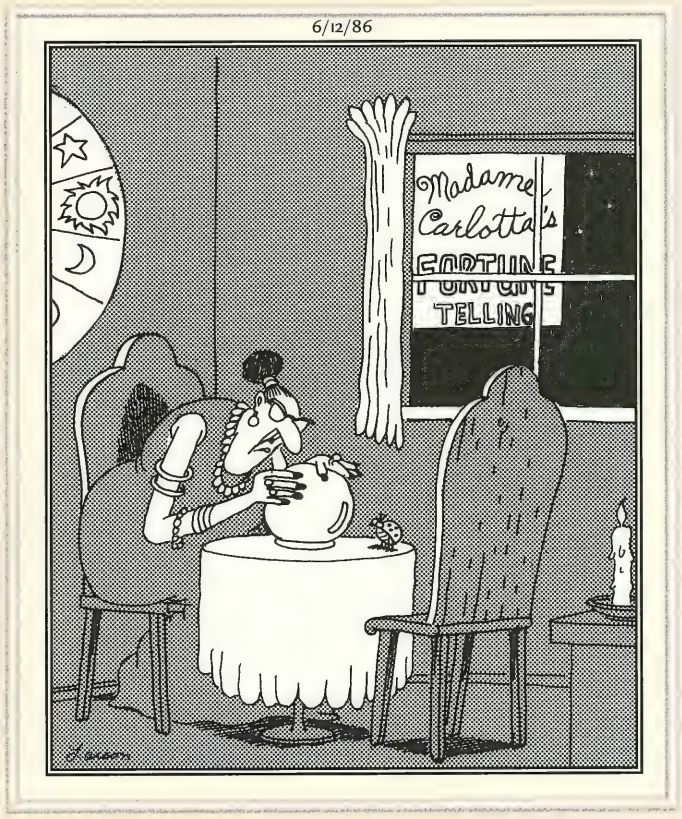


Early appliances

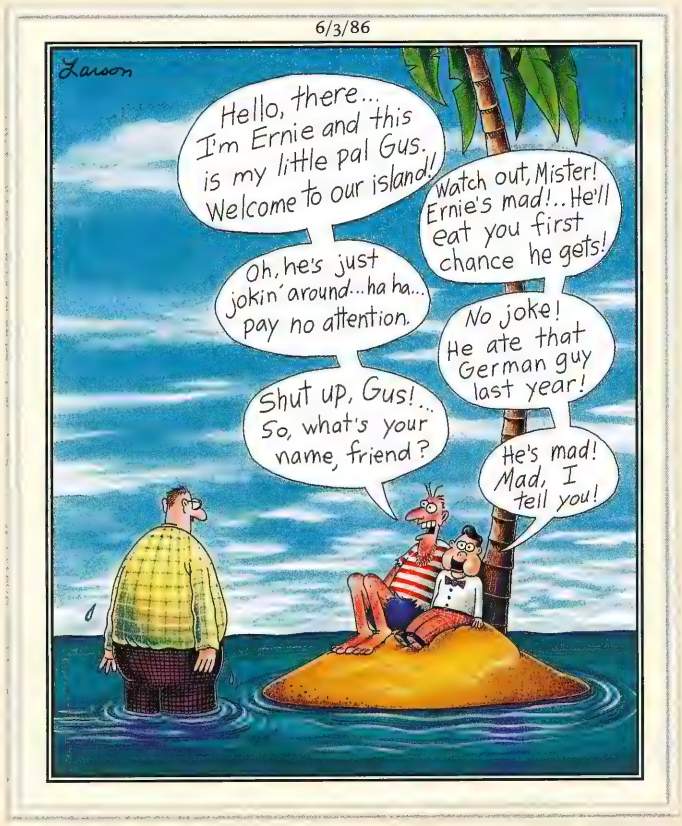
June 1986



Wasted mirage



"What's this? Your house? ... Yes! Your house is on fire! ... Fly away, dearie! Fly away home!"





"Fourth floor, please."



Dog hell

The Herald Statesman, Yonkers, N.Y., 7/16/86

Cartoon not funny

As a mother of a 3-year-old who is now interested in the newspaper, I am perplexed that you would allow a cartoon like "The Far Side" to be on the same page with "Marvin" and "The Family Circus."

The Sunday supplement funnies are supposed to be entertainment, not "Dog Hell" as "The Far Side" put it. This cartoon does not belong in the "funny papers" because it isn't funny. This type of humor belongs in an adult magazine —not something in a local paper that is (and should be) read by a child. The other mothers I have spoken to feel the same way. If necessary, to be rid of this, I can start a petition of concerned parents or if you can see your way clear, for you, the press, to ask your readers if they want it or not.

I realize that this is not the first letter you've received about this, but I feel that writing to you is the only way you'll find out how your paper affects your reader.

JOY MARTIN
Ossining

Times-Advocate, Escondido, Calif., 1/19/86

'Far Side' is garbage

My wife and I were talking about how disappointed we are with one of the comics you include in your paper. When Gary Larson, creator of "The Far Side," made fun of pornography with "Amoeba Porn Flicks," I was sensitive that my children would see it. I passed it off as just something that slipped by the better judgment of the editor. But when I opened the June 8 edition and saw "The Far Side" in the Sunday funnies depicting "Dog Hell" (reproduced at the right) where dogs carry pooper scoopers and are presumably forced to collect their own feces, I came close to canceling my subscription.

Why don't you get rid of that garbage? We don't need it on the family funny page, and I want to keep my subscription. Whatever happened to "Annie"?

Jerry Jorgenson
Rancho Bernardo

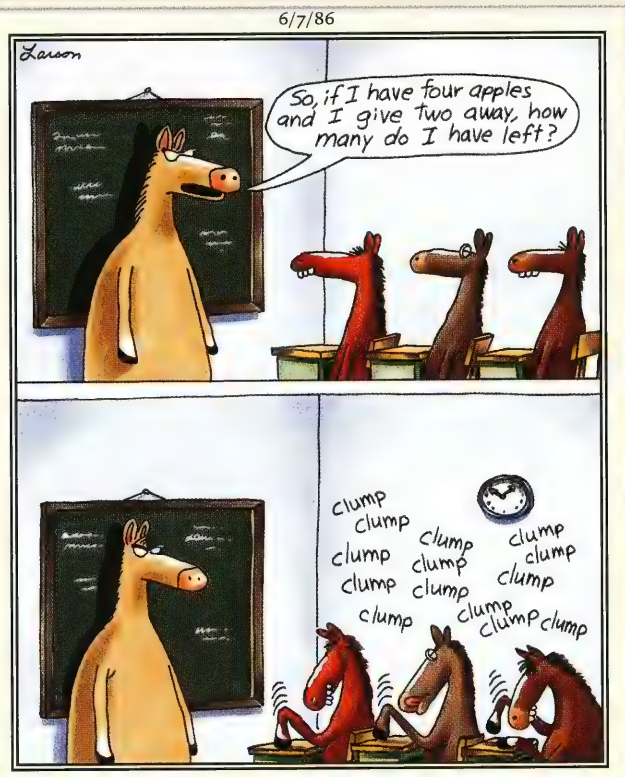
'Far Side' is disgusting

I am April Marie Armani. And I'm 8 years old. And I like to read the funnies on Sunday. On Sunday, June 8, I was very disgusted with the comic called "The Far Side." I thought that to me, as a Christian, it was very unnecessary.

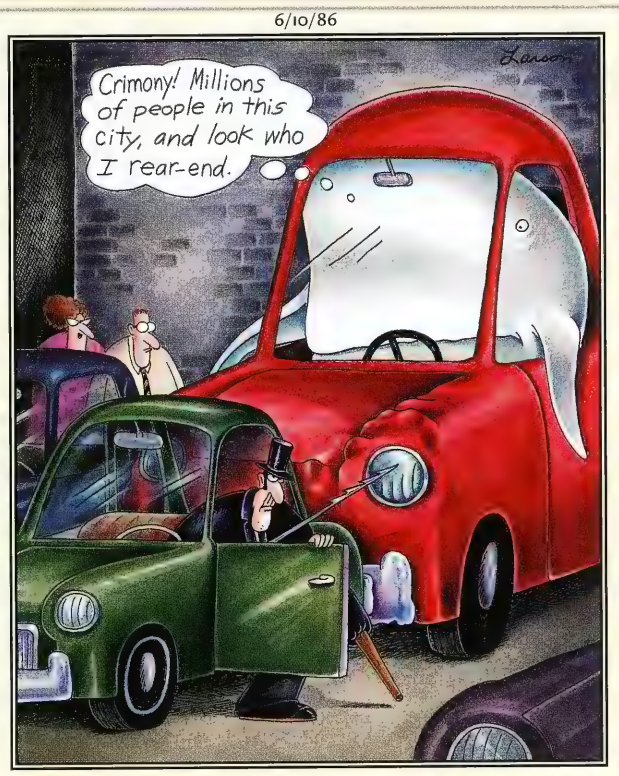
April Marie Armani
Escondido

June 1986

6/7/86



6/10/86



6/13/86



Witch doctor waiting rooms

6/11/86

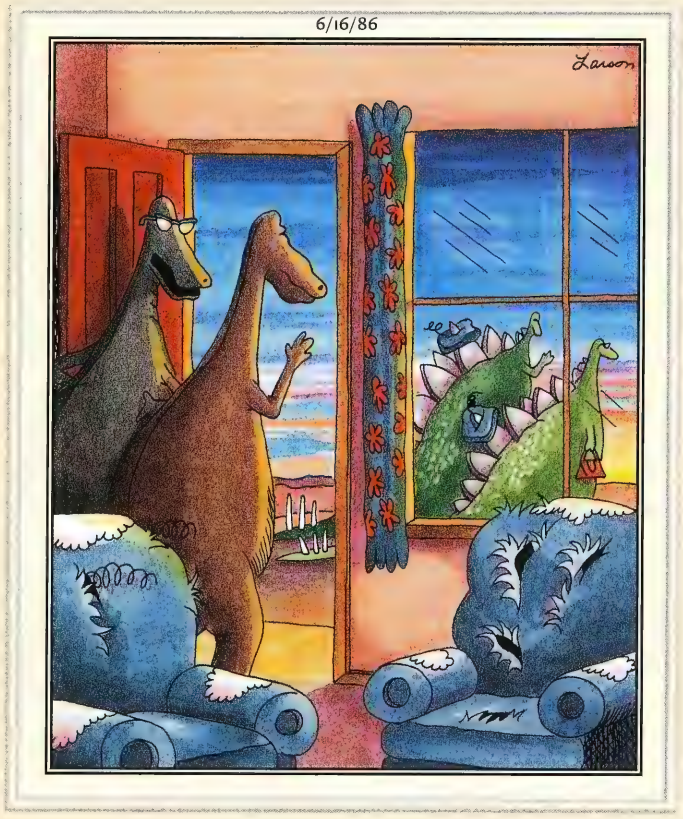


Unknown to most historians, William Tell had an older and less fortunate son named Warren.

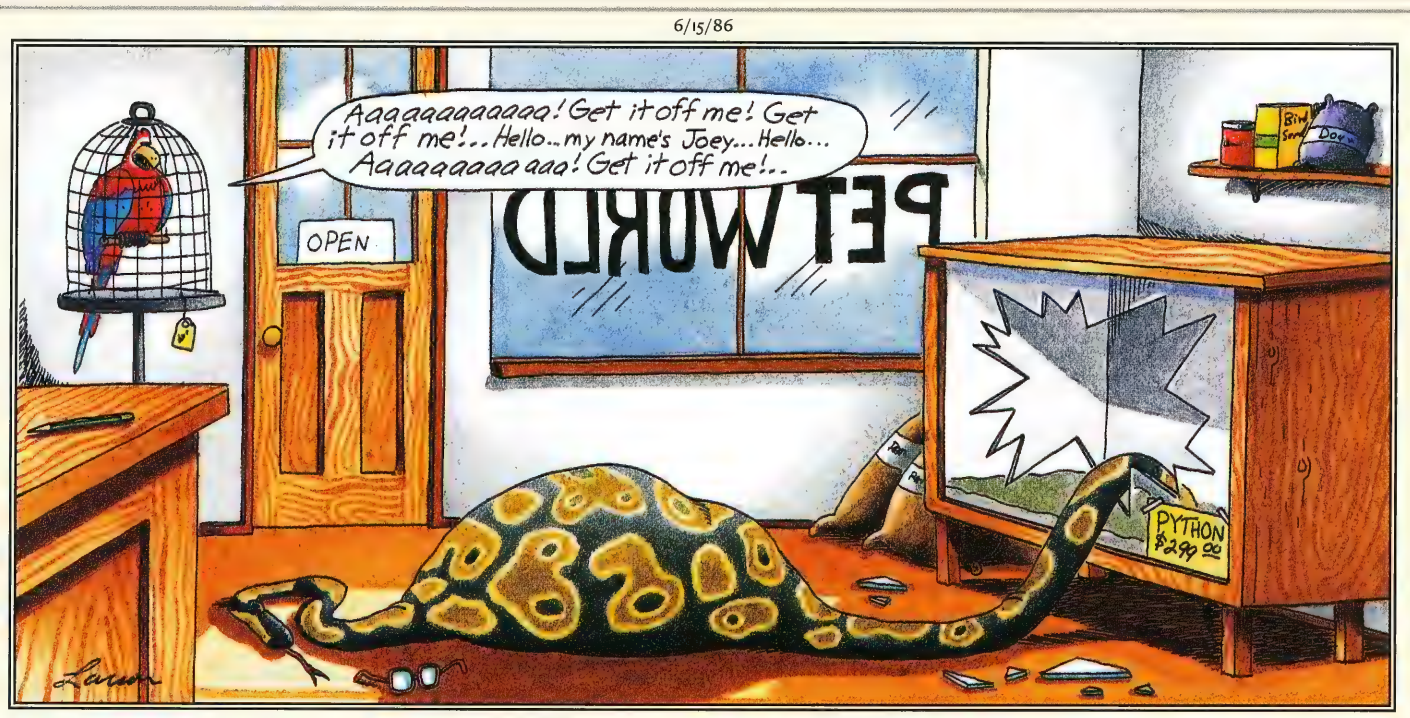
June 1986



The last thing a fly ever sees



"Well, that does it! Look at our furniture! The Shuelers have visited us for the last time!"



6/22/86



6/18/86



"And that's the hand that fed me."

6/19/86

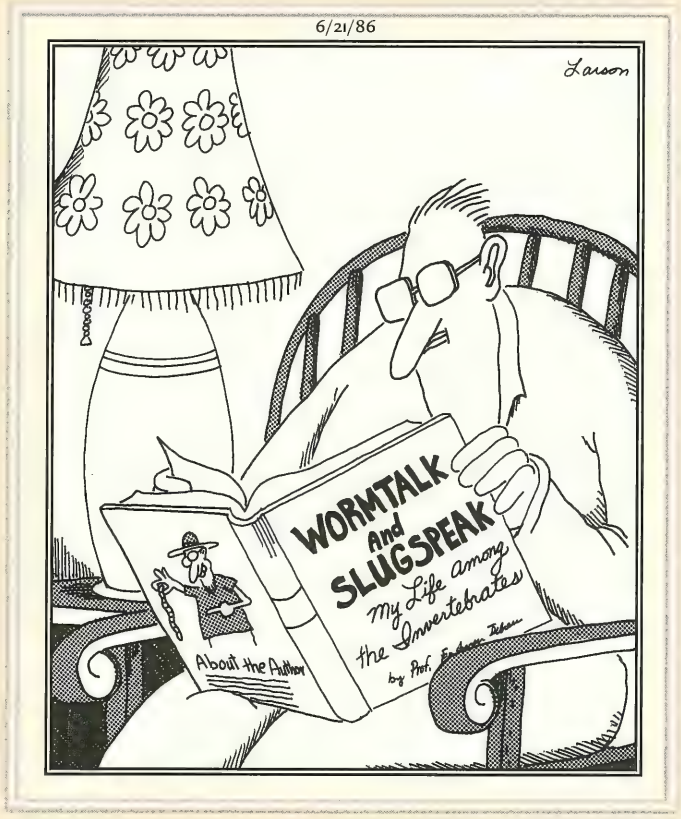


"Whoa! *That* was a good one! Try it, Hobbs—just poke his brain right where my finger is."

June 1986



Roberta takes on a dust rhino.



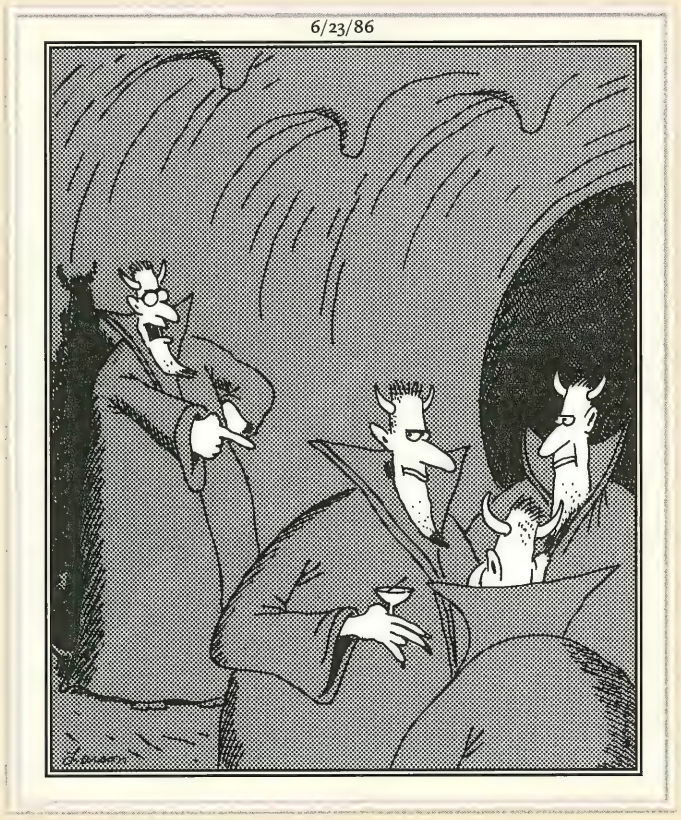


"You idiot! We want the scent *on* the pillow!
On the pillow!"

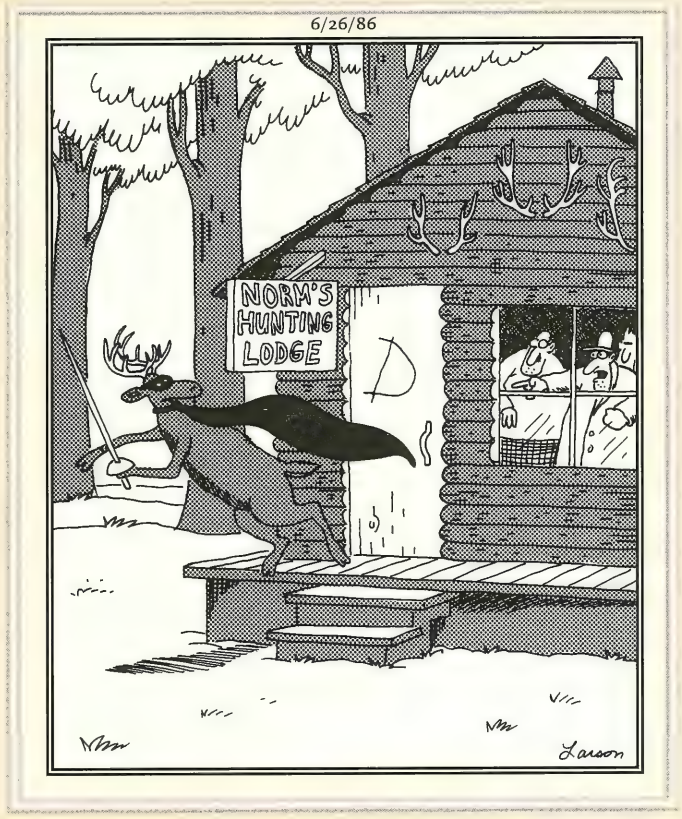


16th-century Mona wanna-bes

June 1986



"I heard that, Simmons! I'm a wimp, am I? ... Well, to heck with you—to heck with *all* of you!"



The mark of Deero

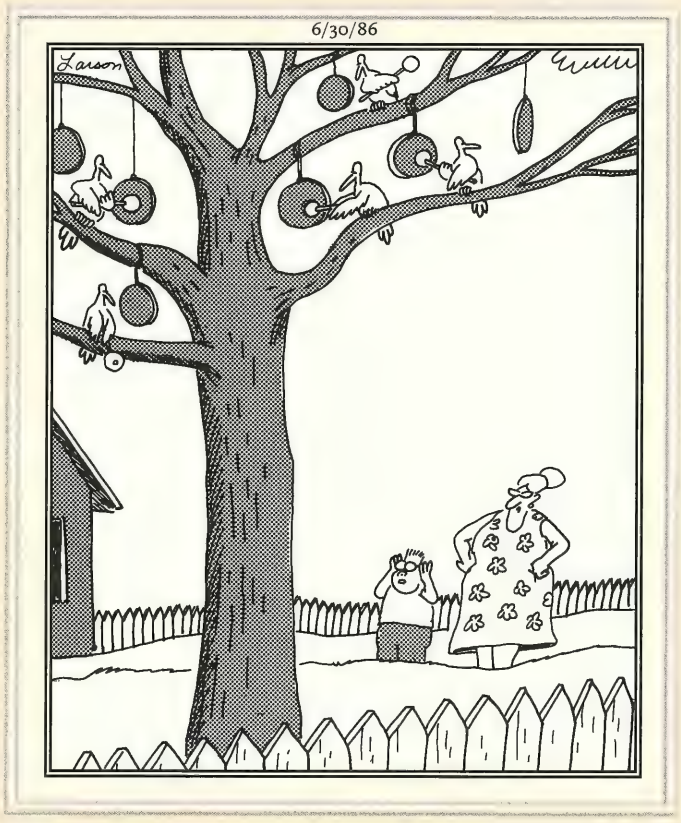




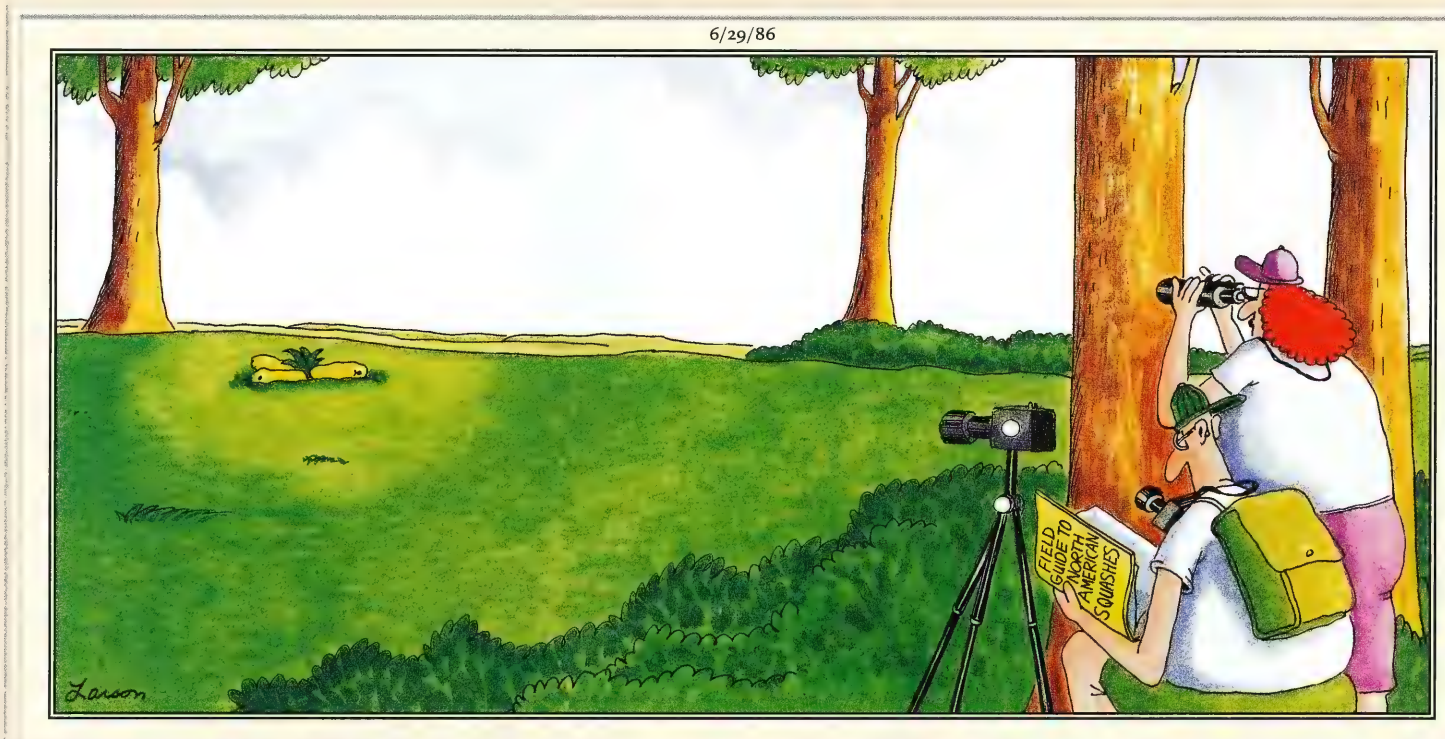
"Wait a minute, Vince! Last summer—remember? Some little kid caught you, handled you, and tossed you back in the swamp. ... *That's* where you got 'em."



Before paper and scissors



Gong birds

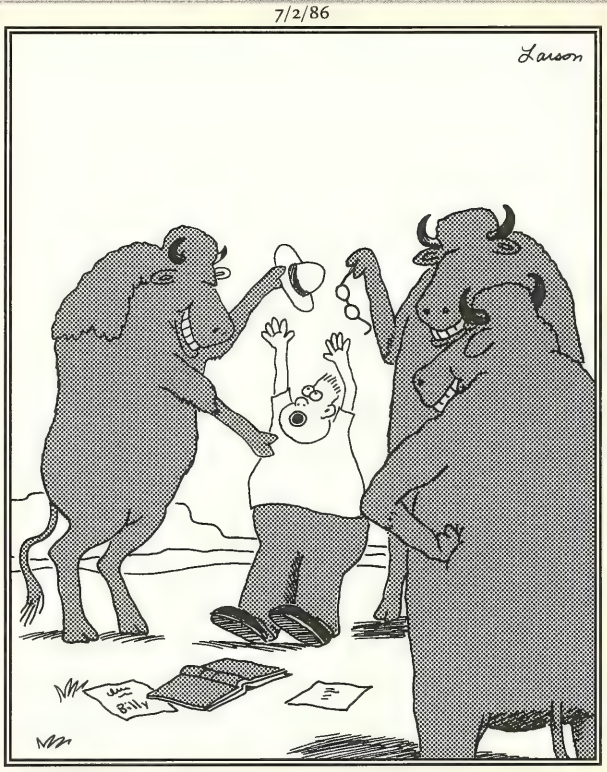


July 1986

7/1/86

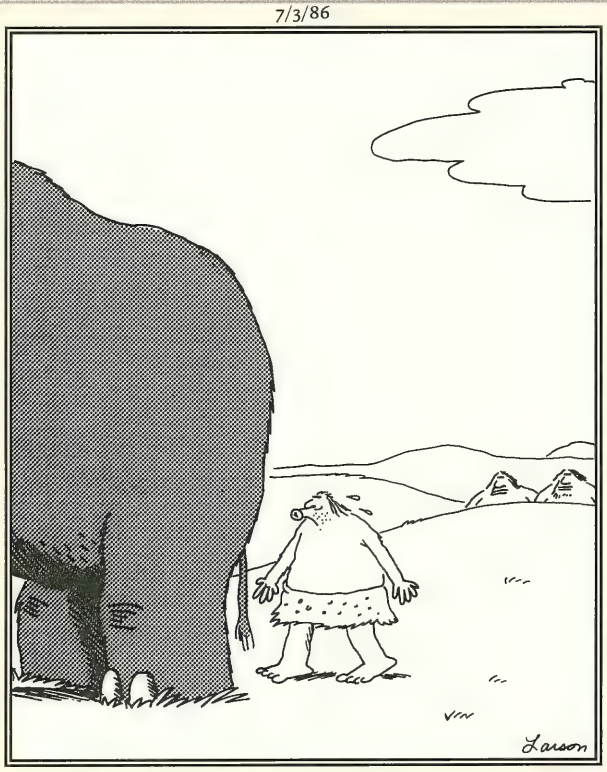


7/2/86



An impressionable moment in the childhood of Buffalo Bill

7/3/86



The primitive game of "Kiss-the-mammoth-and-run"

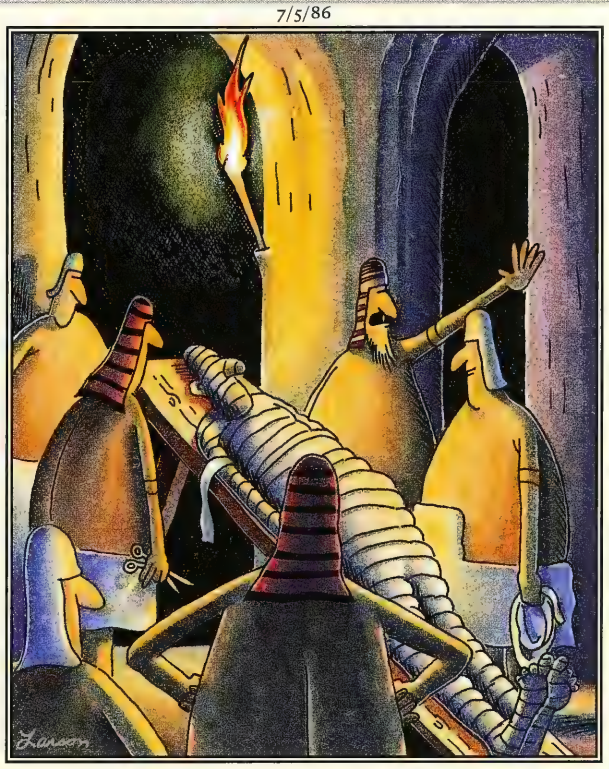
July 1986

7/4/86



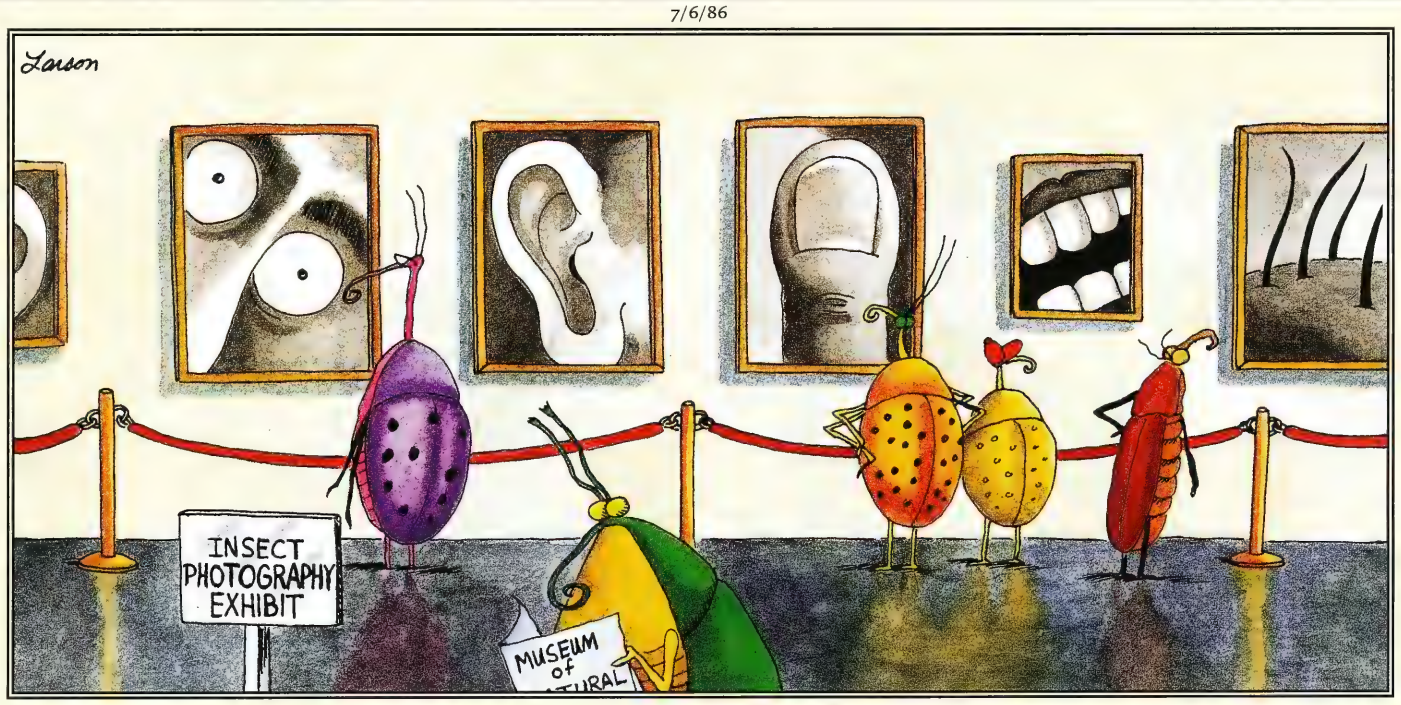
"Think about it, Ed. ... The class Insecta contains 26 orders, almost 1,000 families, and over 750,000 described species—but I can't shake the feeling we're all just a bunch of bugs."

7/5/86



"Okay, folks! ... It's a wrap!"

7/6/86



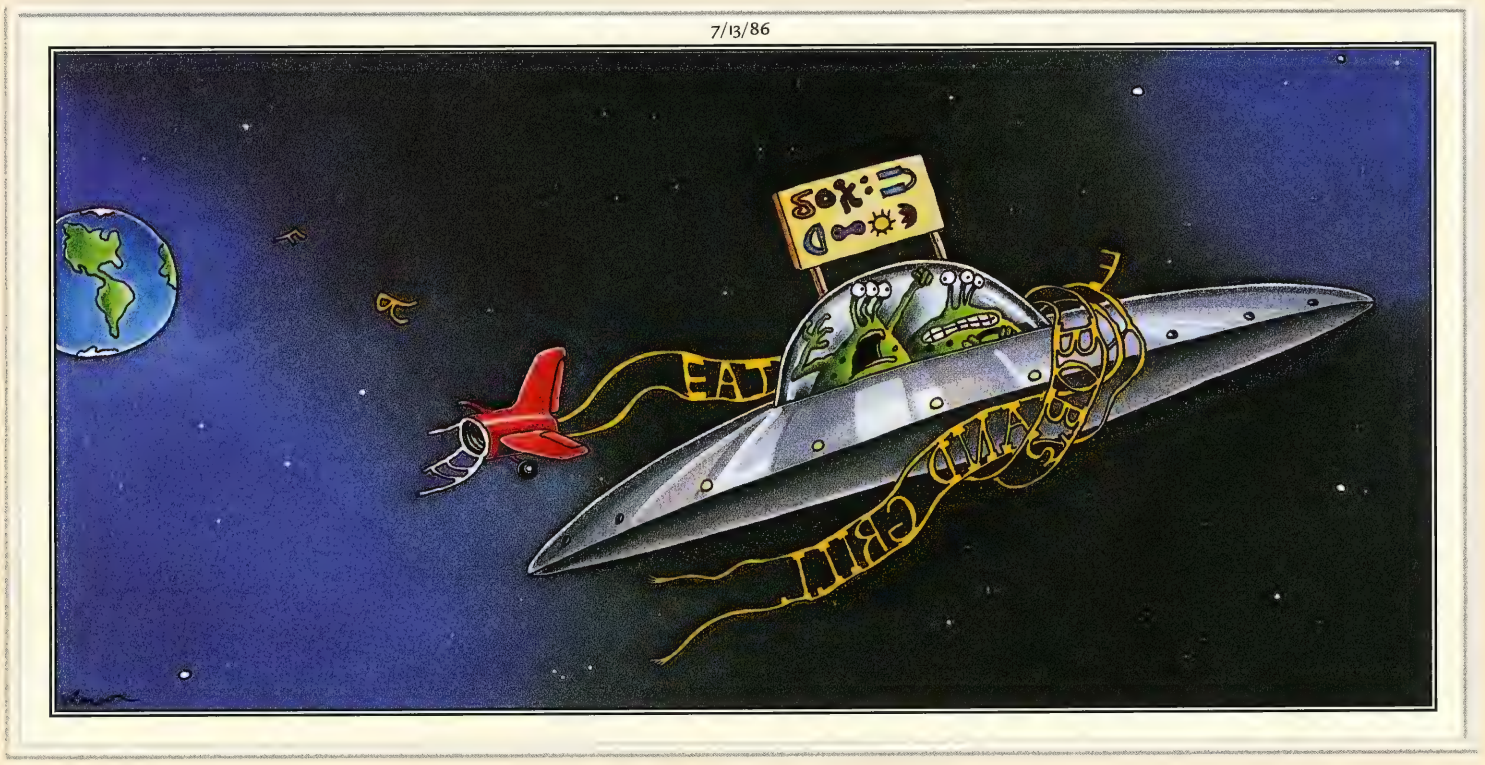
July 1986



"Mom! ... Earl's grossing me out with a mouthful of worms!"

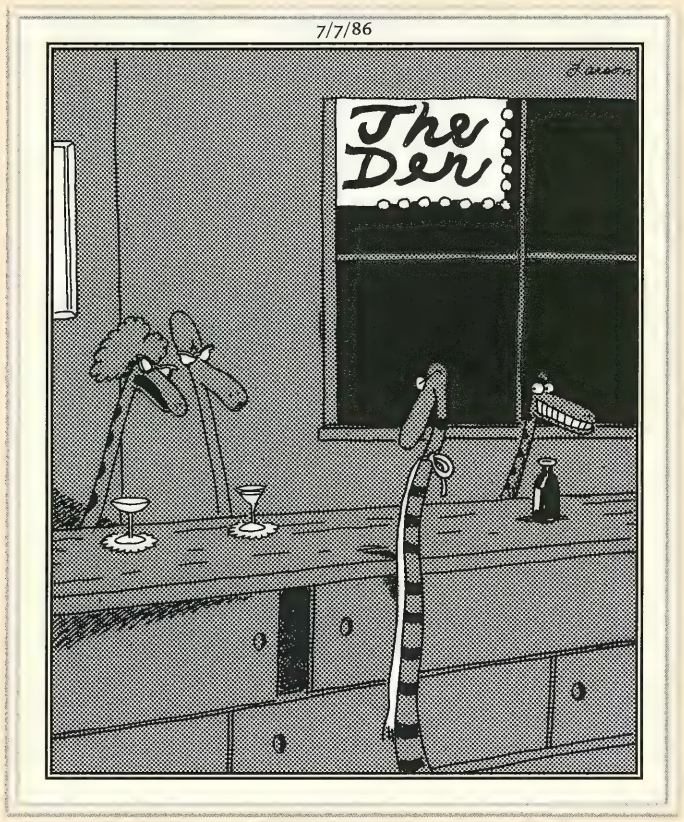


Flora practical jokes

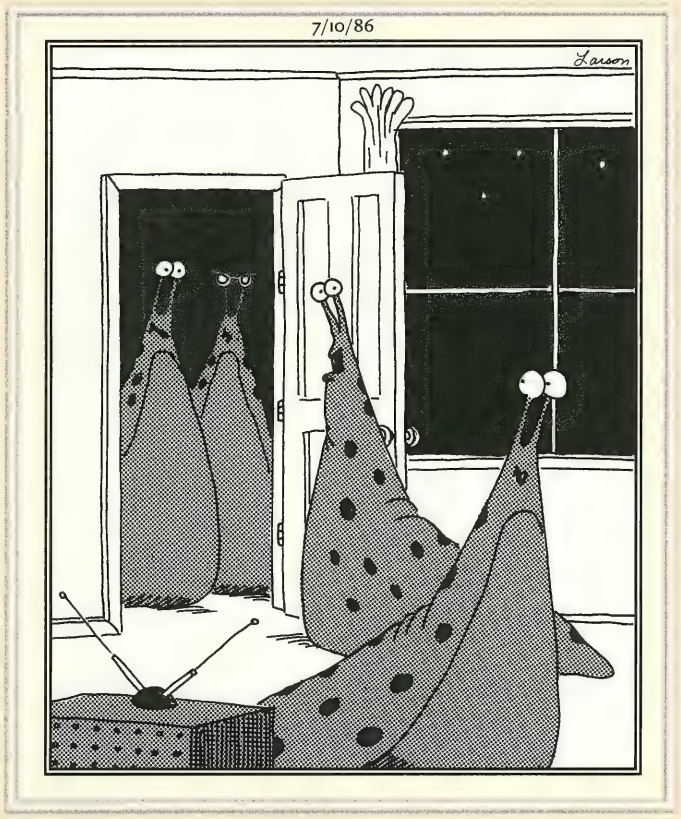


Alien student drivers

July 1986



"Stay away from that character down there, Barb—he's poison for sure."



"Well, I'll be! ... Honey, it's the Worthingtons—our favorite couple of slimebags!"



African rakesnake



"I don't know what you're insinuating, Jane, but I haven't seen your Harold all day—besides, surely you know I would only devour my own husband!"

July 1986



"I don't mean to exacerbate this situation, Roger, but I think I'm quite close to bursting into maniacal laughter and imagining your nose is really a German sausage."





"We're gettin' old, Jake."

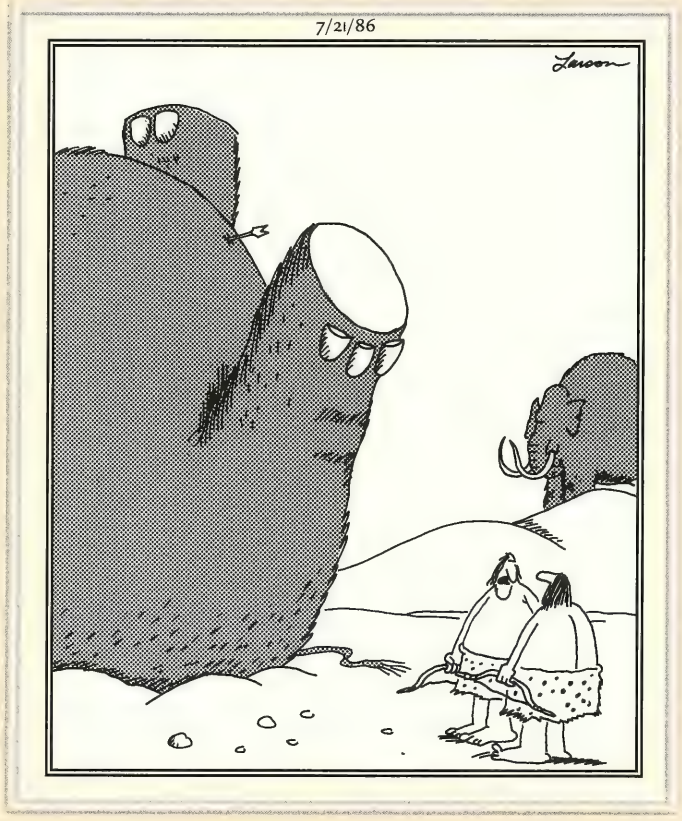


50,000 B.C.: Gak Eisenberg invents the first and last silent mammoth whistle.

July 1986



Same planet, different worlds



"We should write that spot down."

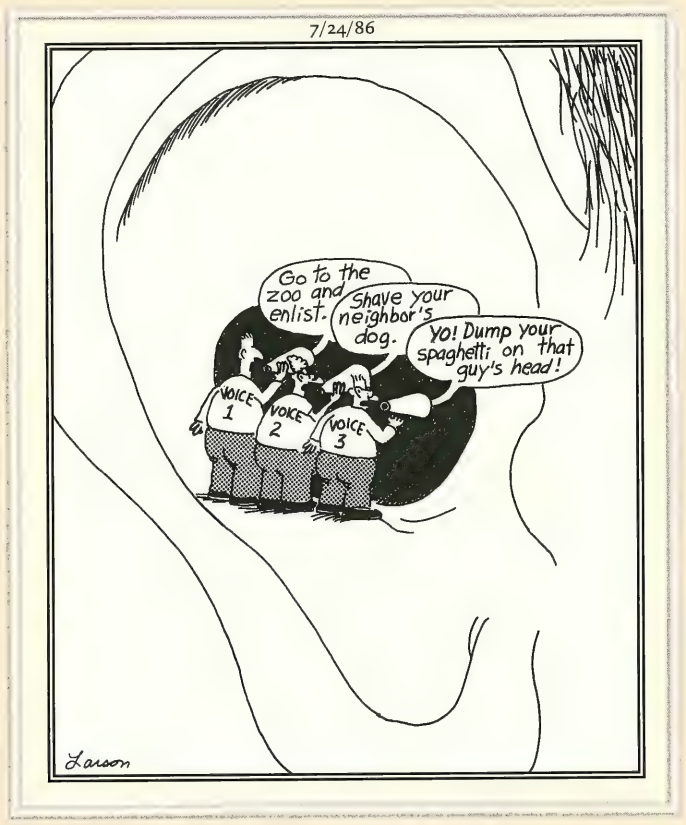


July 1986





Fast-food farms



Inside the ear of crazy people



"*Another* nutcracker? Well, this *is* my lucky day!"

July 1986

7/18/86



"I'm sorry, Mr. Caldwell, but the big guy's on his way out. If you want my opinion, take him home, find a quiet spot out in the yard, and squash him."

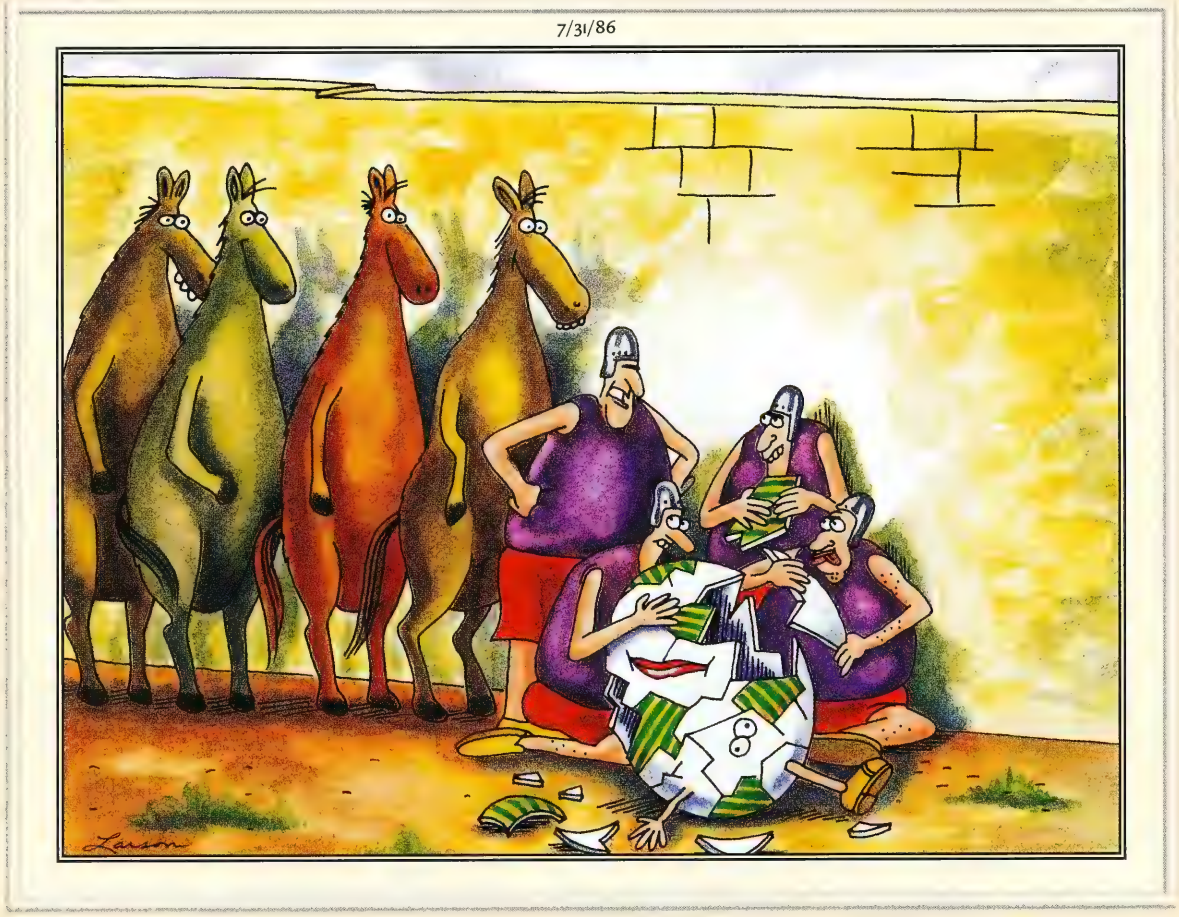
7/28/86



7/26/86



July 1986



"Okay, okay, you guys have had your chance—the horses want another shot at it."



Appliance healers

July 31, 86

Dear Sir,

I have seen some rude, nasty, cartoons in my life, but this is the worst.

We are having a hard enough time trying to keep Christianity in the schools and other places. To publish a cartoon like this slandering a "man of God," is just about as low as you can get. [redacted] is a man of God and I have seen many miracles in his services. Lots of people don't like him, but a lot don't like the Pope either.

This is rude and uncalled for.

Truly,
Preston P. Peck

P.S. I HAVE PRAYED FOR A CAR TO START.
HAVEN'T YOU?

July 1986

7/29/86



"Hold it right there, Frank! ... If you're gonna shake,
you do it in another room!"

7/27/86



8/3/86

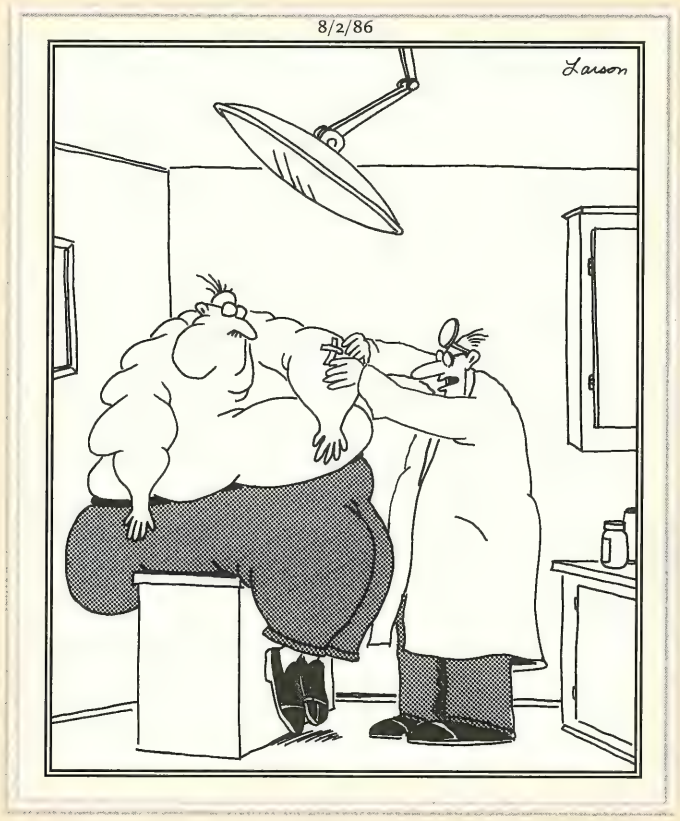


8/1/86

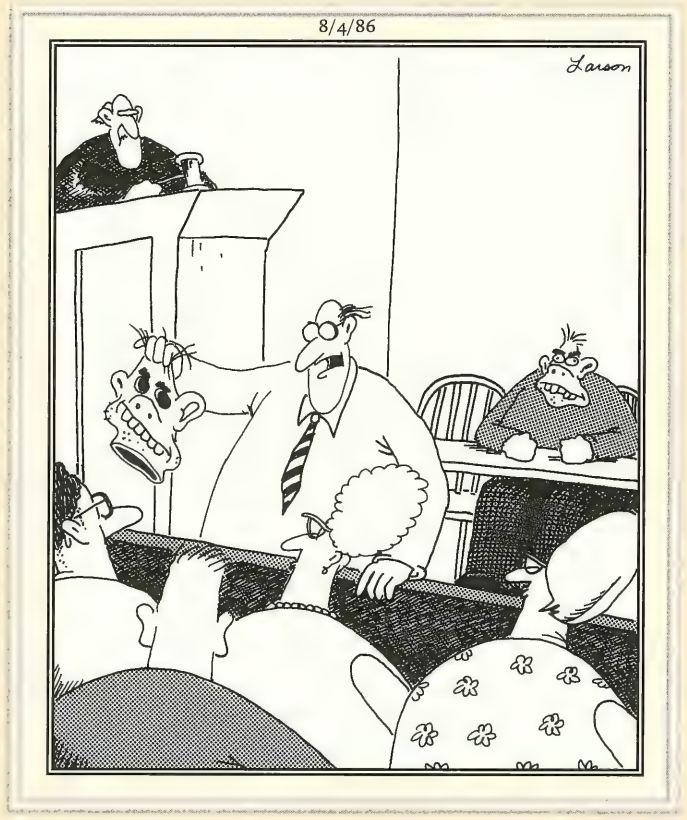


Goldfish little brothers

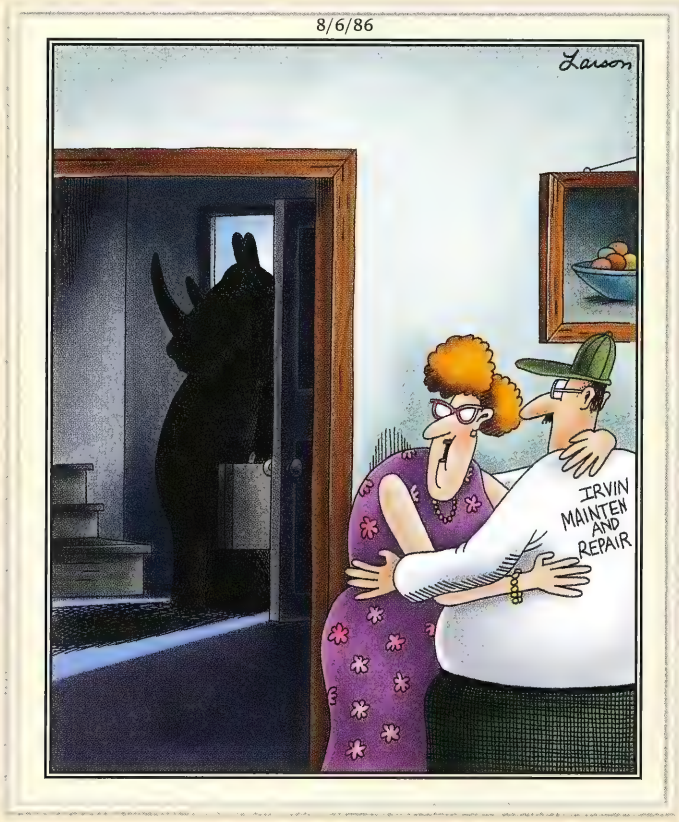
August 1986



"As I suspected, Mr. Sullivan—just a flesh wound, just a flesh wound."



"Coincidence, ladies and gentlemen? Coincidence that my client just *happened* to live across from the A-1 Mask Co., just *happened* to walk by their office windows each day, and they, in turn, just *happened* to stumble across this new design?"

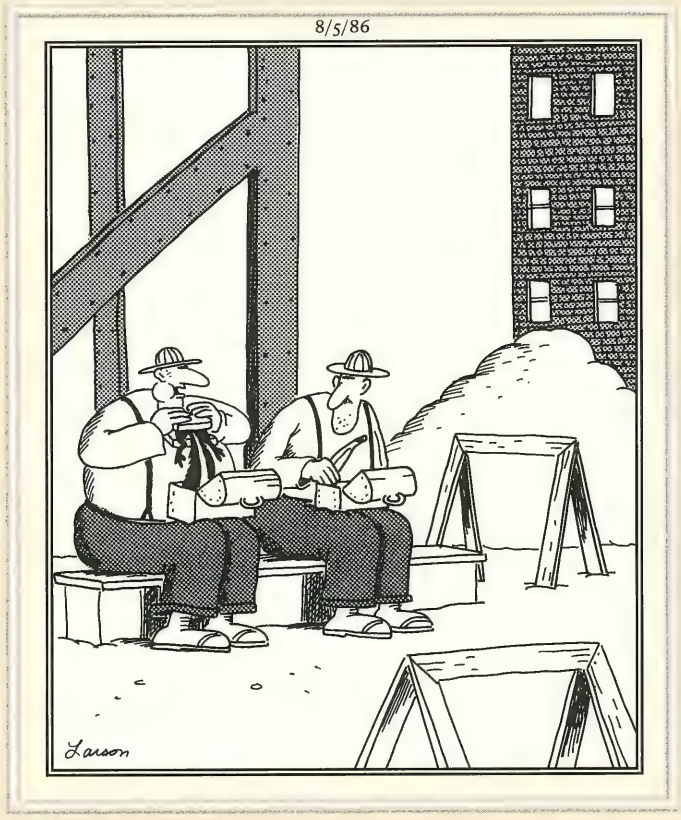


"Egad! Willard's home early! Don't move—his vision's not very good, but his sense of smell and hearing are quite acute."

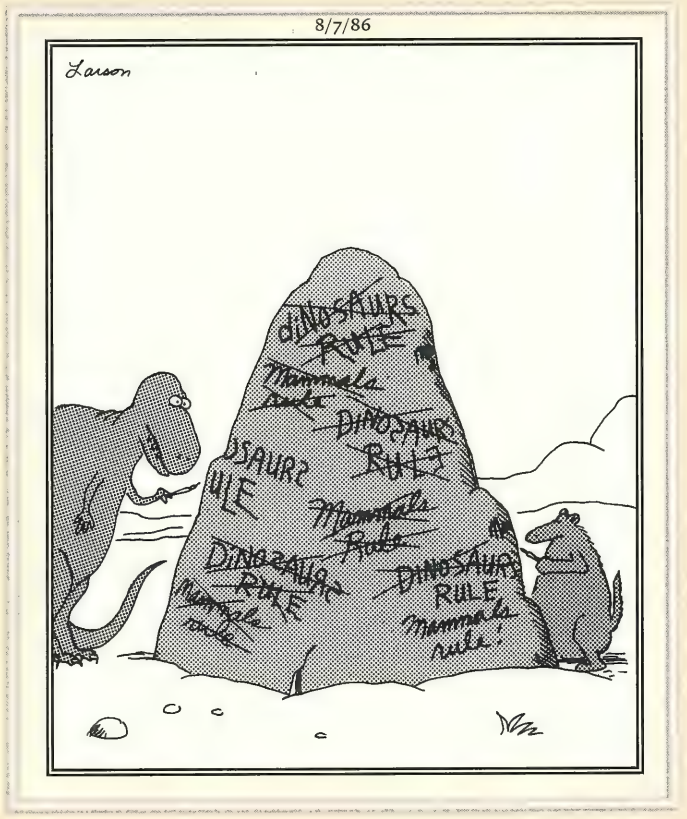


"Henry! Hurry or you're gonna miss it—ghost riders in the kitchen!"

August 1986

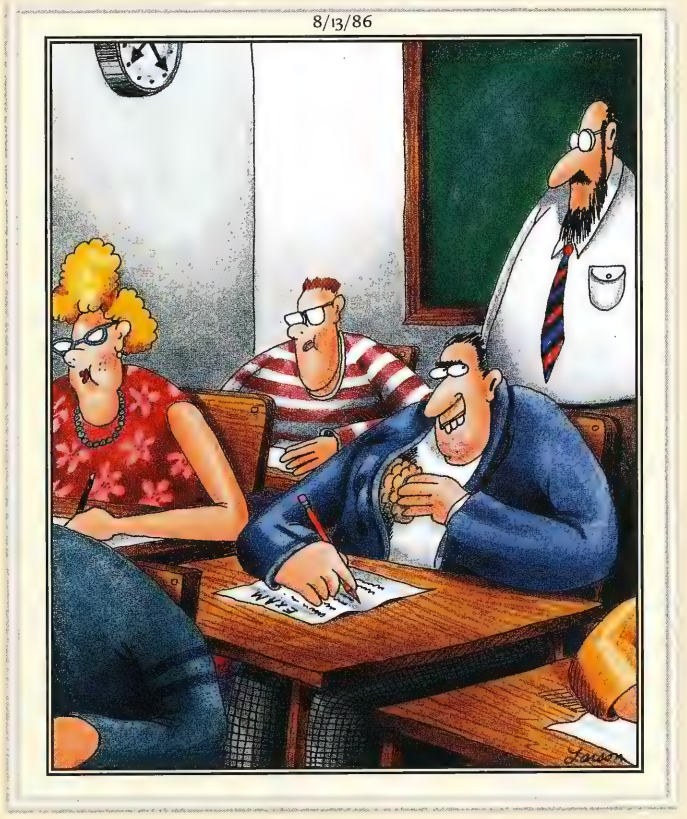


"Skunk sandwich, Bill ... mmmmm ... skunk sandwich. ... Trade for that banana?"





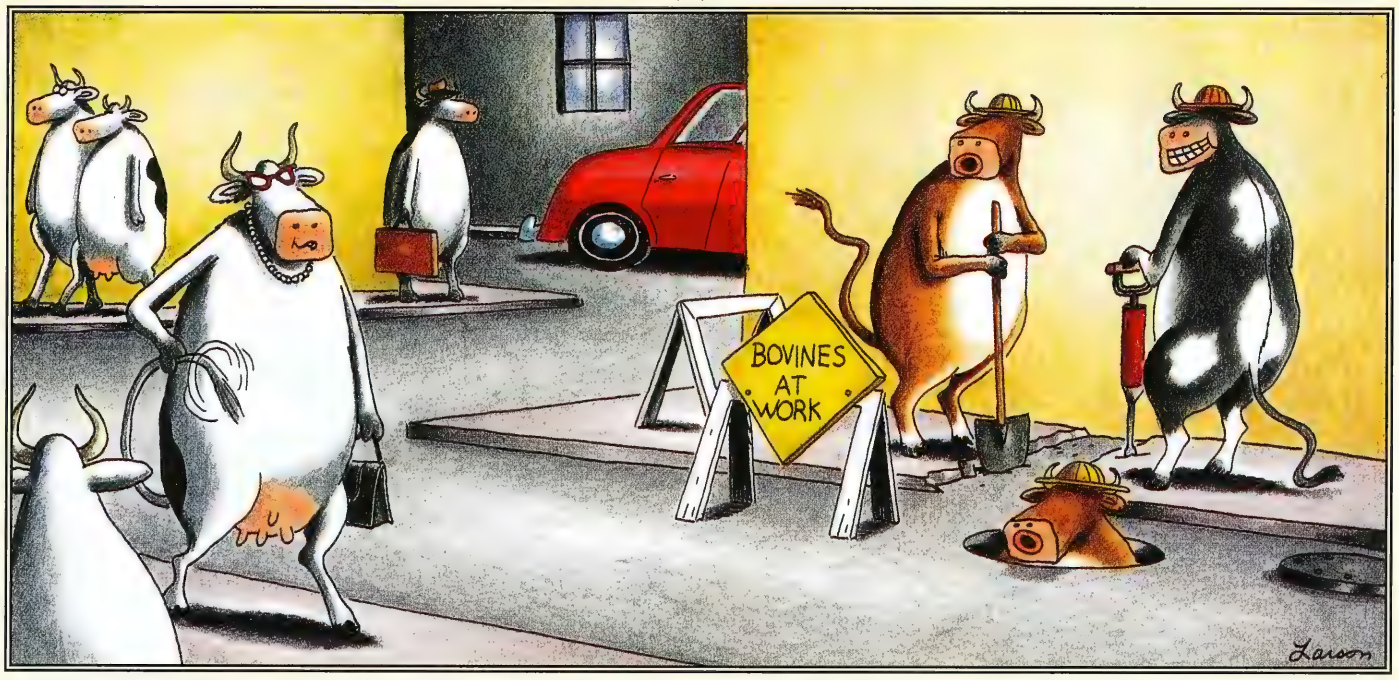
"You know, I wish you'd get rid of that hideous thing—and I think it's just plain dangerous to even have one in the house."



Midway through the exam, Allen pulls out a bigger brain.

August 1986

8/10/86



8/11/86



"Well! No wonder! ... Look who's been loose the whole evening!"

8/18/86



"Hey! That's milk! And you said you were all empty, you stinkin' liar!"

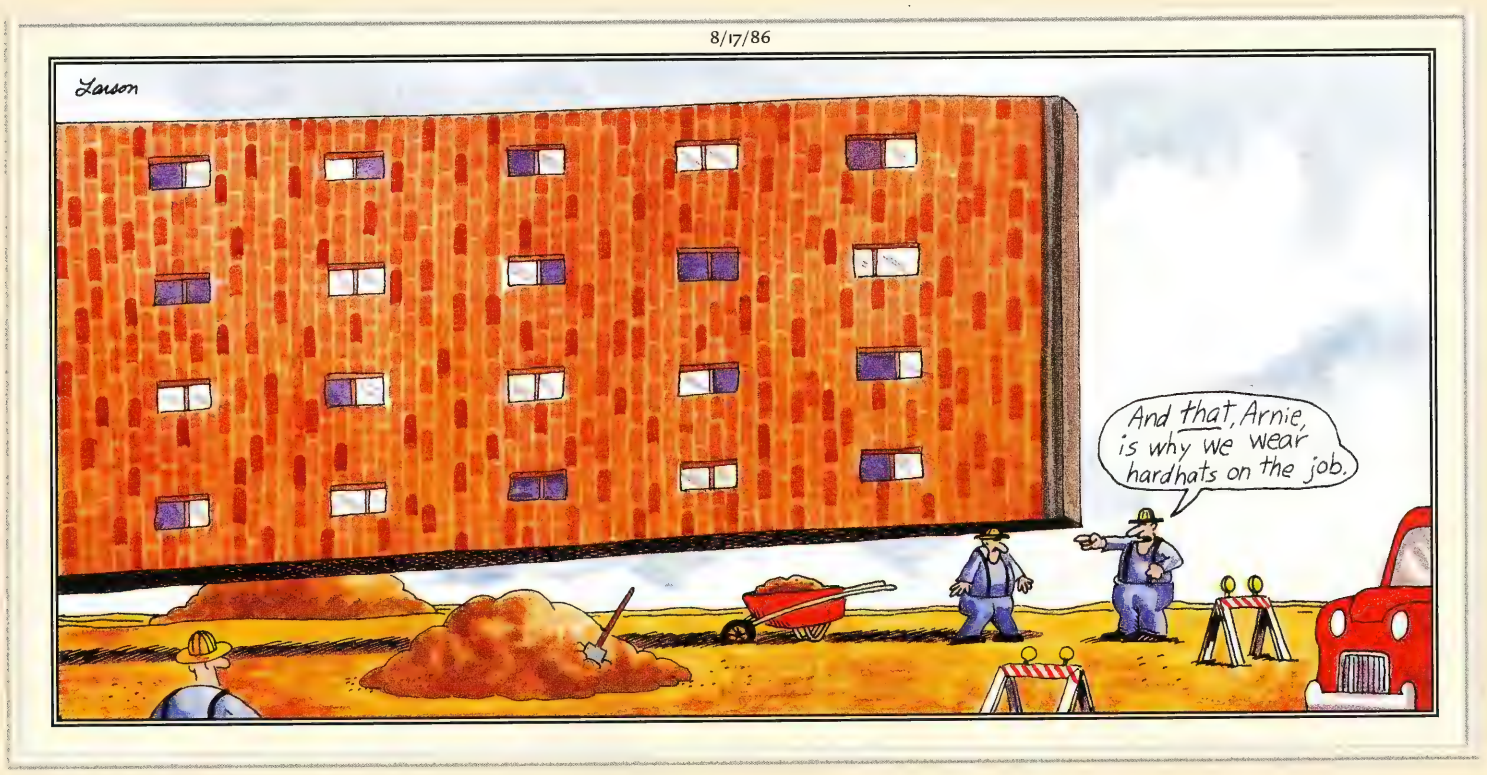
August 1986



Whale fitness classes

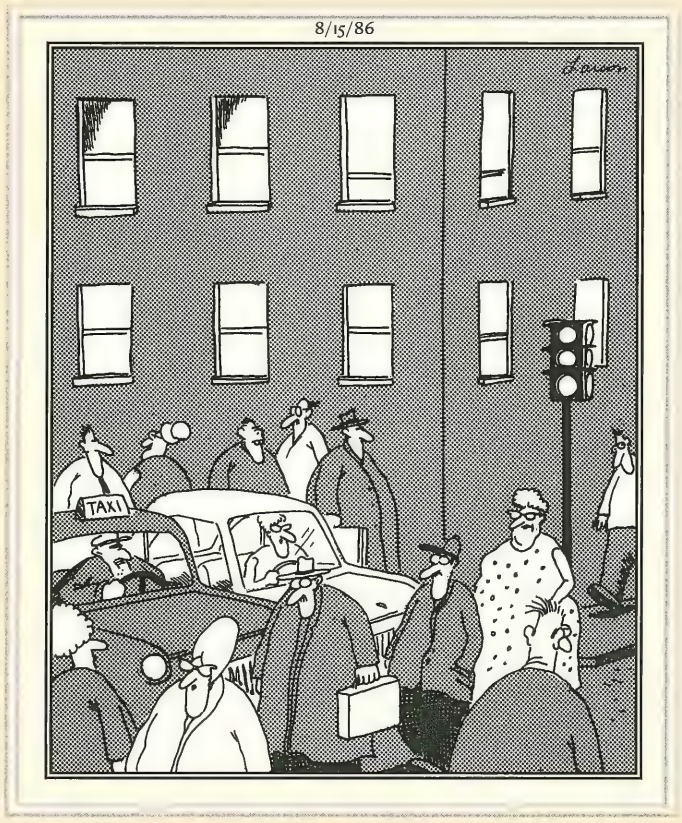


The monster snorkel: allows your child to breathe comfortably without exposing vulnerable parts to an attack.

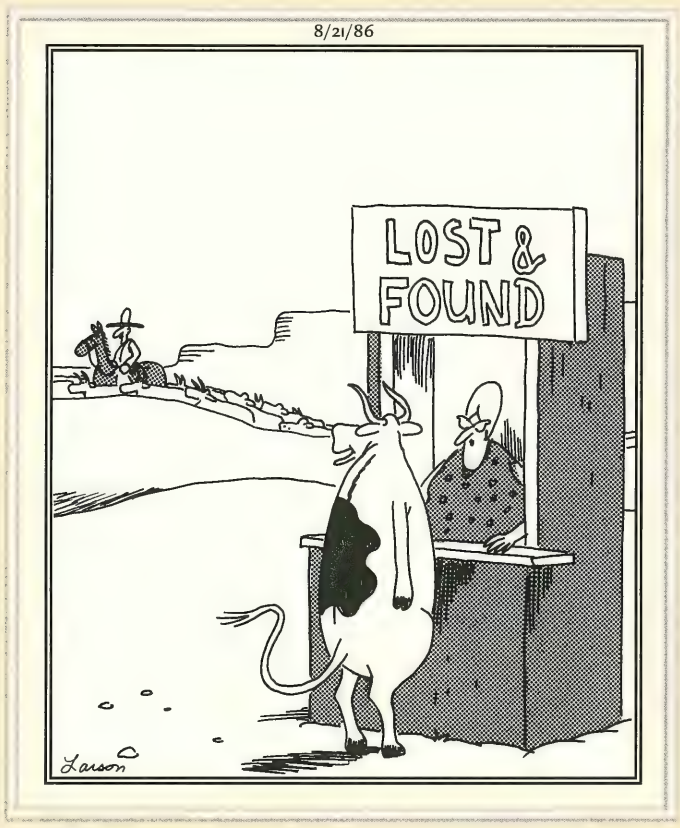




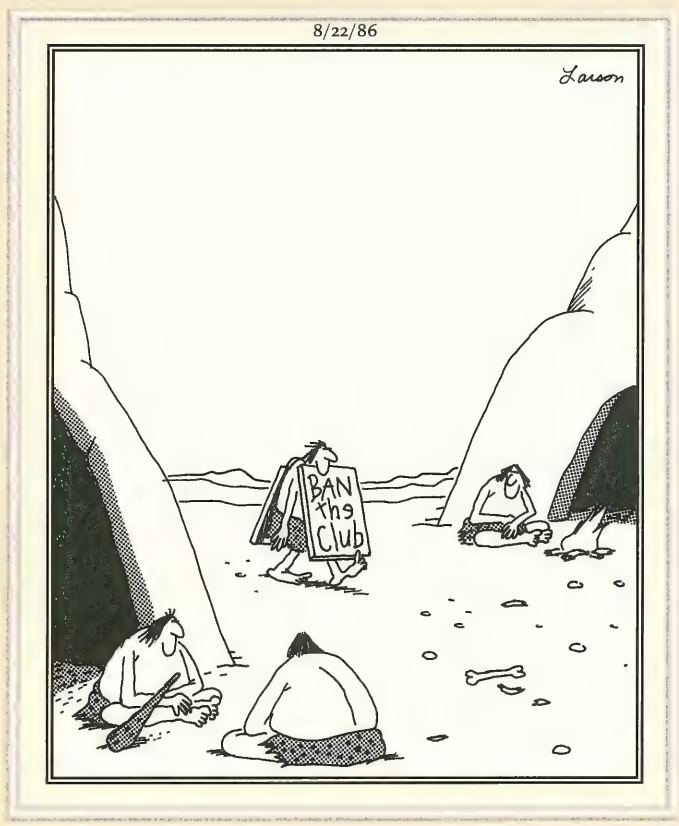
The Snakes of War



They weren't the most evil people in the world, nor the best. They were the Village of the Darned.

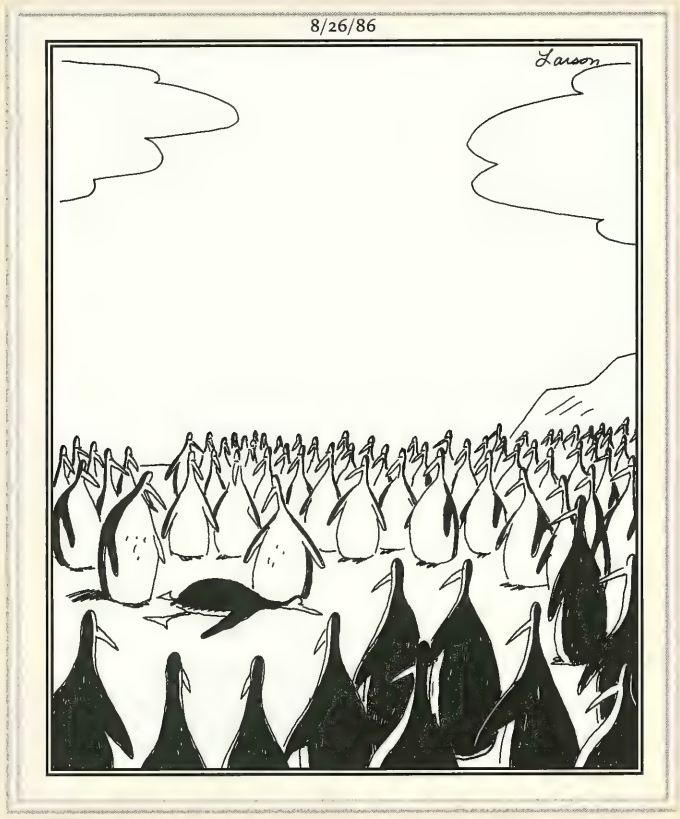


"Well, shoot! There's my herd! ... Thank you anyway, ma'am."

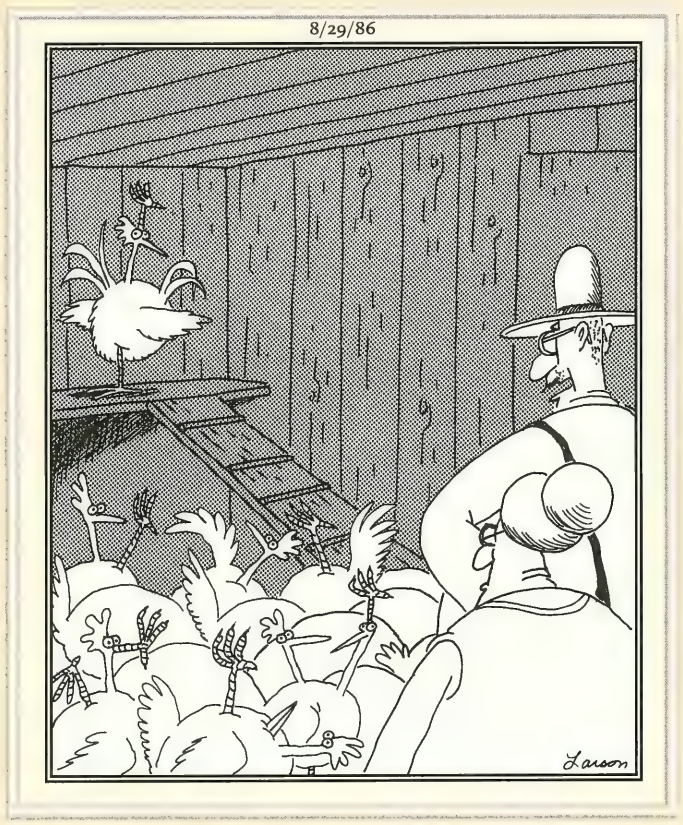




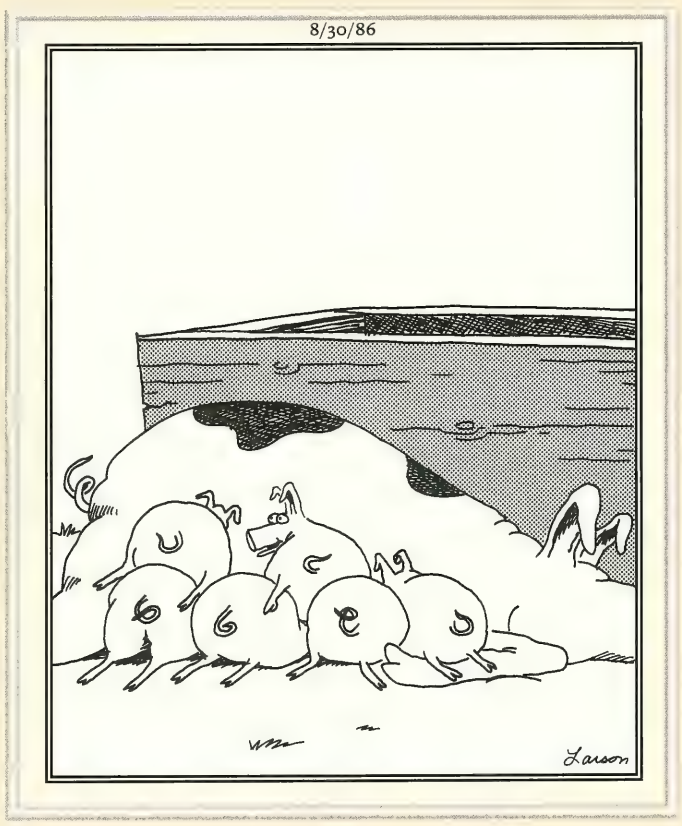
Their reunion was both brief and awkward, each still bearing the wounds from that ugly "Jane incident."



"He's dead, all right—beaked in the back ... and you know this won't be easy to solve."



"For the love of— ... Somethin's been messin' with these chickens!"



"Hey! I think I'm getting Orange Crush over here."

8/19/86



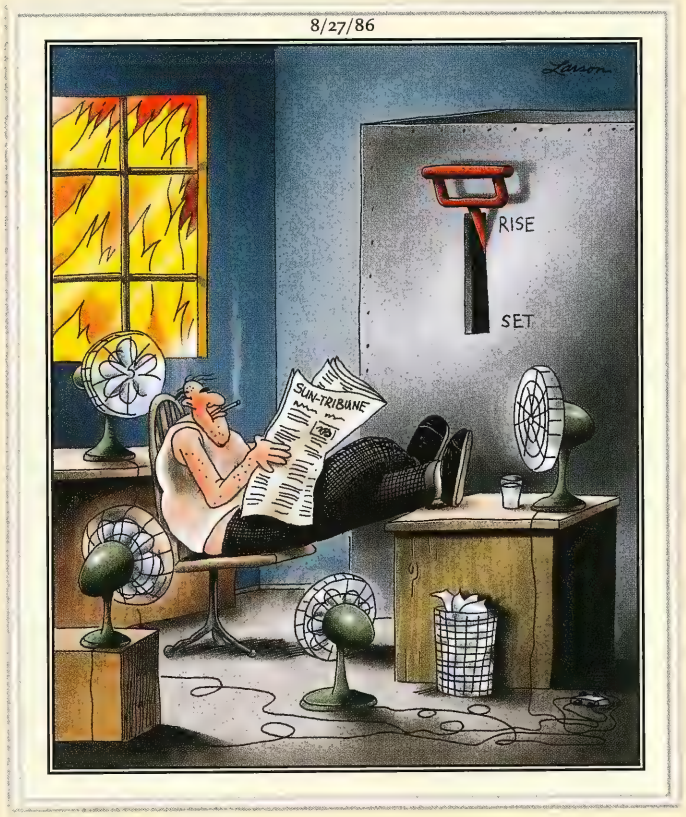
"Holy moley, Loretta! Not only is it still there, look what it did to the end of my stick!"

8/24/86





"Allen, you jerk! Dad told us not to do that or we'd scare the fish!"

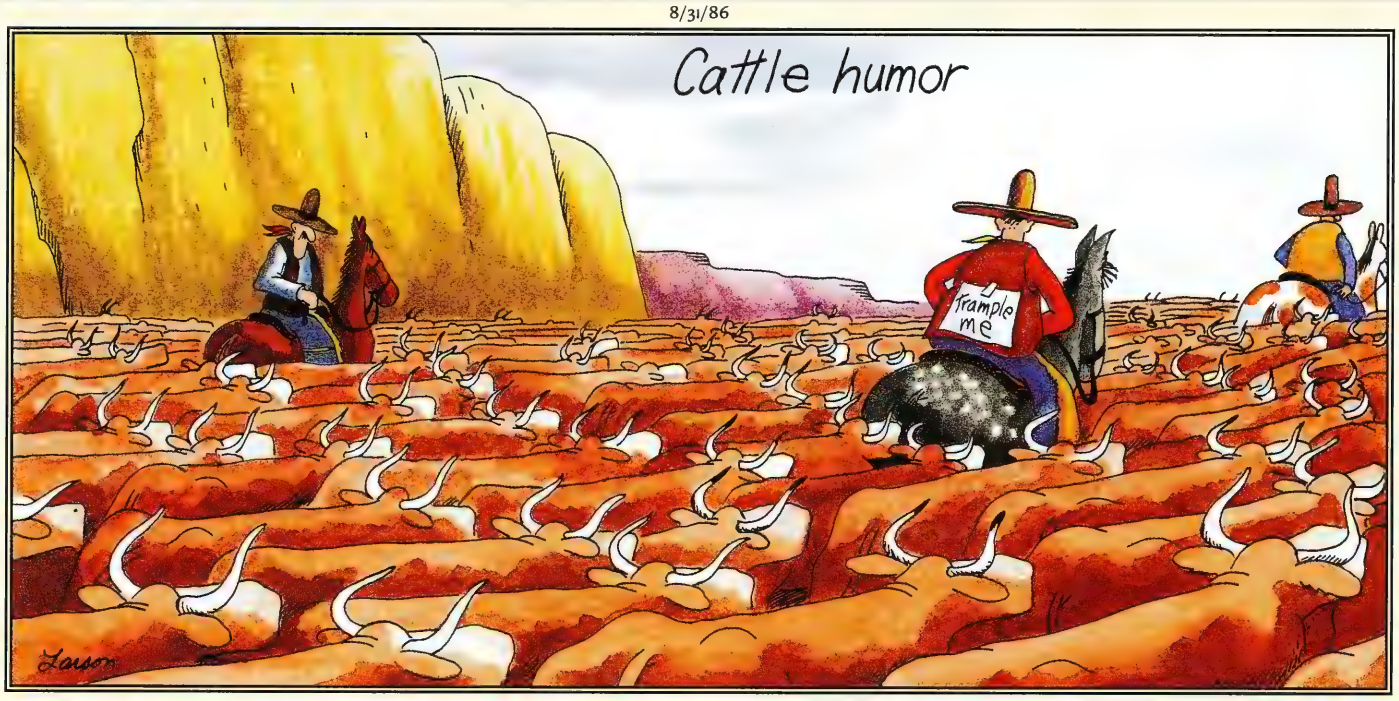


Inside the sun



"Randy, you idiot! Never take an elevator in an emergency!"

8/31/86



8/28/86



"Stimulus, response! Stimulus, response!
Don't you ever *think*?"

9/4/86

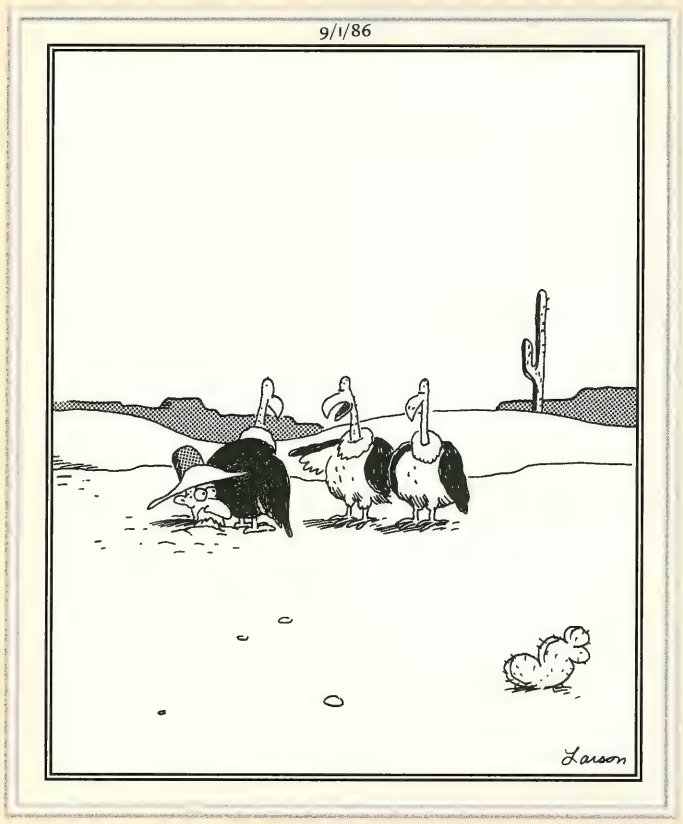


Dirk brings his family tree to class.

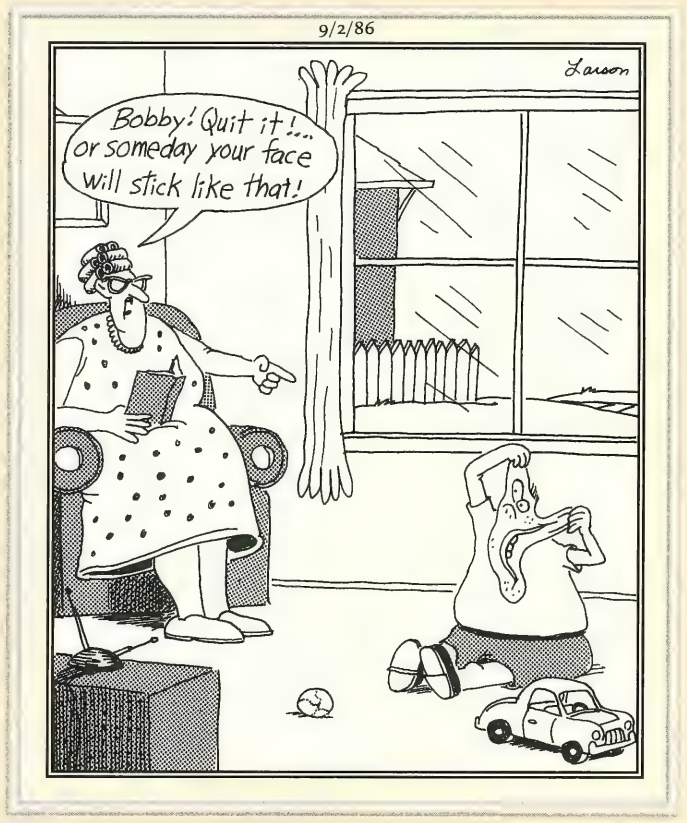
9/7/86



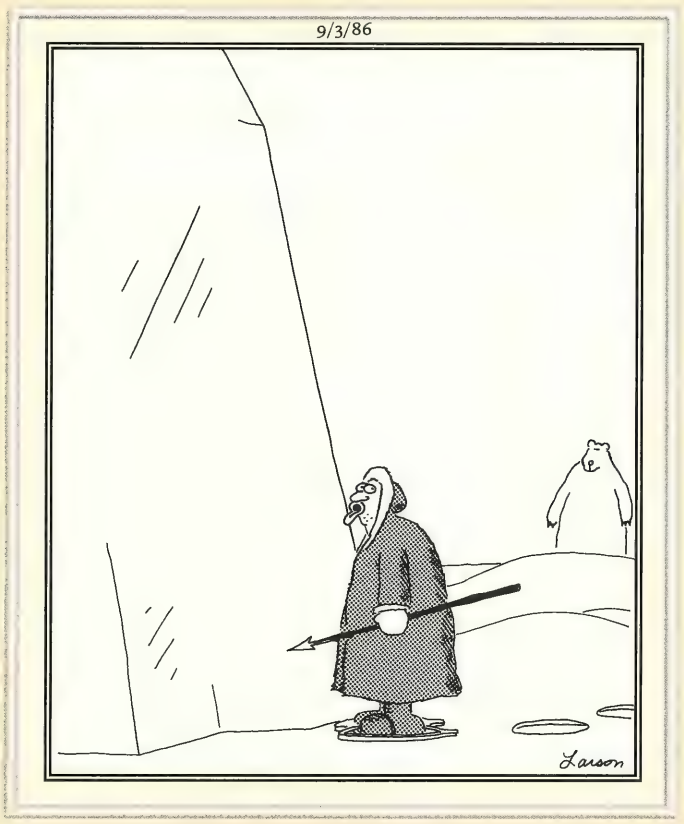
September 1986



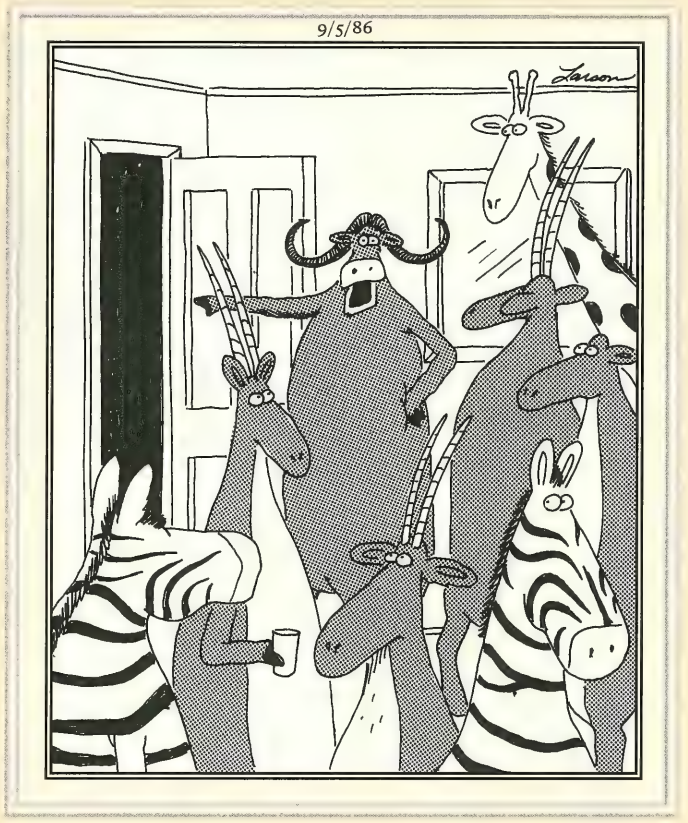
"You know what I think, Vernon? I think you're hiding one of those things the Indians bury up to their necks—that's what I think!"



Just another old wives' tale

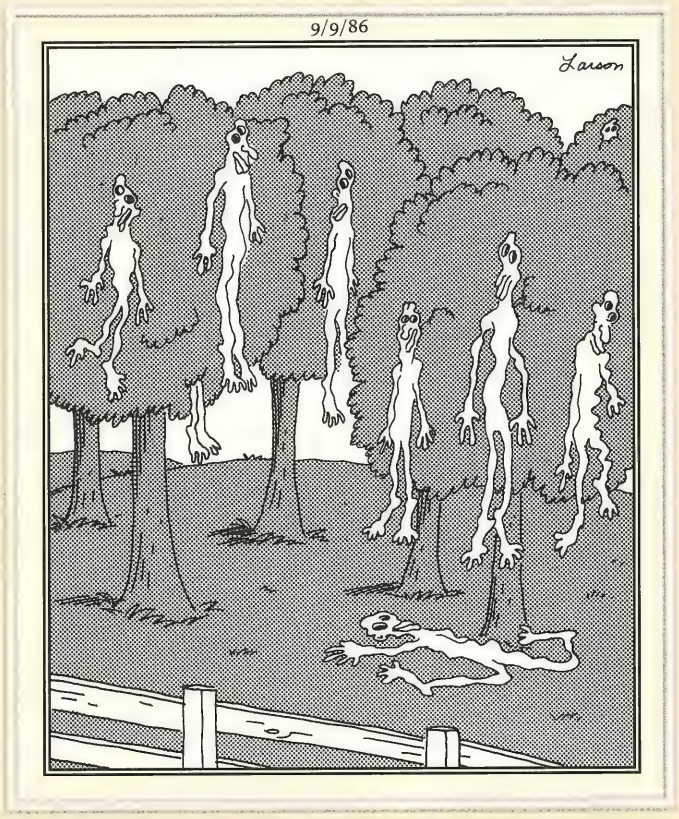


Never put your tongue on a glacier.

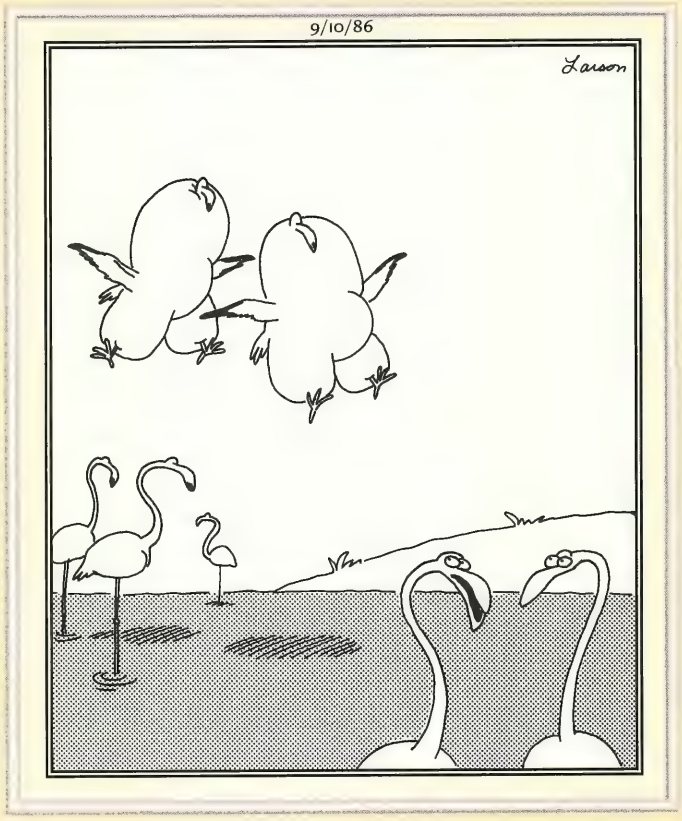


"Out! Everyone out! ... I've had it with this 'symbiosis' baloney!"

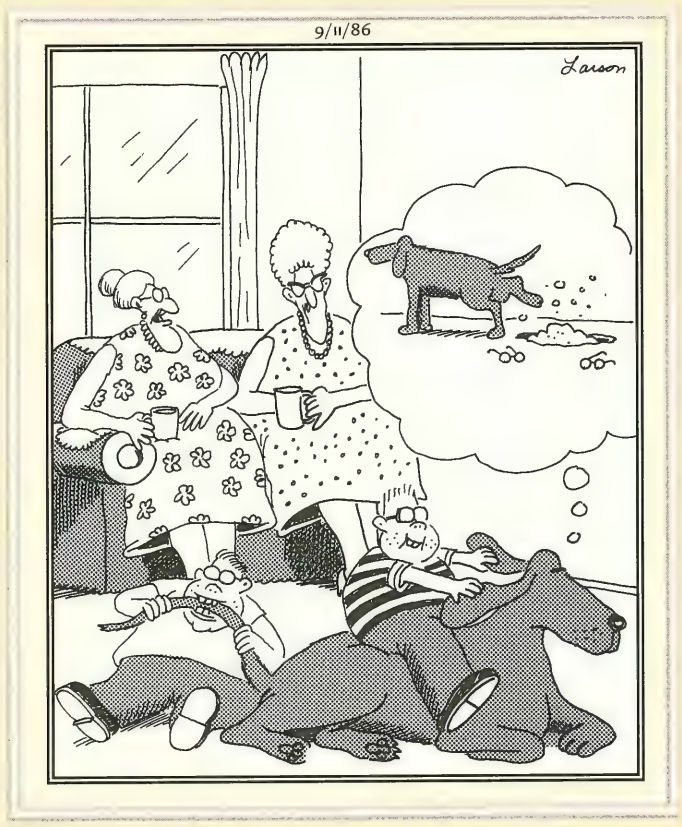
September 1986



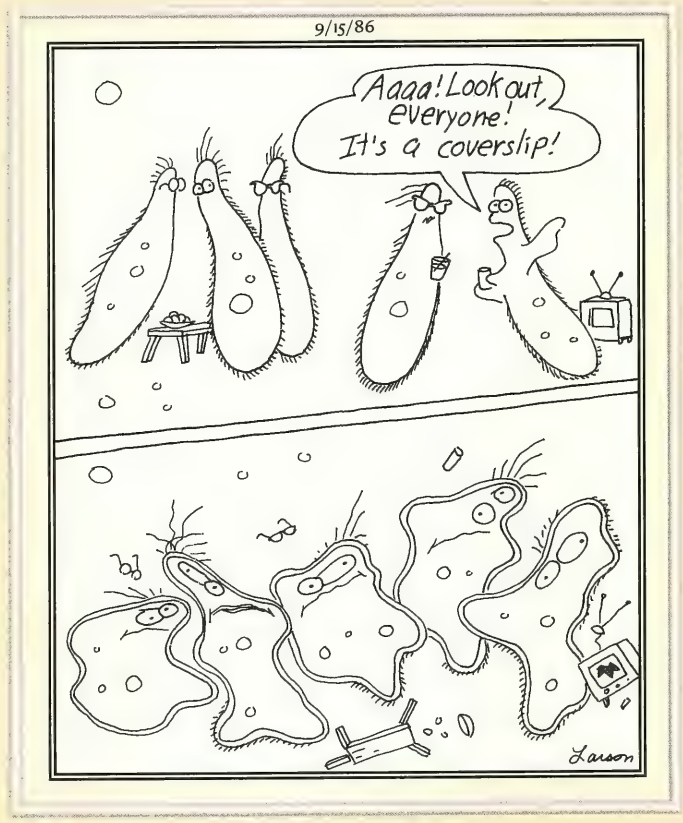
Skin orchards



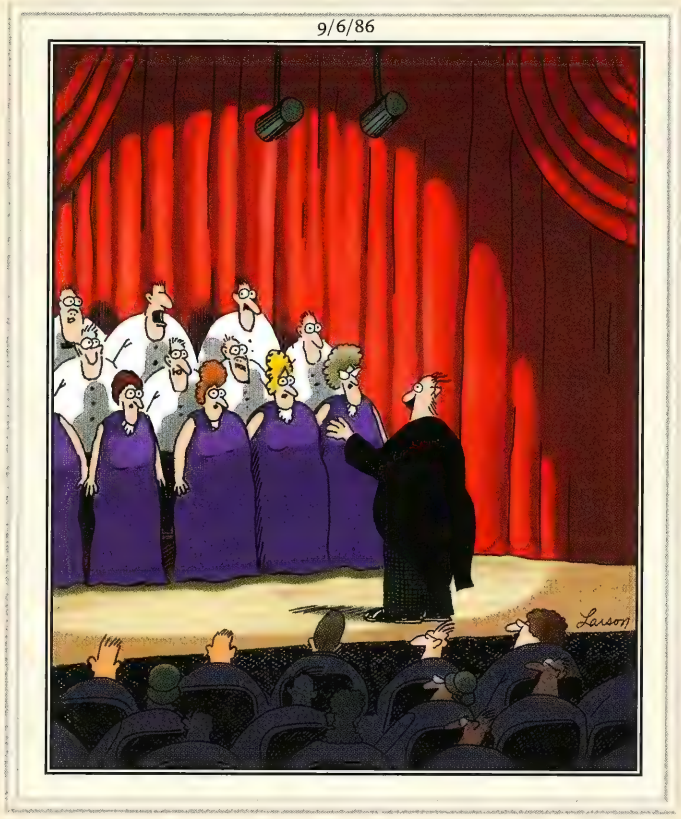
"Gangway! ... Here come the Morrison brothers."



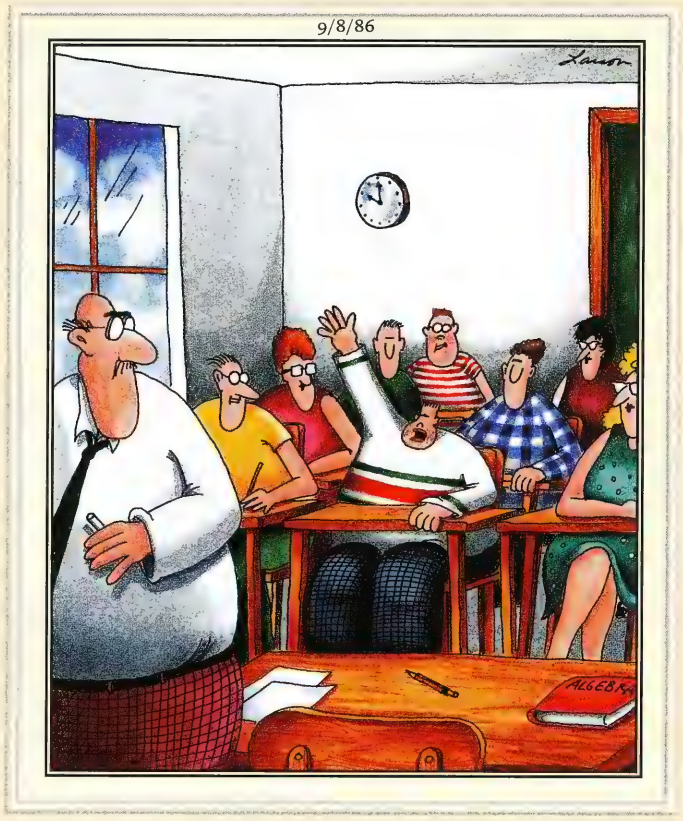
"You know, I bet your kids and Bruno would like to go outside where they'd have room to really play."



Life on a microscope slide



In that one split second, when the choir's last note had ended but before the audience could respond, Vinnie Conswego belches the phrase, "That's all, folks."



"Mr. Osborne, may I be excused? My brain is full."



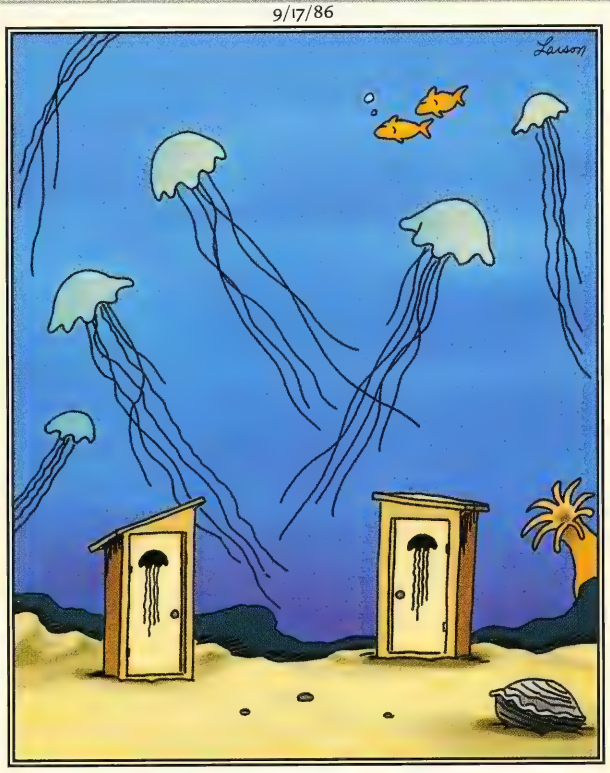


Volume five in a series

9/14/86

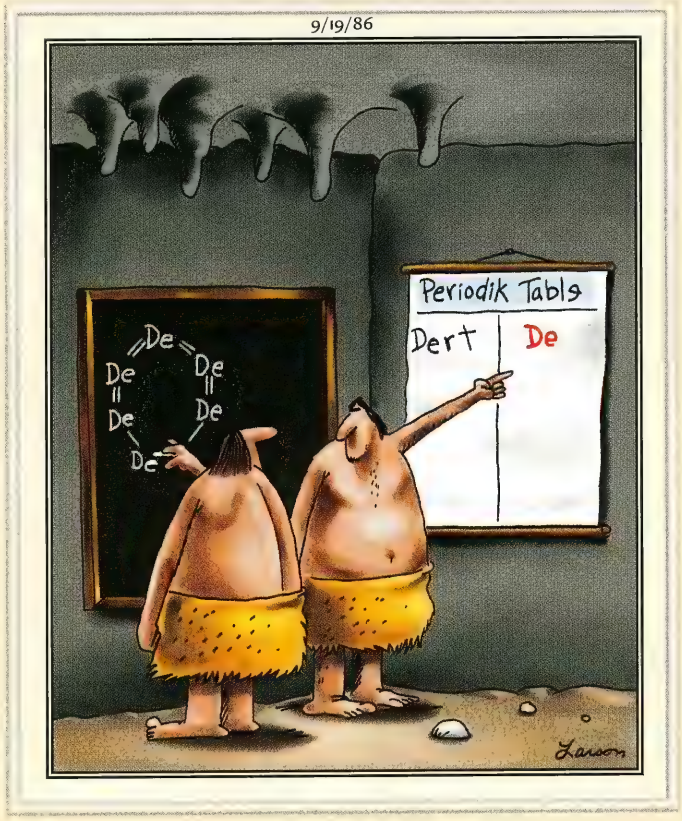


9/17/86



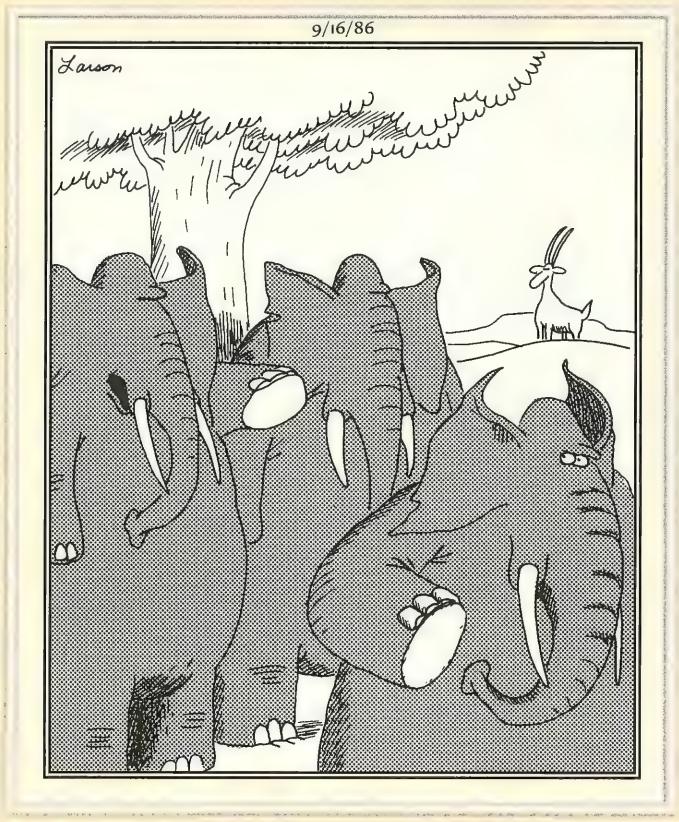
Only they know the difference.

9/19/86

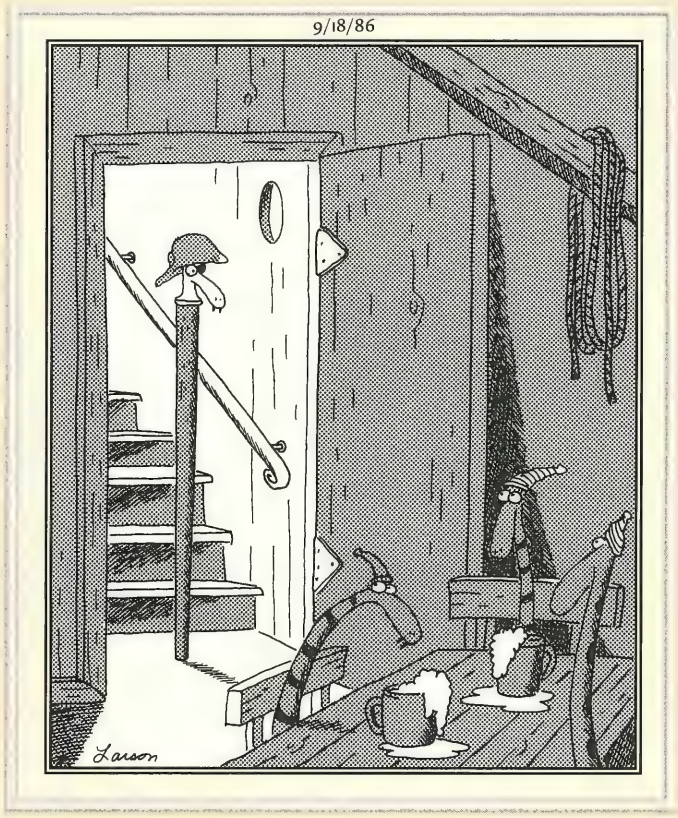


Early chemists describe the first dirt molecule.

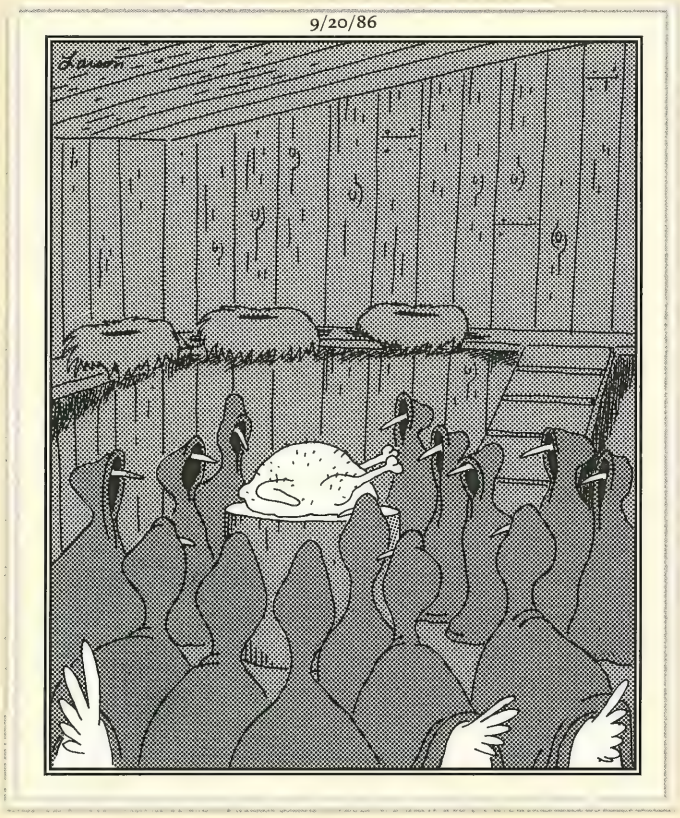
September 1986



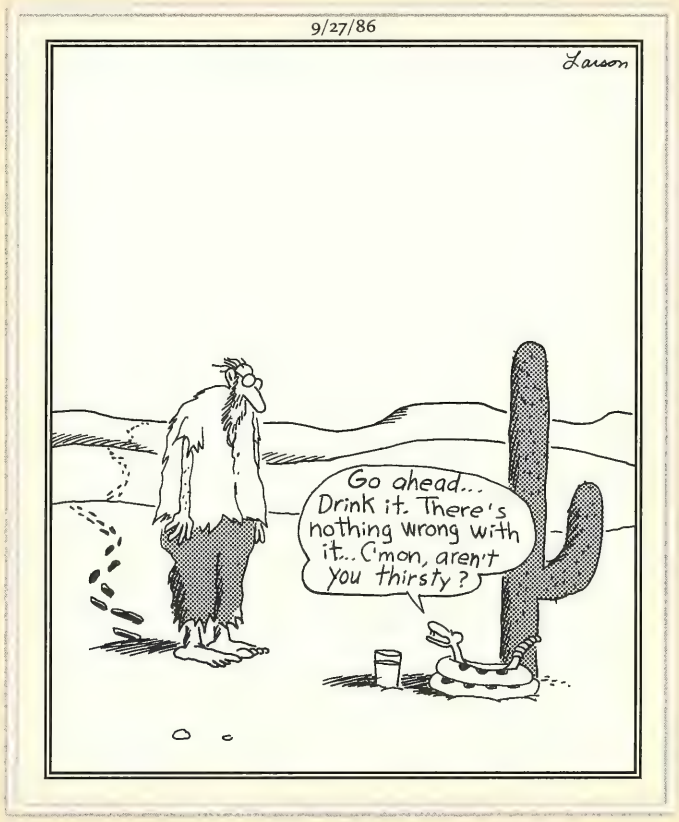
"You can run, Thomas, but you can't hide."



The door swung wide, and there, to the horror of the other pirates, stood Captain Monet—unmistakable with his one eye and pegbody.



Chicken cults

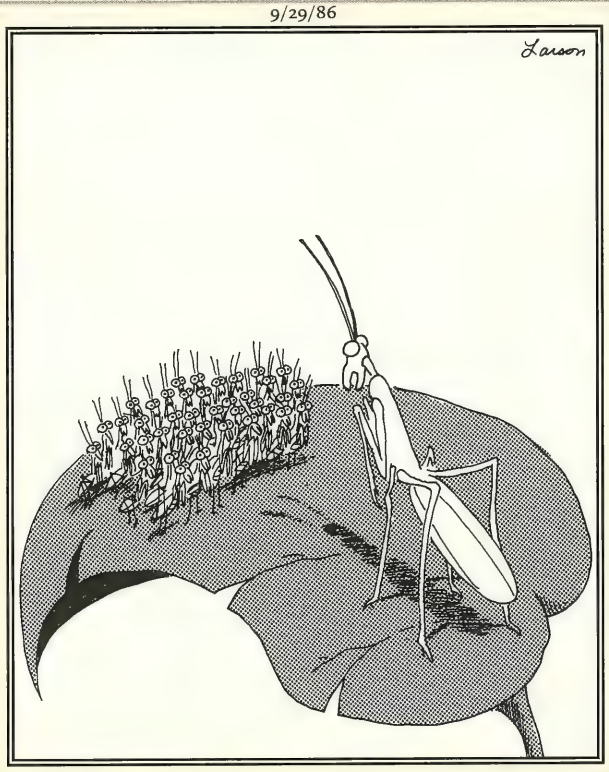


Venom pushers

9/21/86



9/29/86



"Of course, long before you mature, most of you will be eaten."

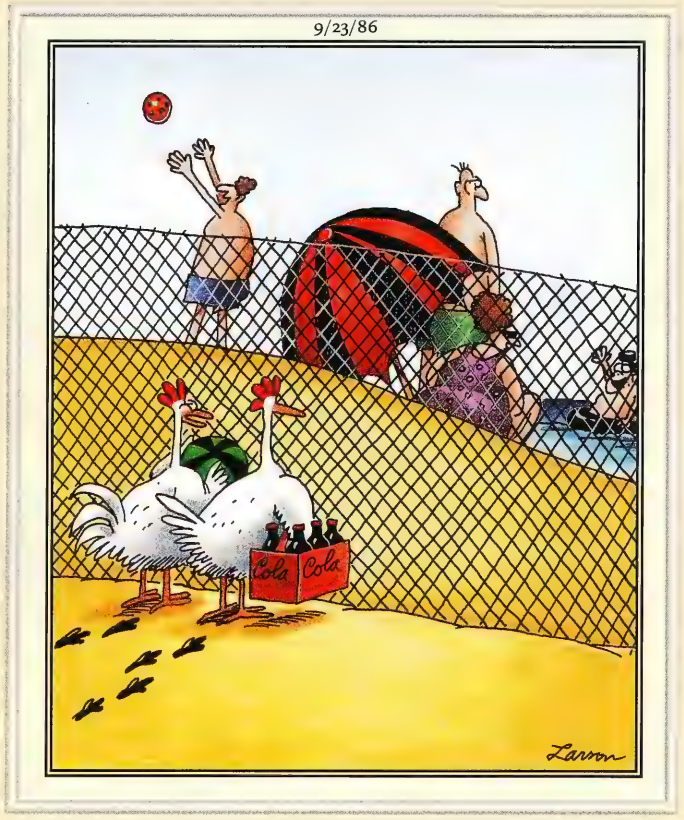
9/30/86



Seconds later, Mrs. Norton was covered with ink.



Inadvertently, Roy dooms the entire earth to annihilation when, in an attempt to be friendly, he seizes their leader by the head and shakes vigorously.



"Well, wouldn't you know it—we've come all this way to our favorite beach and someone's strung chicken wire around it."



God as a kid tries to make a chicken in his room.



"Ooo! This is always amusing. ... Here comes Bessie inside her plastic cow ball."

9/28/86



9/26/86



"Go back to sleep, Chuck. You're just havin' a nightmare—of course, we *are* still in hell."

UPS/AMP MEMO

To: Lee Salem

From: John P. McMeel

Date: October 1, 1986

Subject:

☐ For Your Information:

☐ Action Needed By:

☐ For Further Discussion:

Jack Loftis, of the Houston CHRONICLE, called regarding the term "screw" which appeared in last Sunday's FAR SIDE release. They have had over fifty phone calls protesting the use of the term. Jack said that according to the dictionary the word "screw" means sexual intercourse. I asked him if he wanted a letter, he said no, he just wanted to tell the reader the truth, that he had relayed their protest and that of the CHRONICLE'S to the syndicate and hopefully the creator.

John

UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

4900 Main Street • Kansas City, Missouri 64112 • Phone 816/932-6600

October 13, 1986

Jack Loftis
Assistant Editor
The Houston Chronicle
801 Texas Street
Houston, TX 77002

Dear Jack:

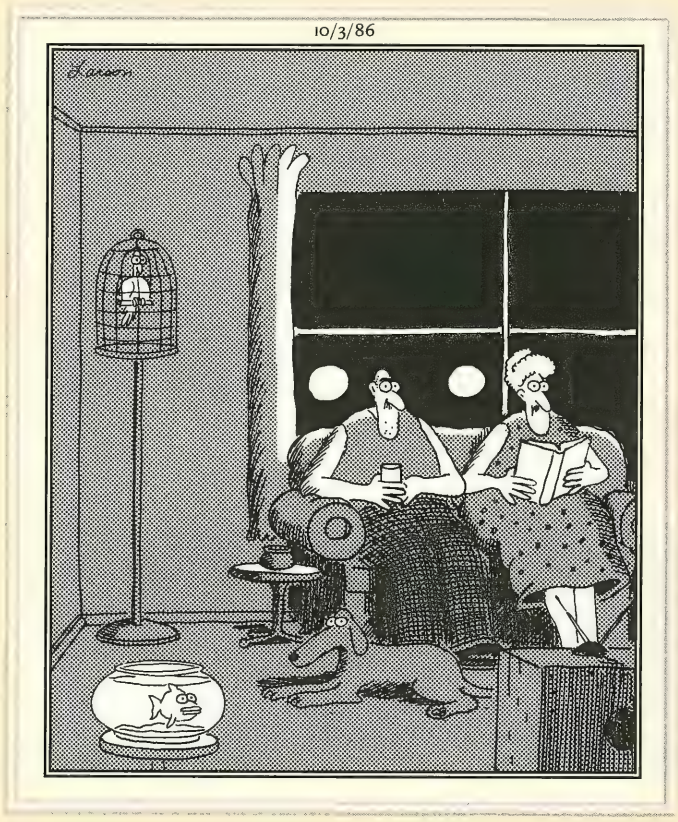
My, but your readers are single-minded! "To copulate" is but one of a number of definitions of "screw." The OED gives others, non-vulgar, definitions, as does our Webster's. Besides, you can't copulate with a "limit."

Best personal regards.

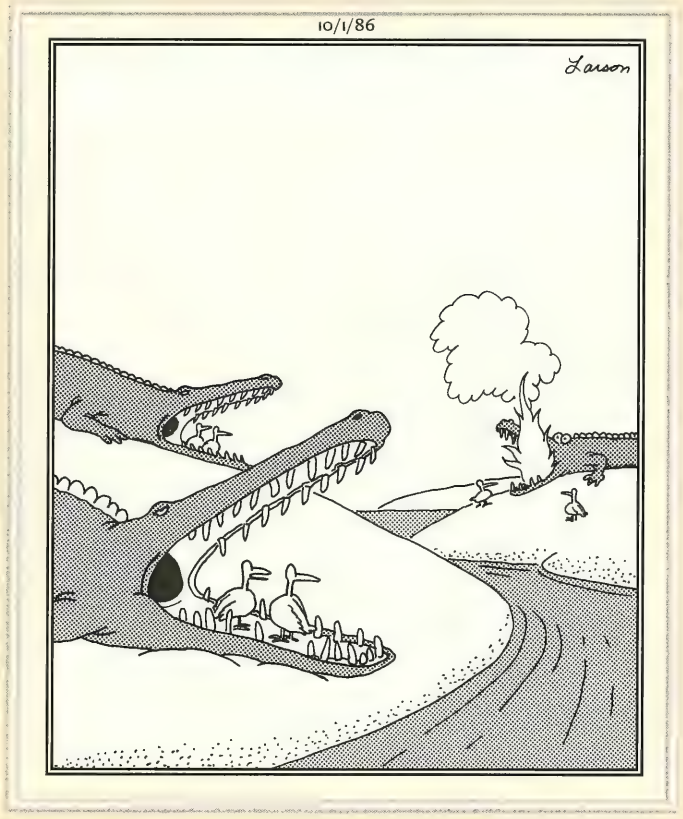
Sincerely,

Lee Salem
Editorial Director

October 1986



Suddenly, the living room was flooded with light and the angry sounds of an engine being revved. And everyone knew: The cat was back.



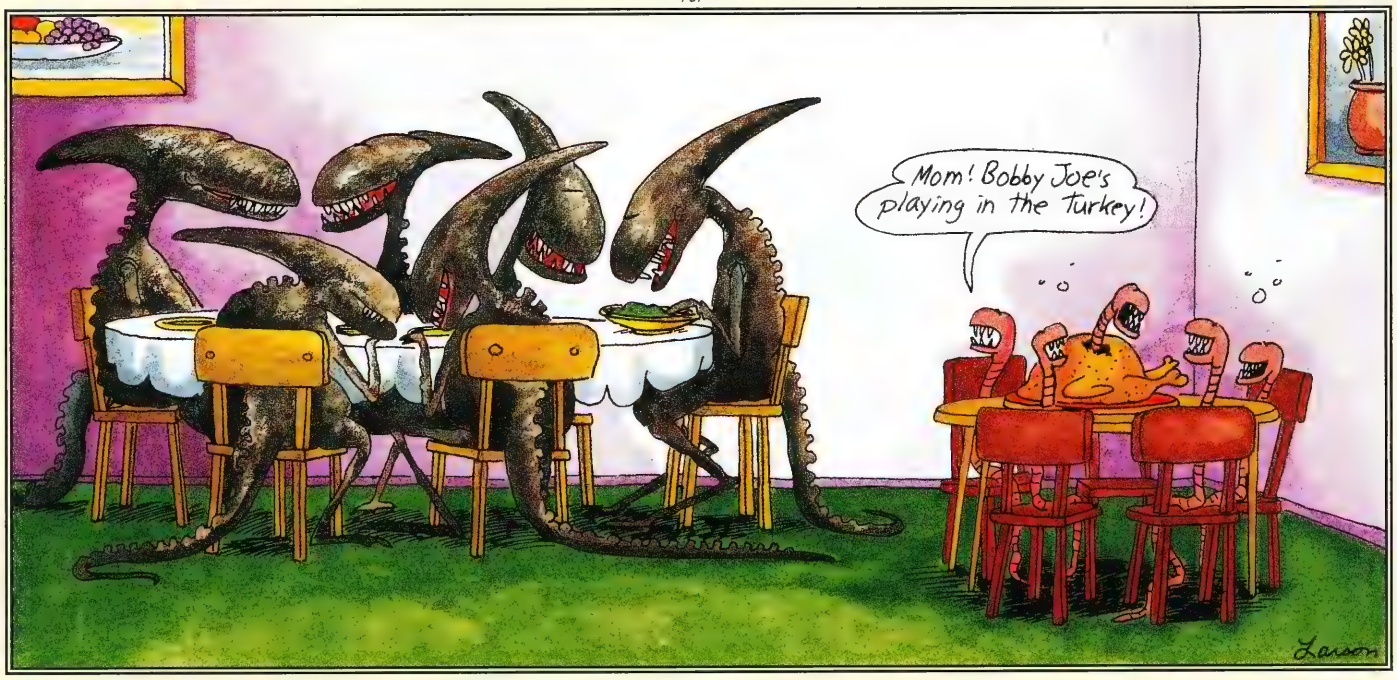
"Uh-oh. ... The Beaumonts' mouth is on fire."



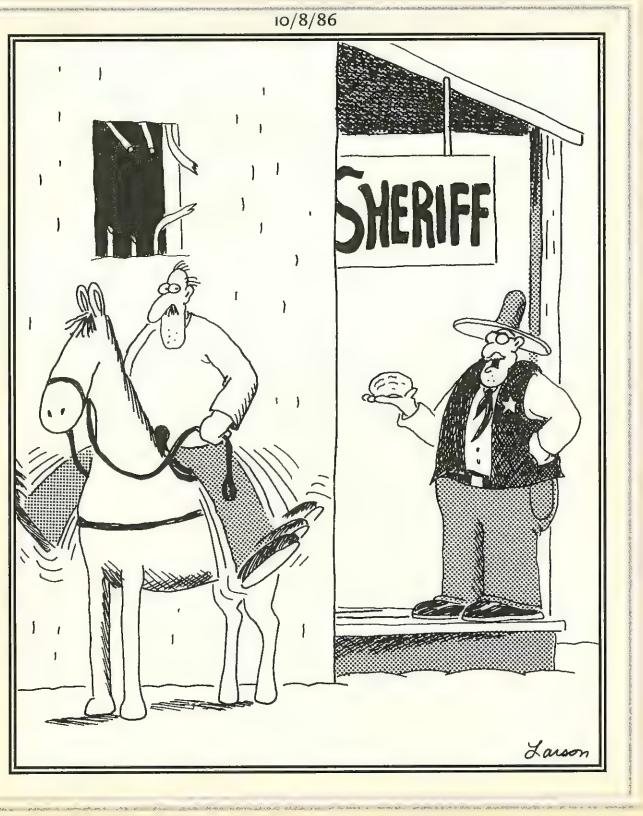
"Just a word of warning, Myron—if you miss, I'm comin' after your big hazel."



"Raised the ol' girl from a cub, I did. ... 'Course, we had to get a few things straight between us. She don't try to follow me into town anymore, and I don't try and take her food bowl away till she's done."



Alien family dinners



"Ha! Figured you might try escapin', Bert—so I just took the liberty of removin' your horse's brain."

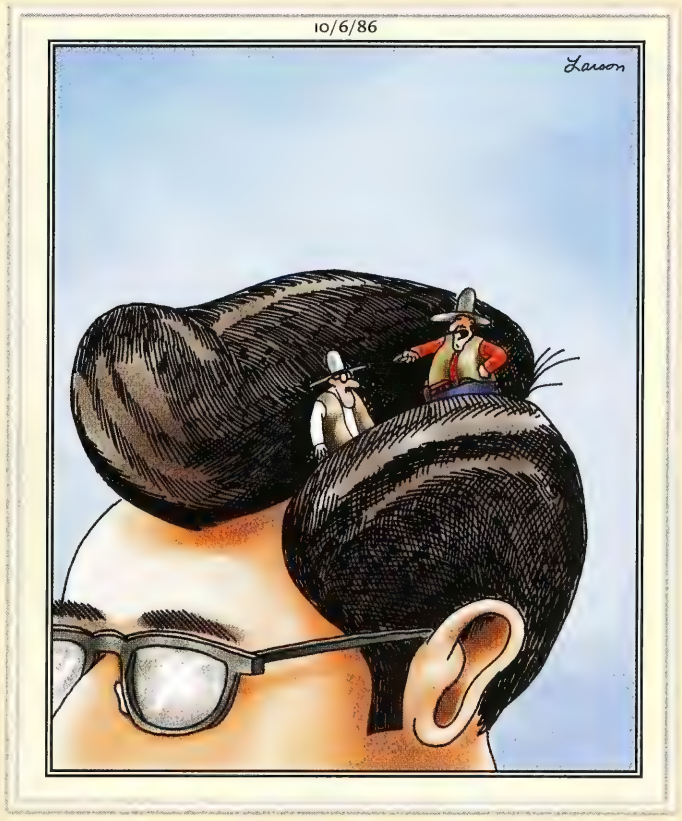


Auditions for the Lone Ranger's horse

October 1986



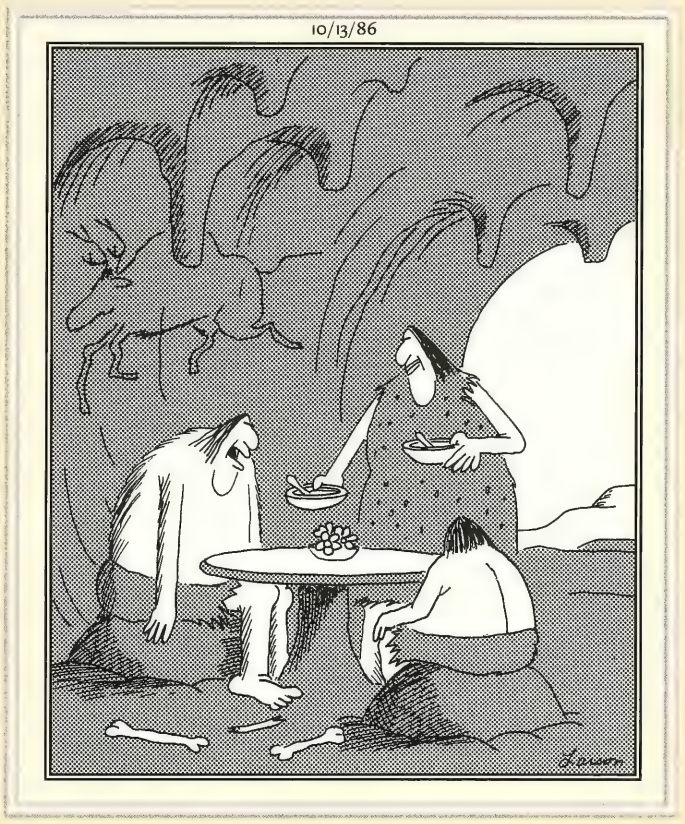
"And now that's the last of that."



"Say, ain't you a stranger in this part?"



"Ringworm around the collar ... Ringworm around the collar!"



"Primordial soup again?"

10/12/86



10/18/86

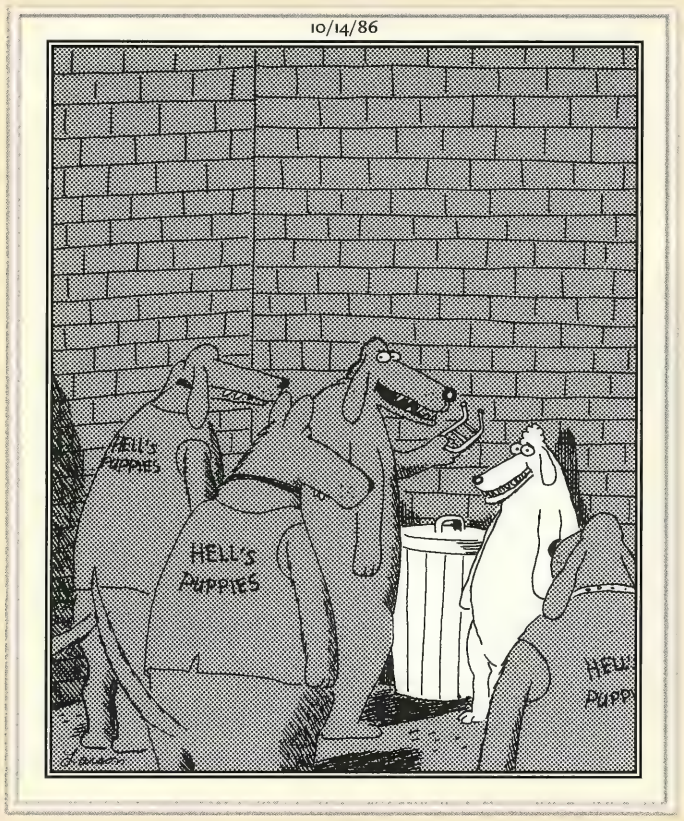


"You wanna have some fun, Fred? Watch. ... Growling and bristling, I'm gonna stand in front of the closet door and just stare."

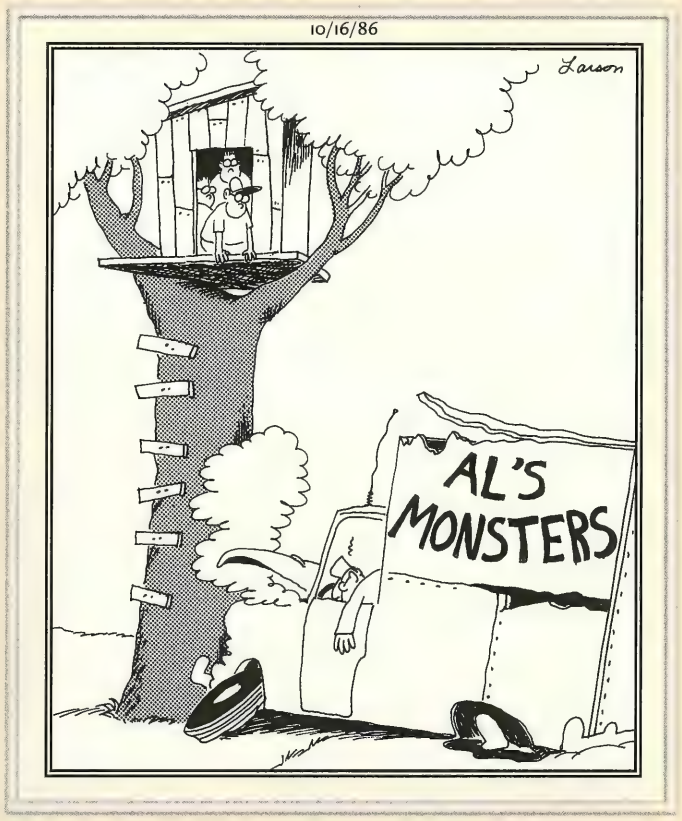
10/10/86



October 1986



"Well, whatta y'know, boys. All this time Mr. Tough Dog here was just wearing one of these fake-a-snarl contraptions."

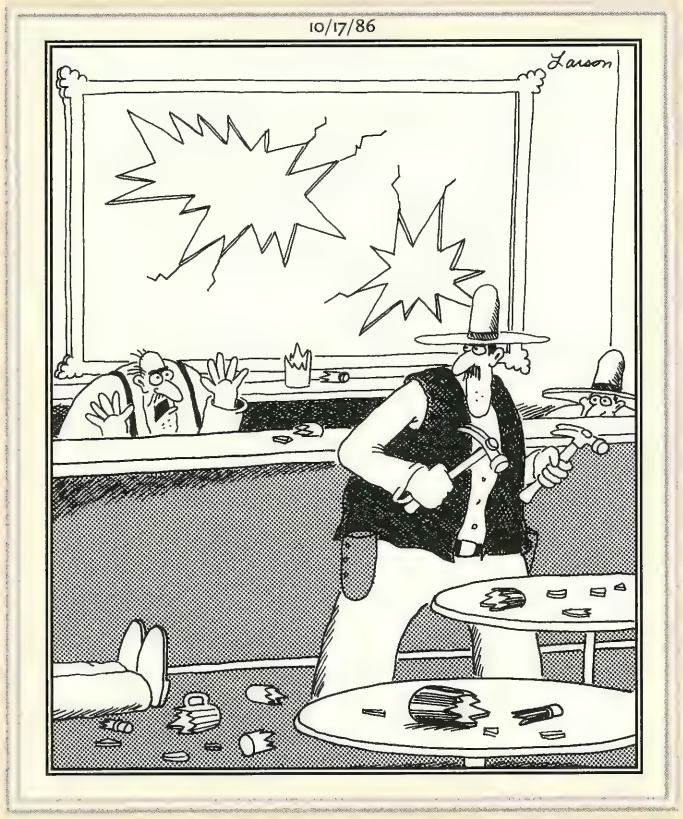


Treehouse nightmare

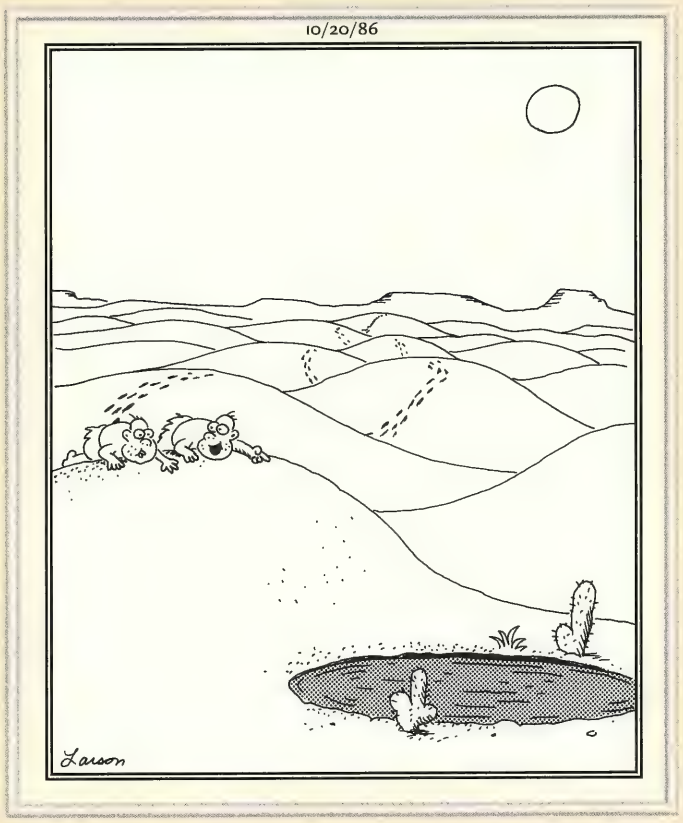


Washington crossing the street

October 1986



"Hey! C'mon, Jed! ... Ease up on them hammers!"



"Wawa!"

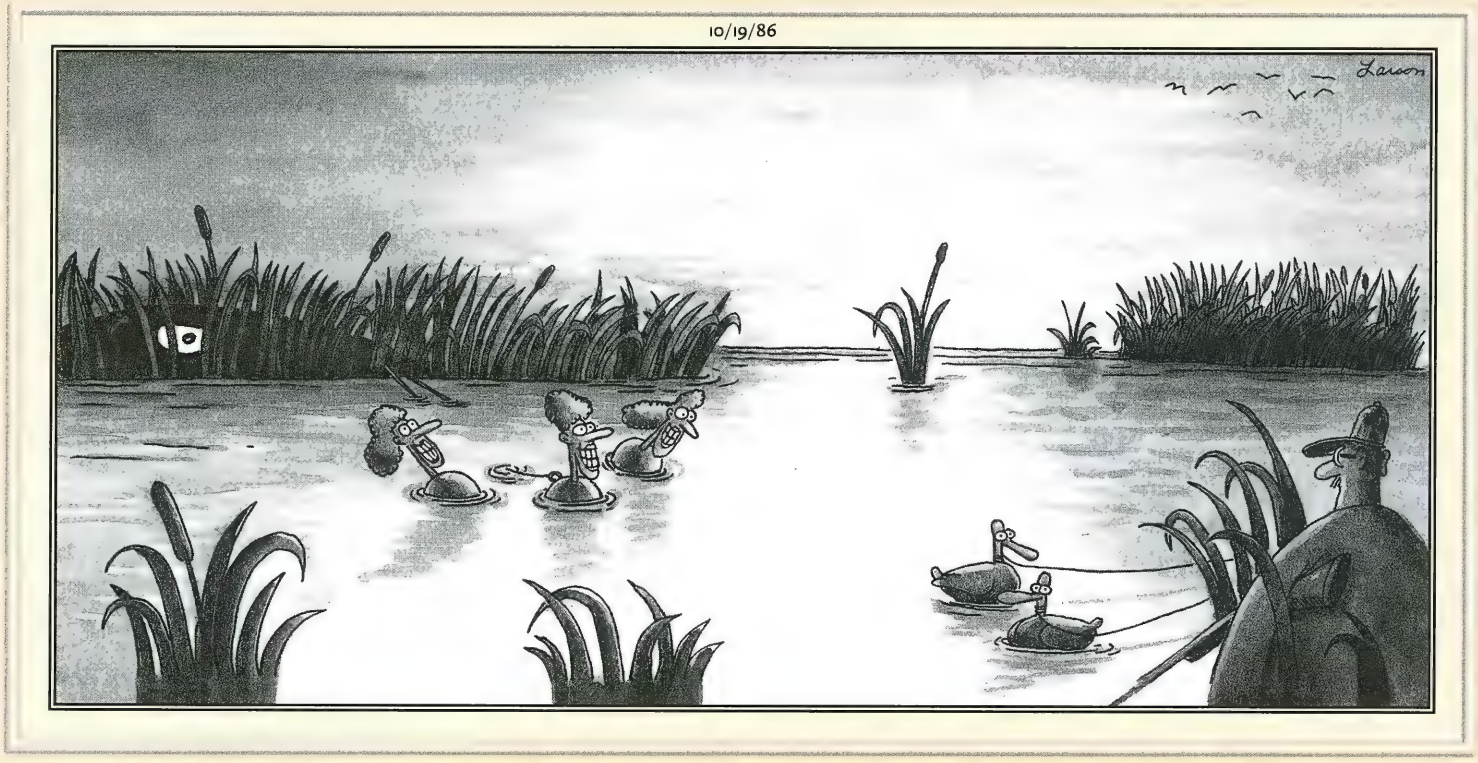


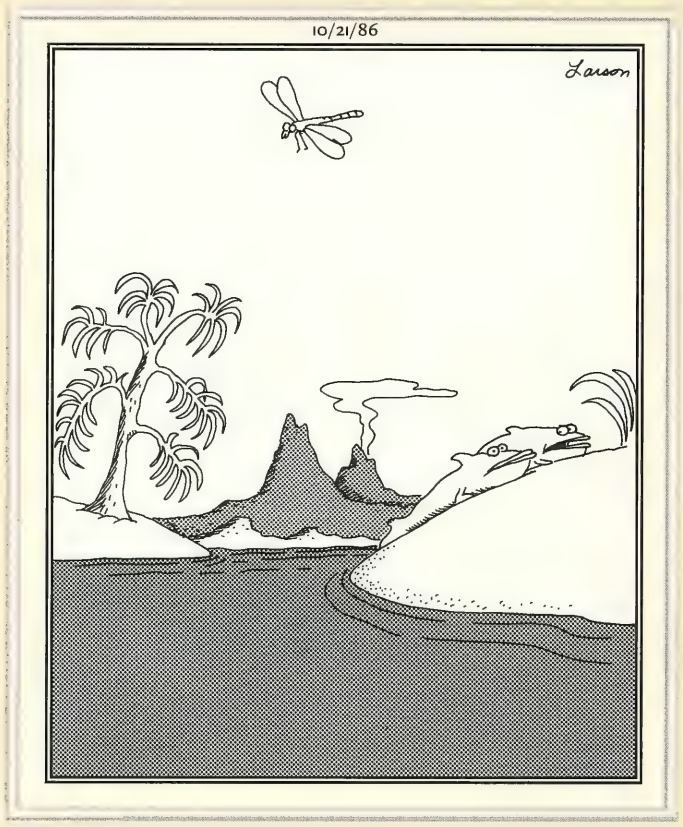
"Randy! Just sit down, eat your cereal, and look for that thing later!"



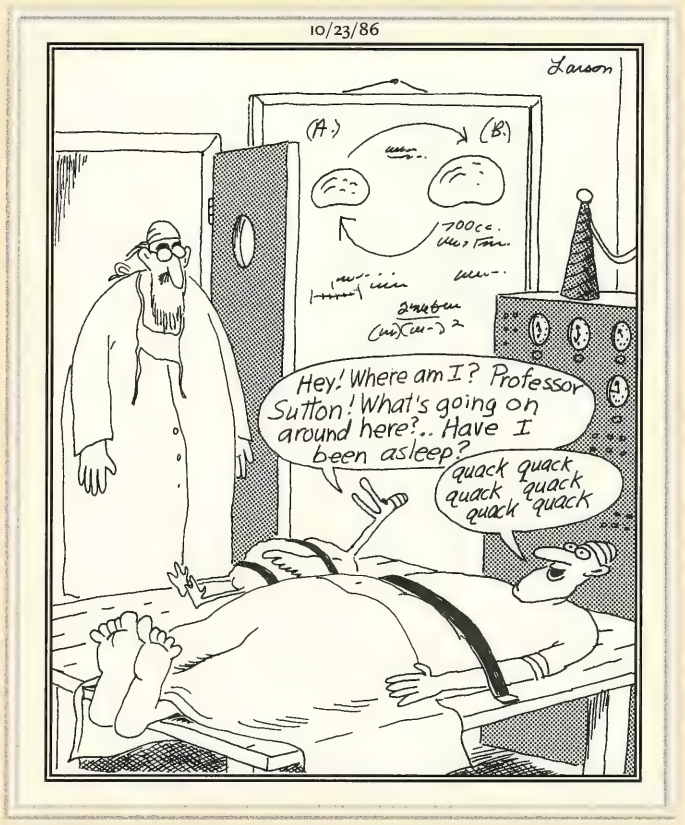
The Pillsbury Doughboy meets Frank's Asphalt and Concrete Paving Service.

October 1986





"Again? What is it with you that as soon as you put one fin on the land you have to go?"



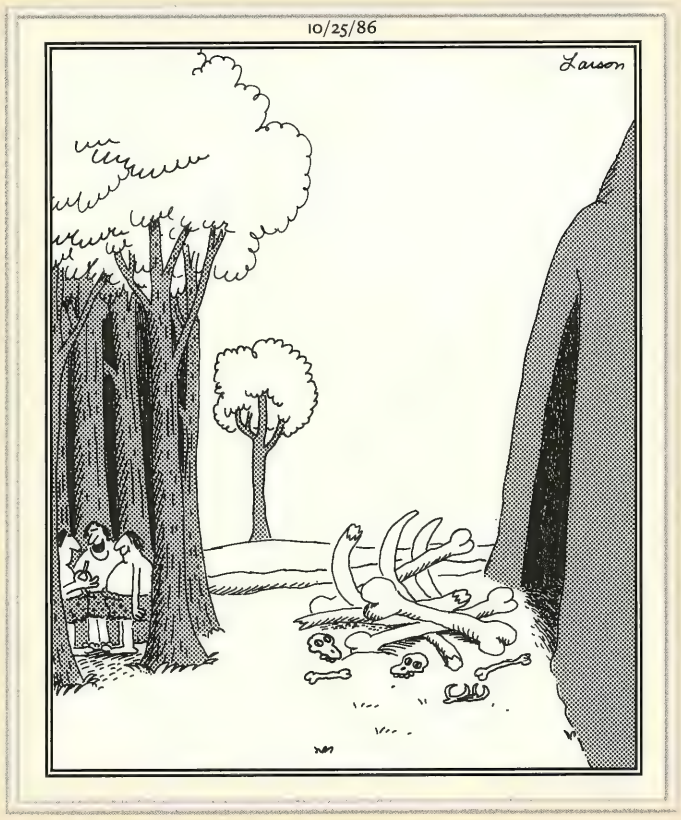
The operation was a success: Later, the duck, with his new human brain, went on to become the leader of a great flock. Irwin, however, was ostracized by his friends and family and eventually just ambled south.

10/24/86



"What can you do for my neck?"

10/25/86

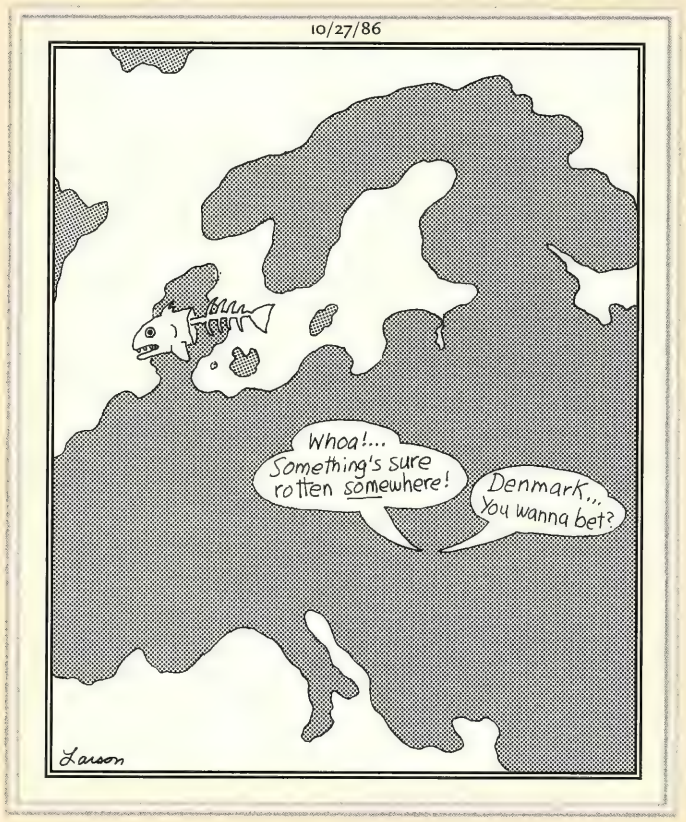


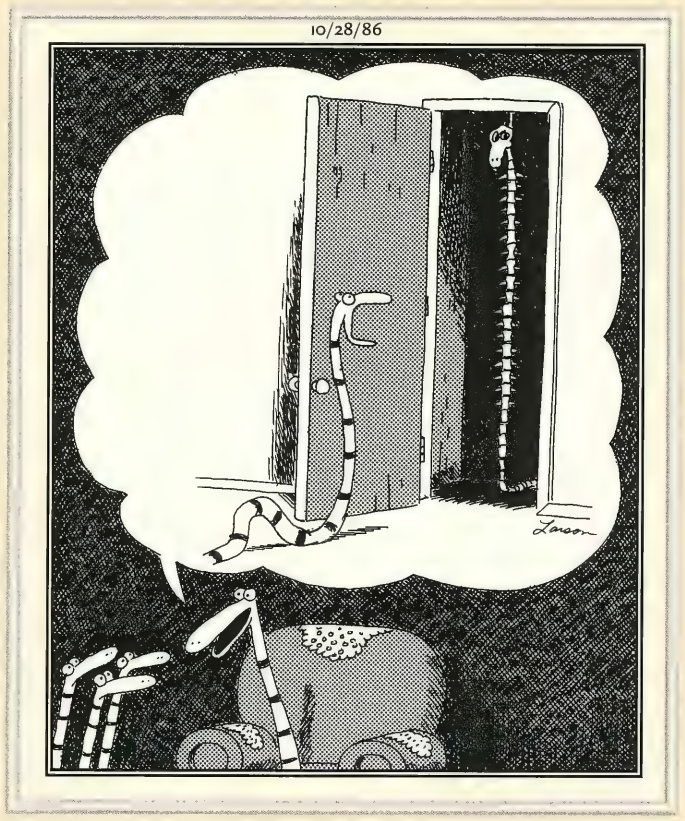
"Ha! Thak get short straw! ... Thak go see if Zog still live here."

10/26/86



October 1986





Snake horror stories





"Boy, he even looks like a drowned rat."

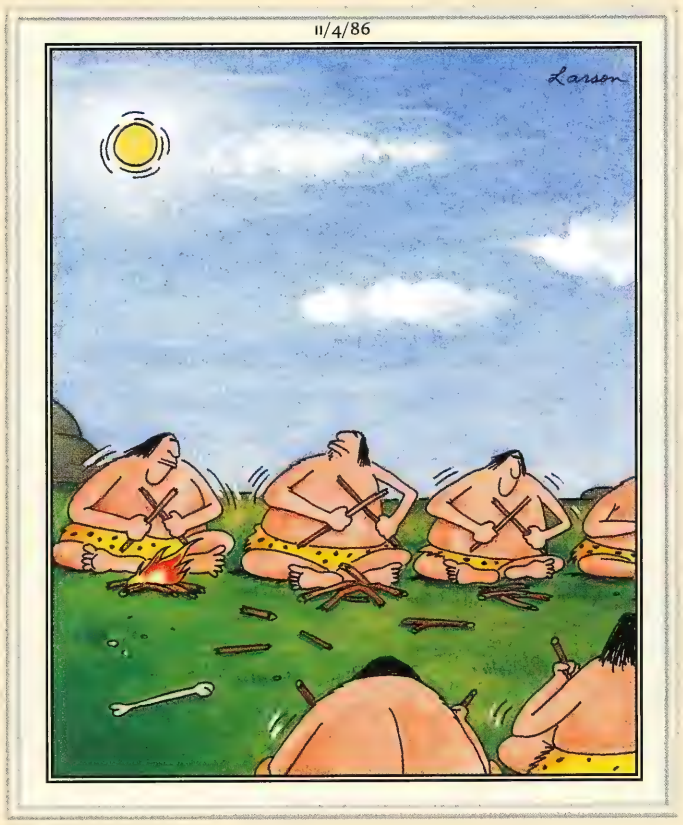
November 1986



Airplane mimicry



Classroom afflictions



Early clock-watchers

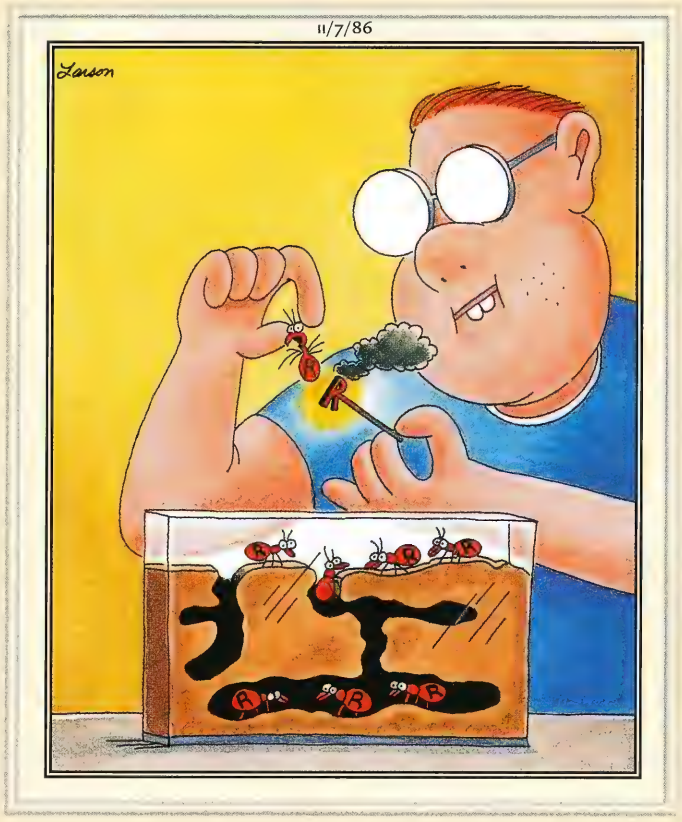


"Up! Up! Bring me up!"

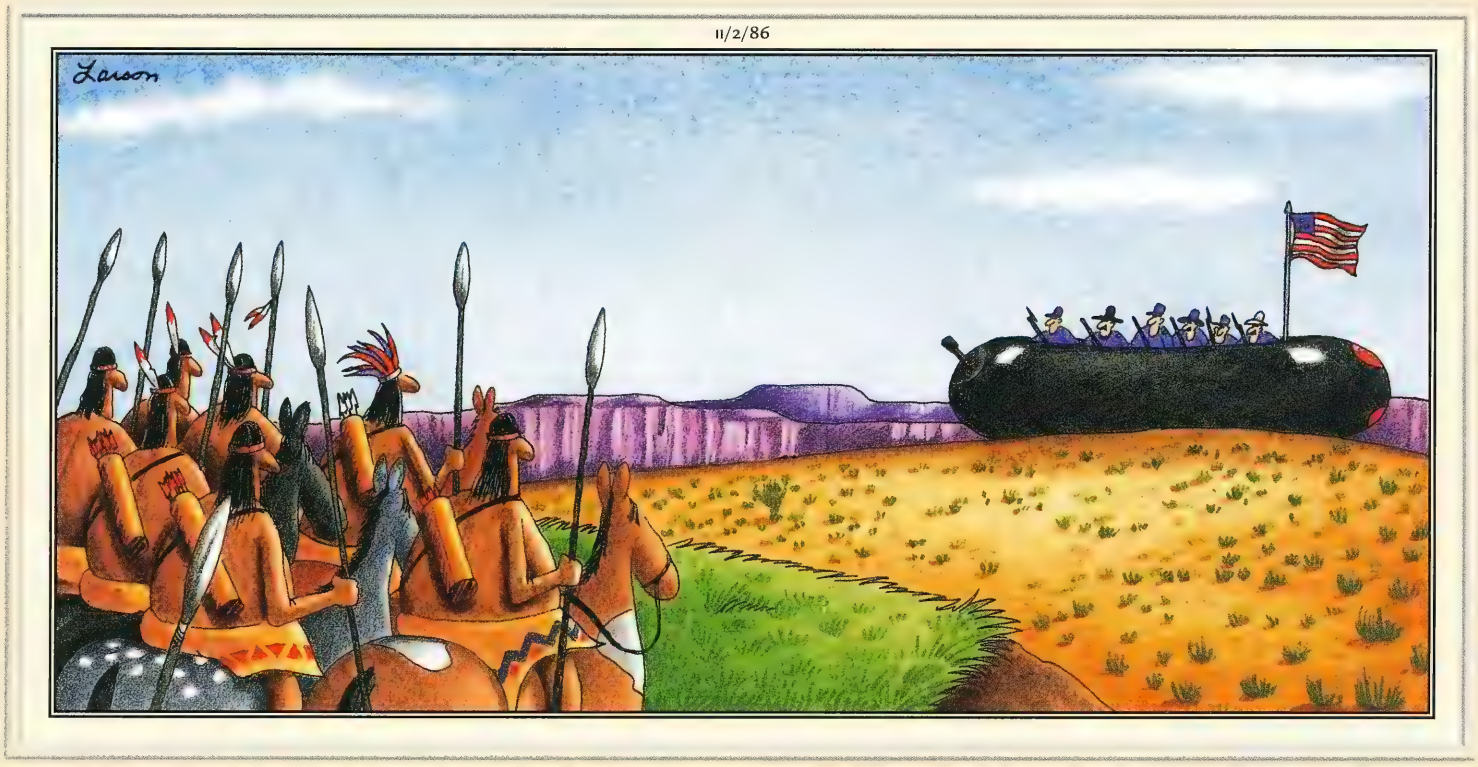
November 1986



Business lunch



Robby works his ant farm.



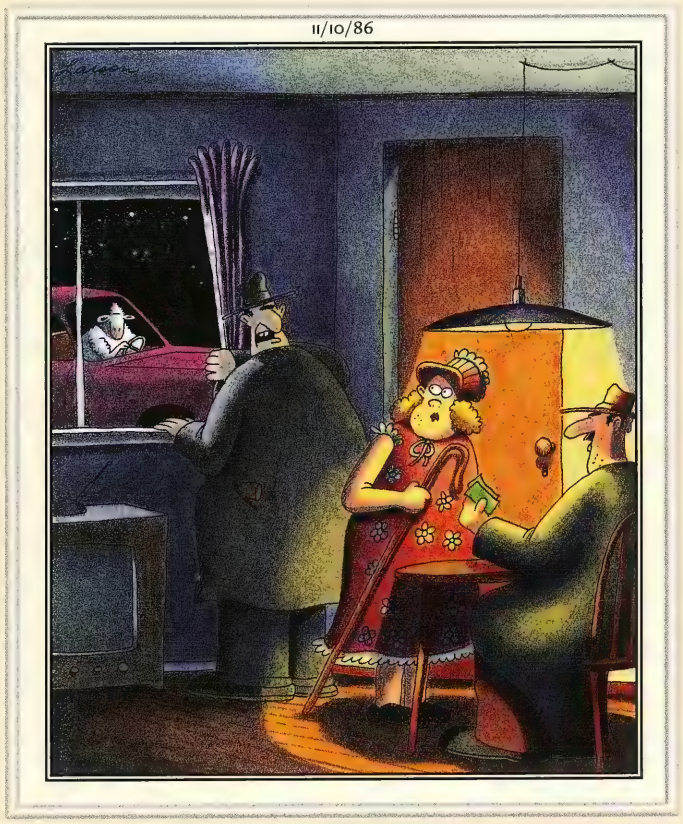
The short-lived fiasco of the inflatable fort

November 1986



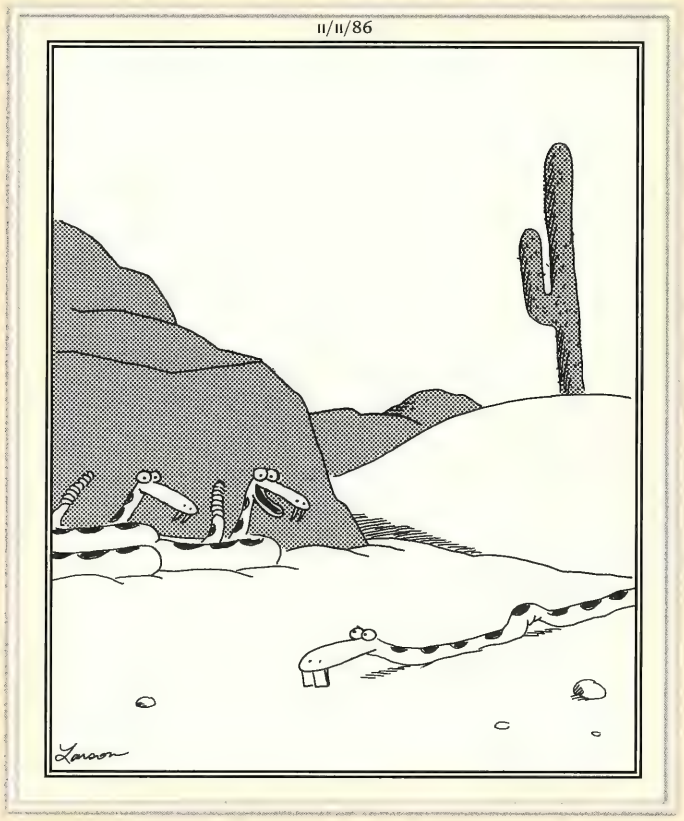


"My boy made the frame."

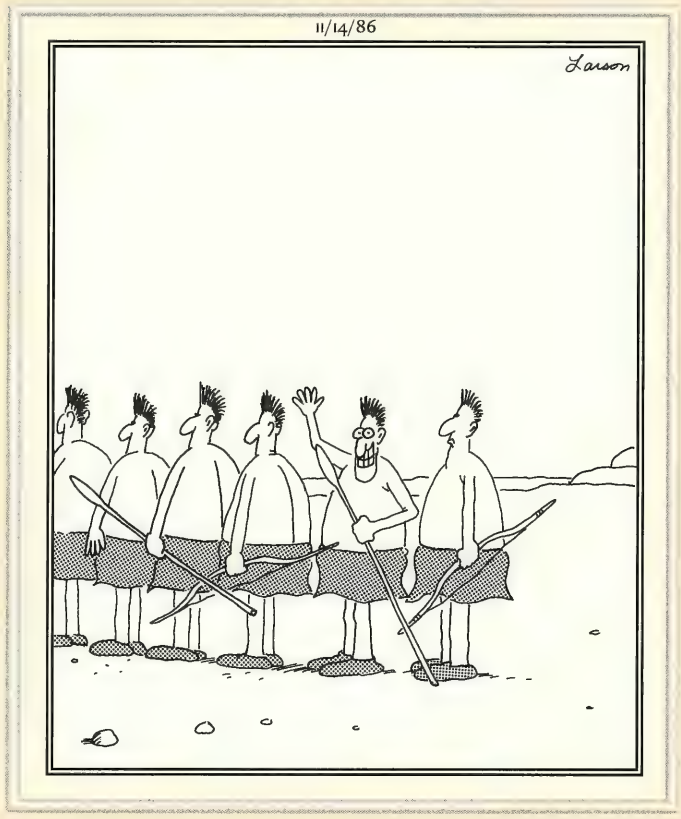


"Hold it! There's a car across the street—you sure you weren't followed, Mary?"

November 1986



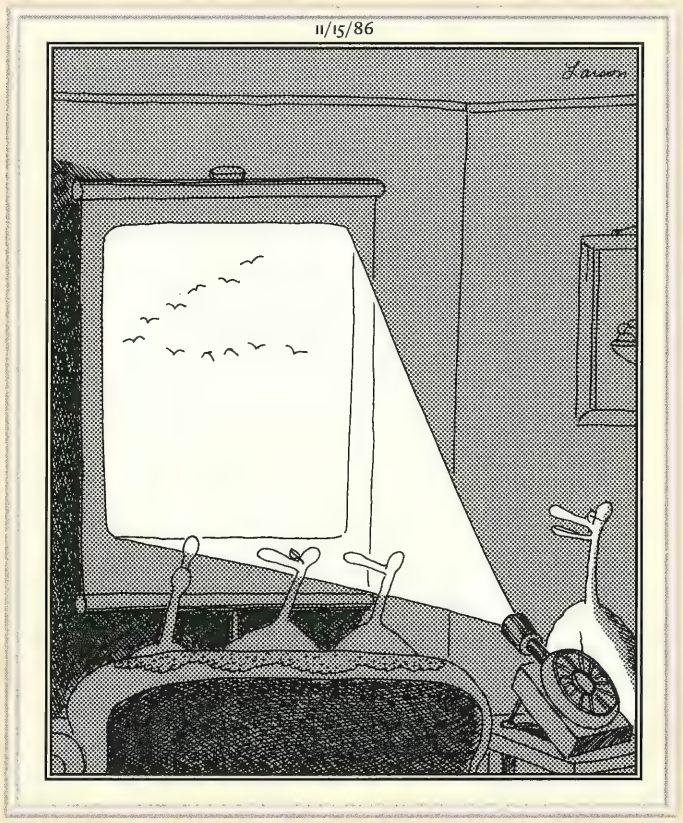
"So, Carl—attacked by any giant carrots lately?"



Second to the last of the Mohicans



"I hear 'em! ... Gee, there must be a *hundred* of the little guys squirmin' around in there!"

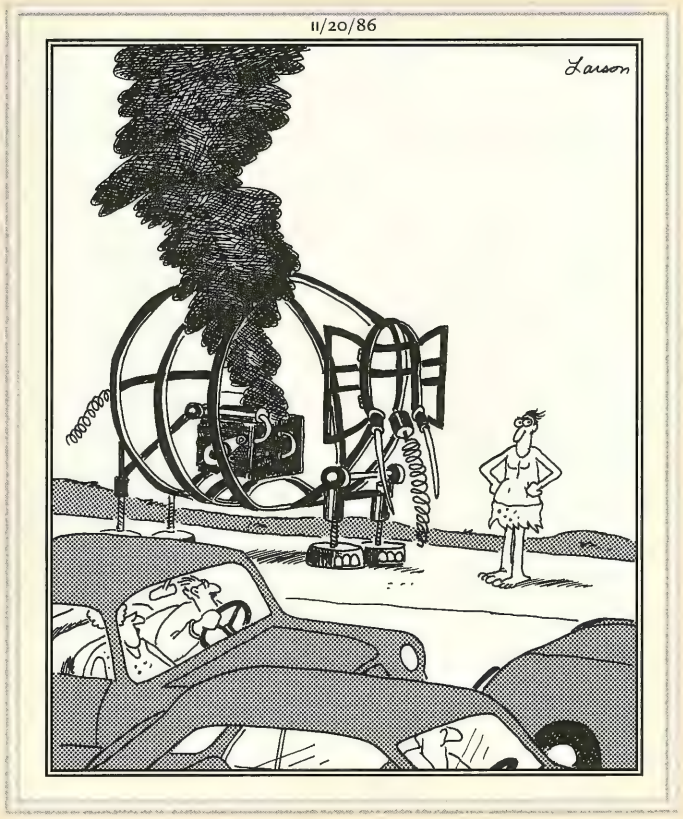


"And here we are last summer going south. ... Wait a minute, Irene! We went *north* last summer! The stupid slide's in backwards!"

November 1986



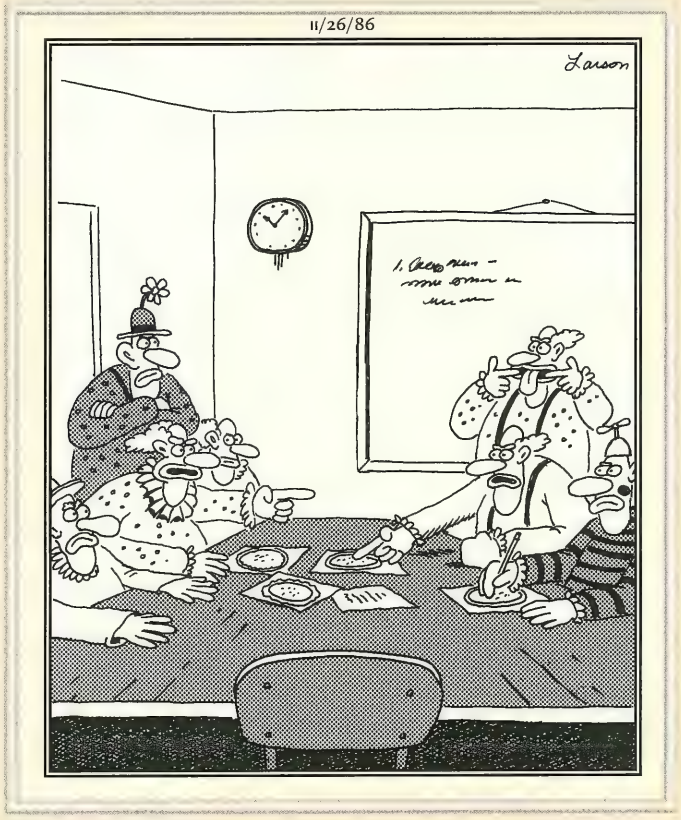
"Oh, wonderful—you're early."



Tantor burns up on I-90.



"It's 'Them,' gentlemen."



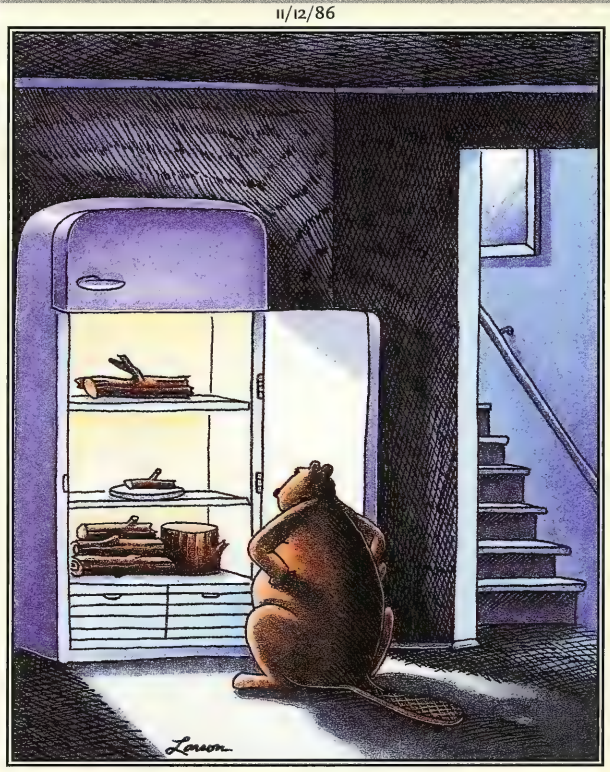
At the Strategic Pie Limitation Talks

November 1986

11/16/86



11/12/86



11/13/86

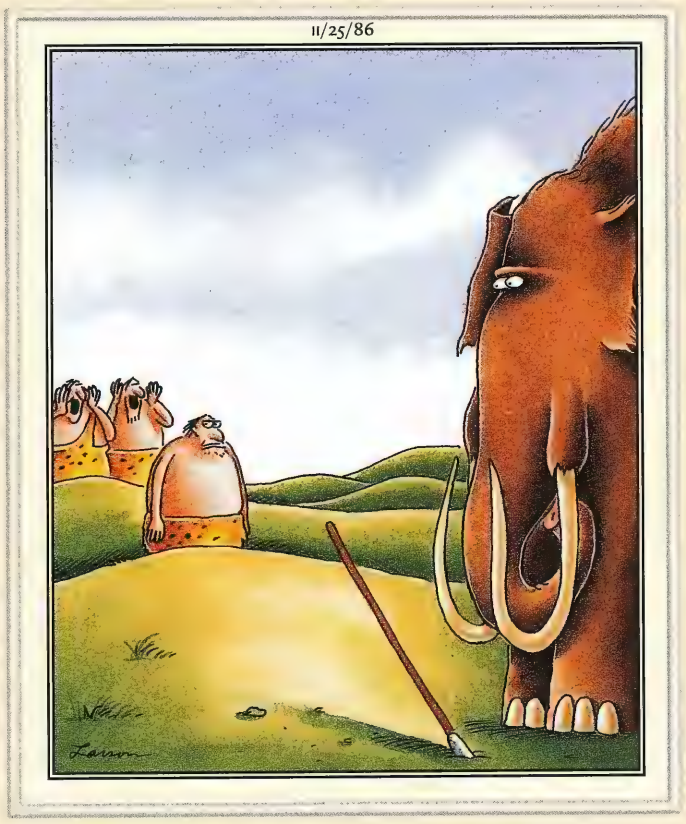


"And this report just in—apparently, the grass *is* greener on the other side."

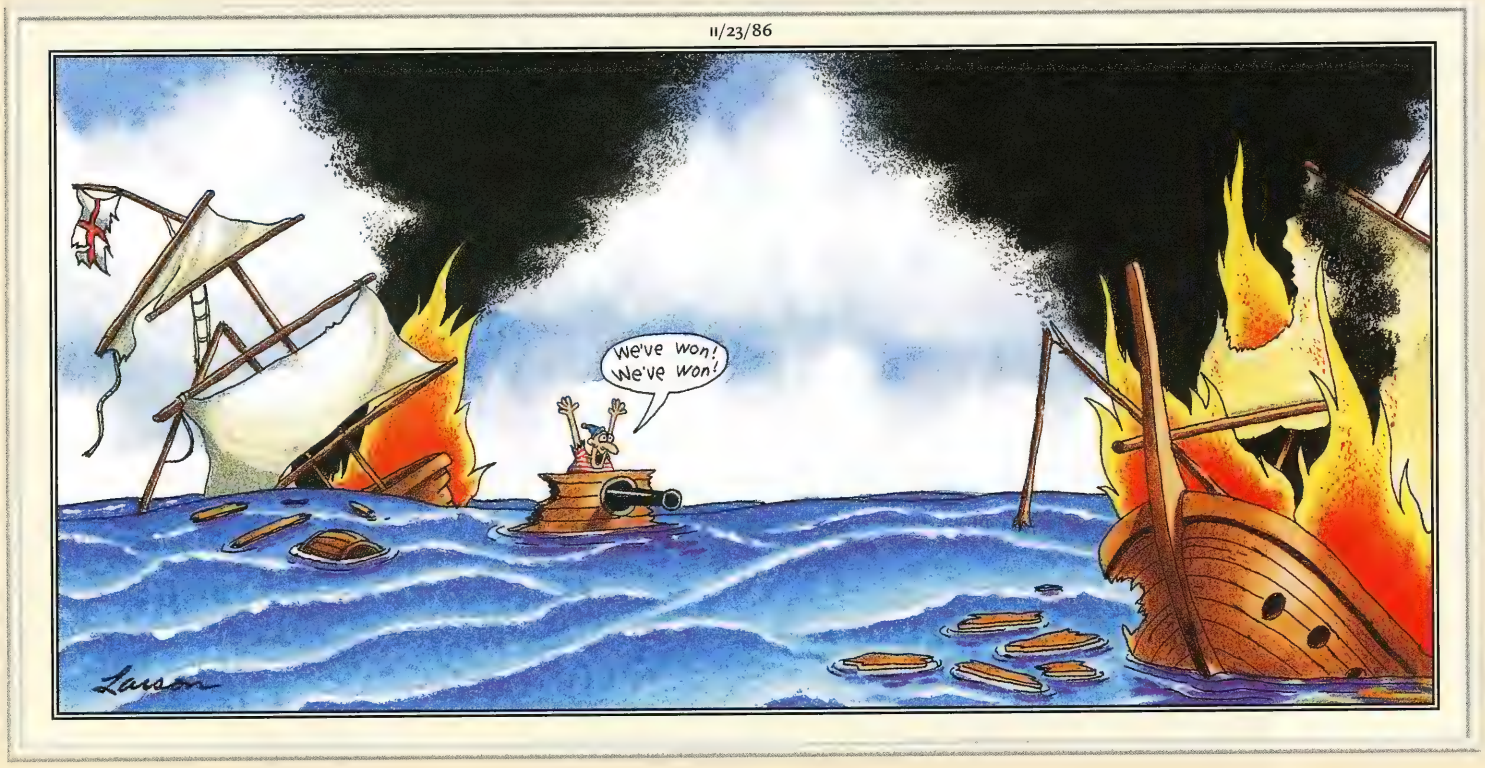
November 1986

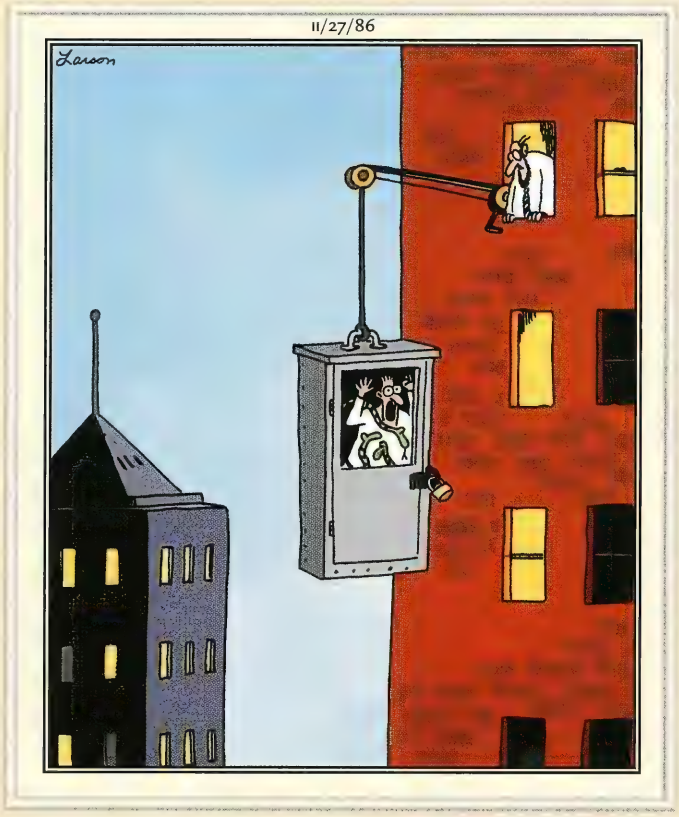


"Give me a hand here, Etta ... I got into a nest of wiener dogs over on Fifth and Maple."



"Airrrrr spearrrr ... airrrrr spearrrr! ... "

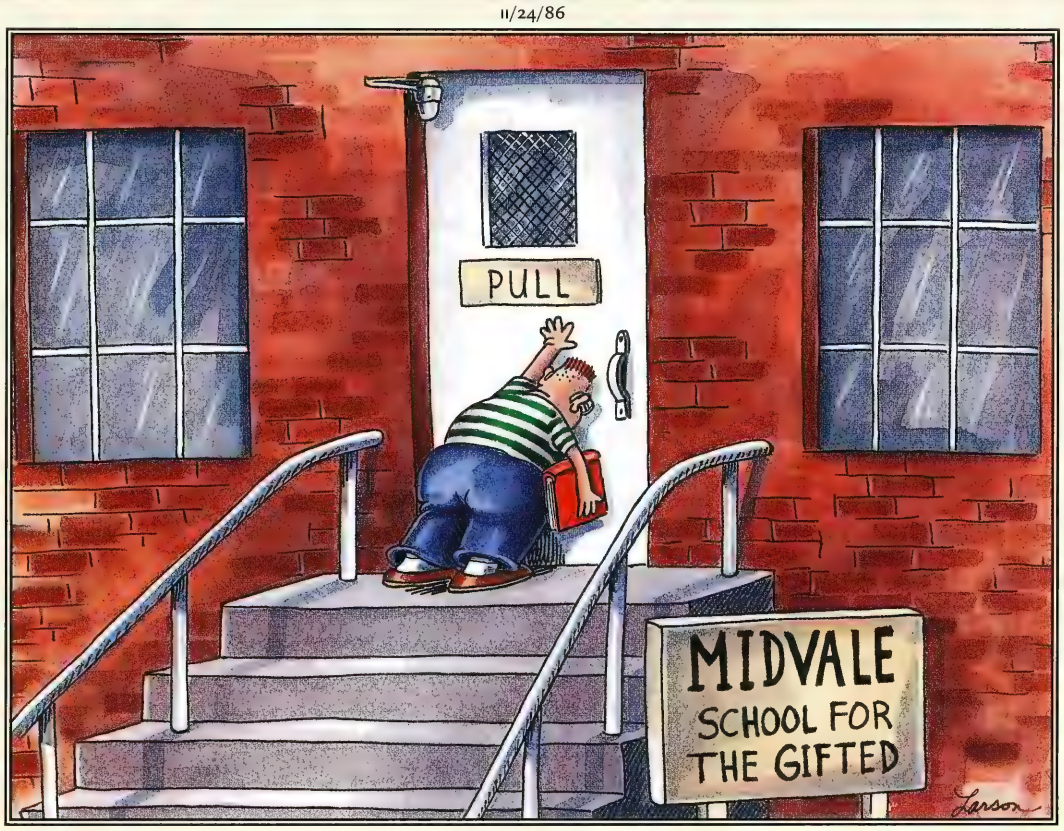




Professor Gallagher and his controversial technique of simultaneously confronting the fear of heights, snakes, and the dark.



"I tell you, a crib is just plain worthless—what we need around here is a good cardboard box."



November 1986

11/30/86



11/28/86



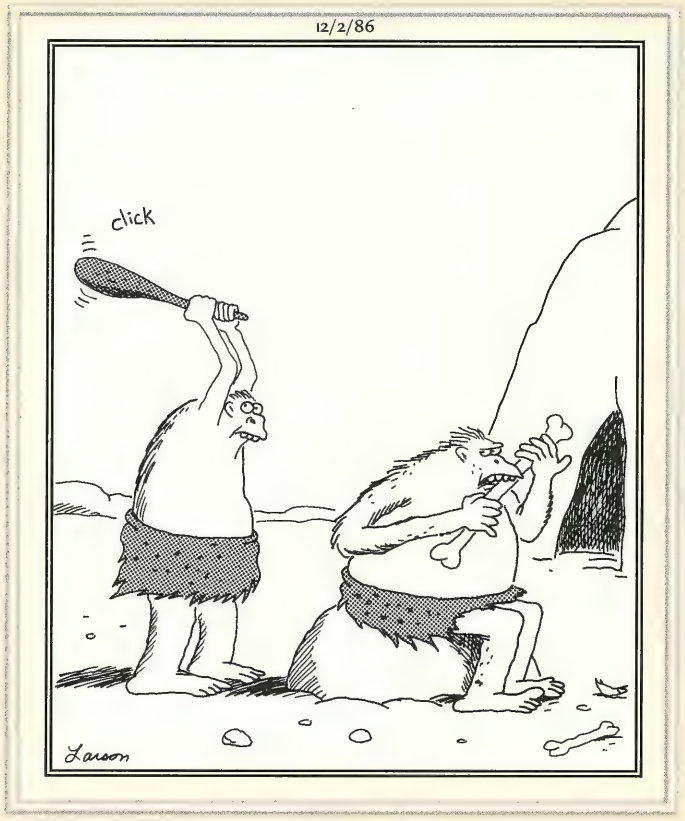
"Barbara! I'm going for help—tread soup!"

11/29/86

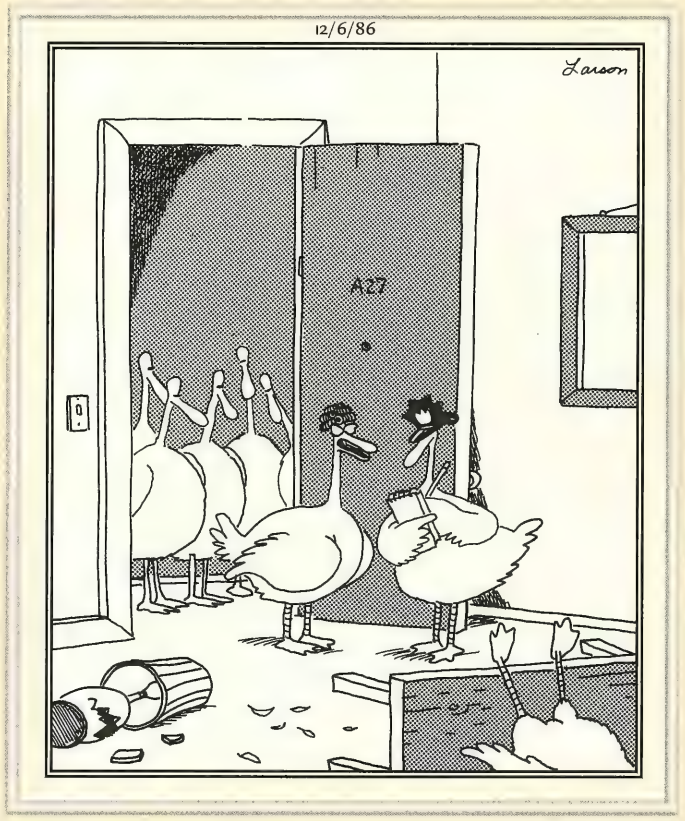


"Whoa! Watch where that thing lands—we'll probably need it."

December 1986



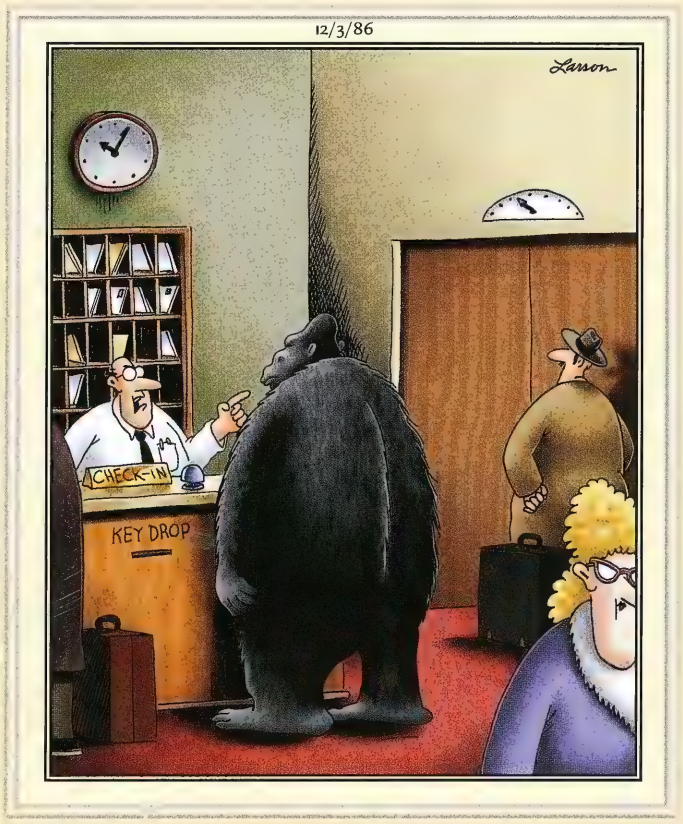
At a critical moment, Zak's club jams.



"Well, from across the hall I could hear this heated argument, followed by sounds of a scuffle. Suddenly, there was this tremendous, bloodcurdling 'quaaaaacck!' That's when I called."



"So, you're a *real* gorilla, are you? Well, guess you wouldn't mind munchin' down a few beetle grubs, would you? ... In fact, we wanna see you chug 'em!"

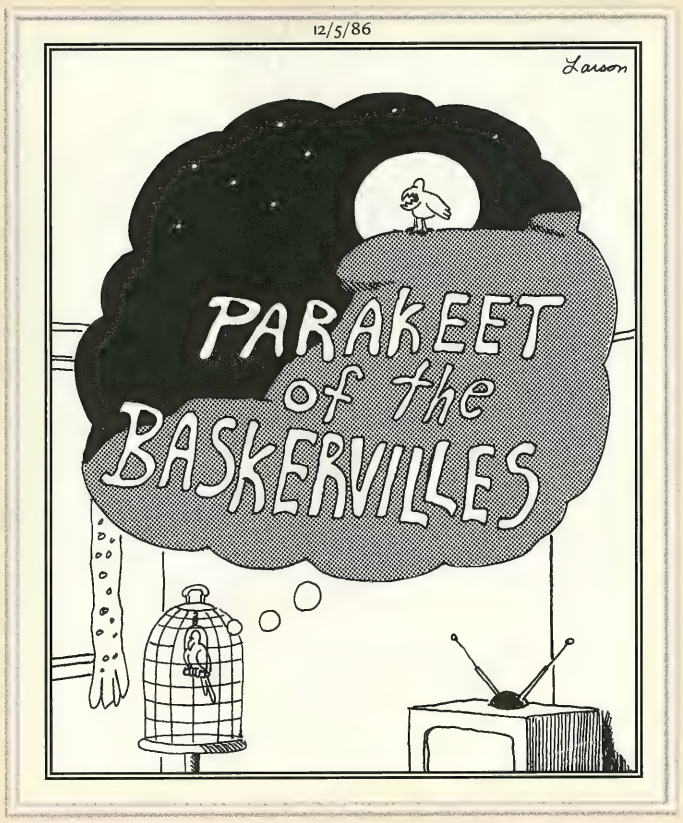


"Look. I'm sorry ... if you weighed 500 pounds, we'd certainly accommodate you—but it's simply a fact that a *400*-pound gorilla does *not* sleep anywhere he wants to."

December 1986



The world was going down the tubes. They needed a scapegoat. They found Wayne.



Buddy's dreams



Moby's parents



Bobbing for poodles

12/7/86



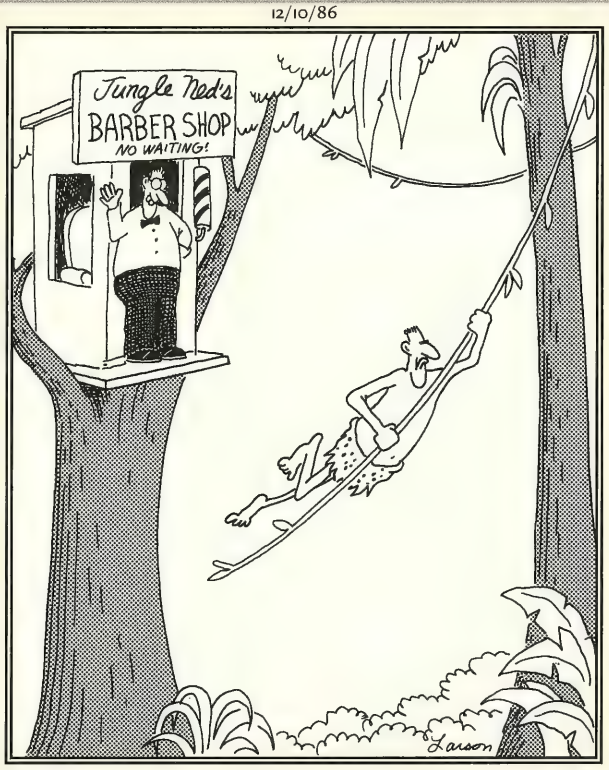
Night of the Crash-Test Dummies

12/8/86



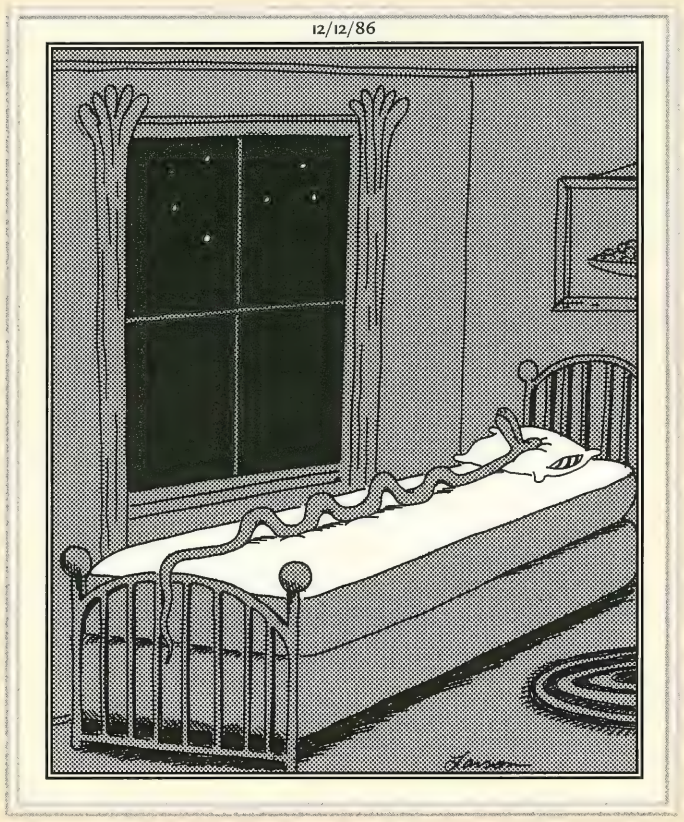
"I'm sorry, ma'am, but his license does check out and, after all, your husband *was* in season. Remember, just because he knocks doesn't mean you have to let him in."

12/10/86

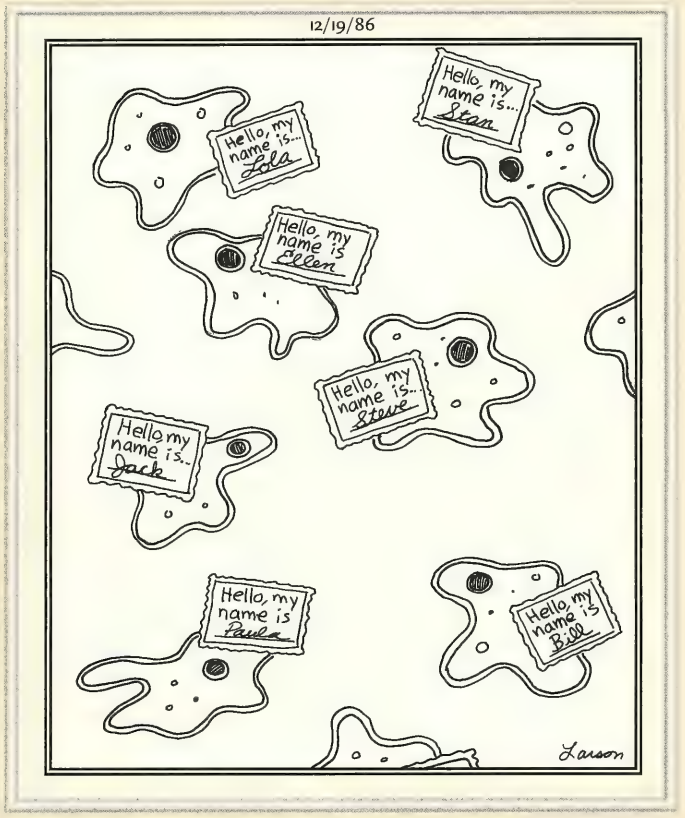


And for two excruciating months, he was simply known as "Skinhead of the Jungle."

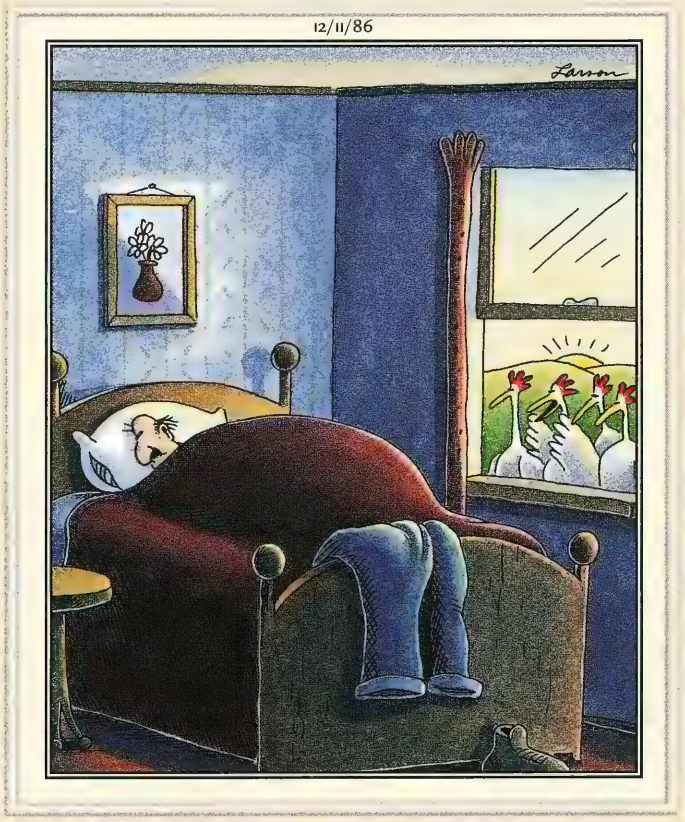
December 1986



When snakes dream they're crawling



Amoeba conventions



"YO! FARMER DAVE! LET'S GO, LET'S GO, LET'S GO! ... YOU GETTIN' UP WITH US CHICKENS OR NOT?"

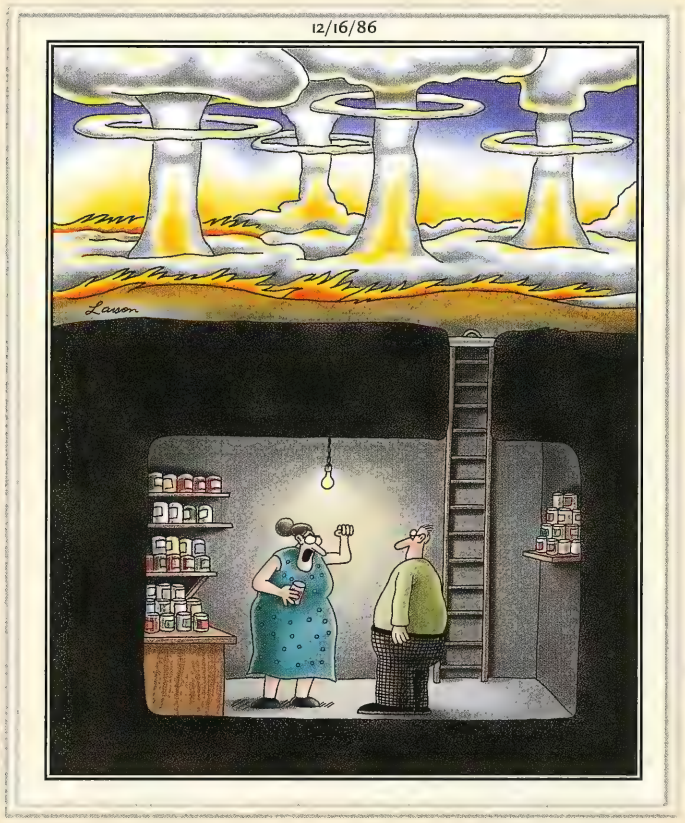


"Sorry to bother you, sir, but there's another salesman out here—you want me to tell him to go to heaven?"

December 1986



Primitive demolition derbies



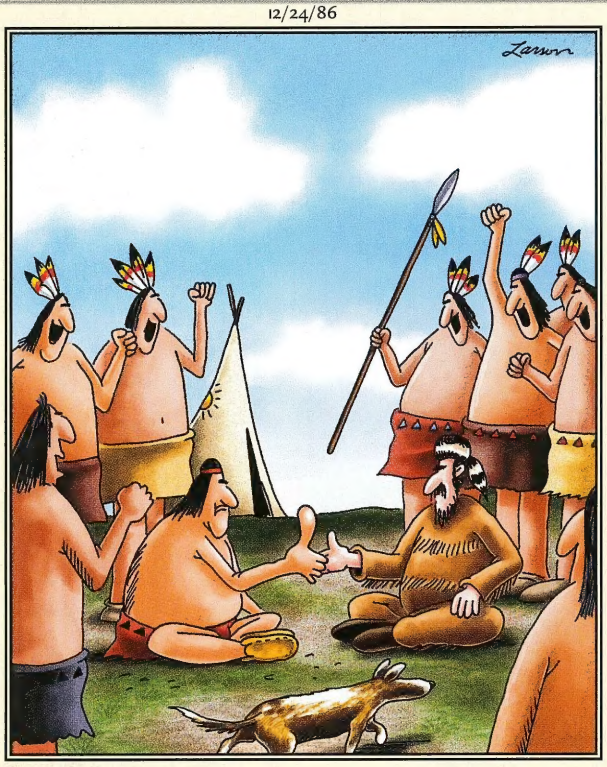
"How many times did I say it, Harold? How many times? 'Make sure that bomb shelter's got a can opener—ain't much good without a can opener,' I said."



"And another thing! I'm sick and tired of you callin' me 'new kid' all the time!"

December 1986

12/24/86



To win the tribe's respect, Jed first had to defeat their best thumb-wrestler.

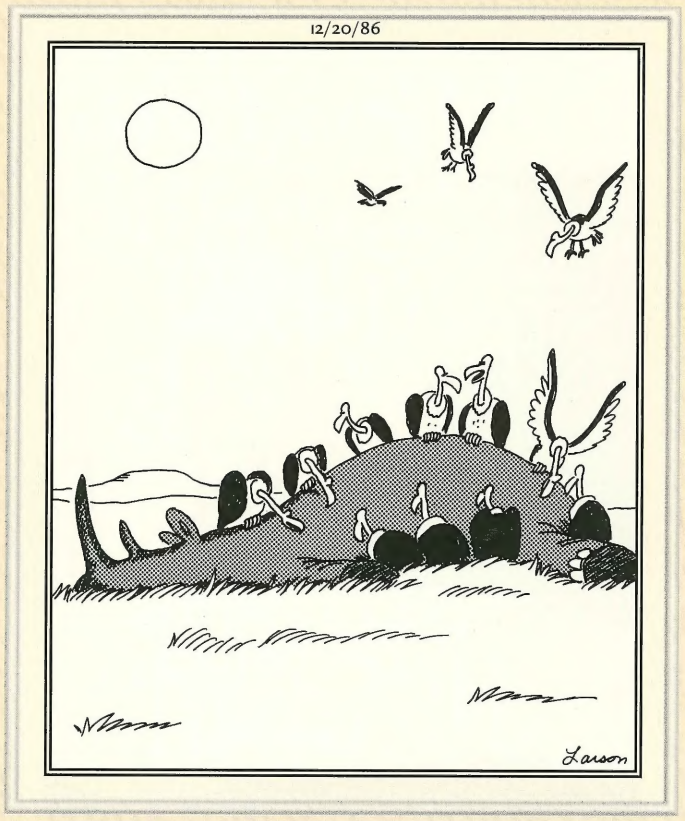
12/18/86



"Oh, Ginger—you look absolutely stunning ... and whatever you rolled in sure does stink."

12/21/86





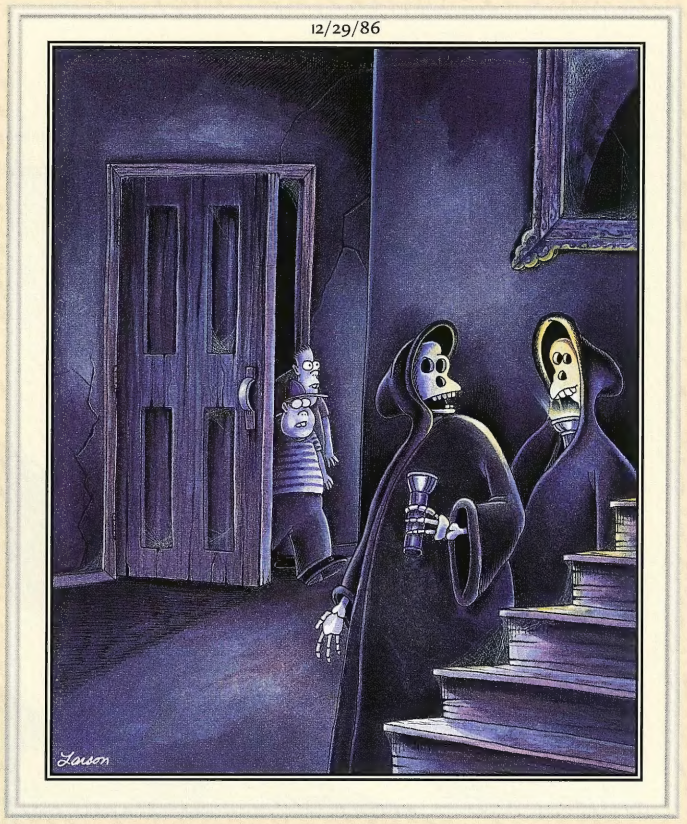
"Just think. ... Here we are, the afternoon sun beating down on us, a dead, bloated rhino underfoot, and good friends flying in from all over. ... I tell you, Frank, this is the best of times."



The Headless Horsefamily



Vern waited, hoping to God for one moment—one precious moment—when the herd would cluster together.

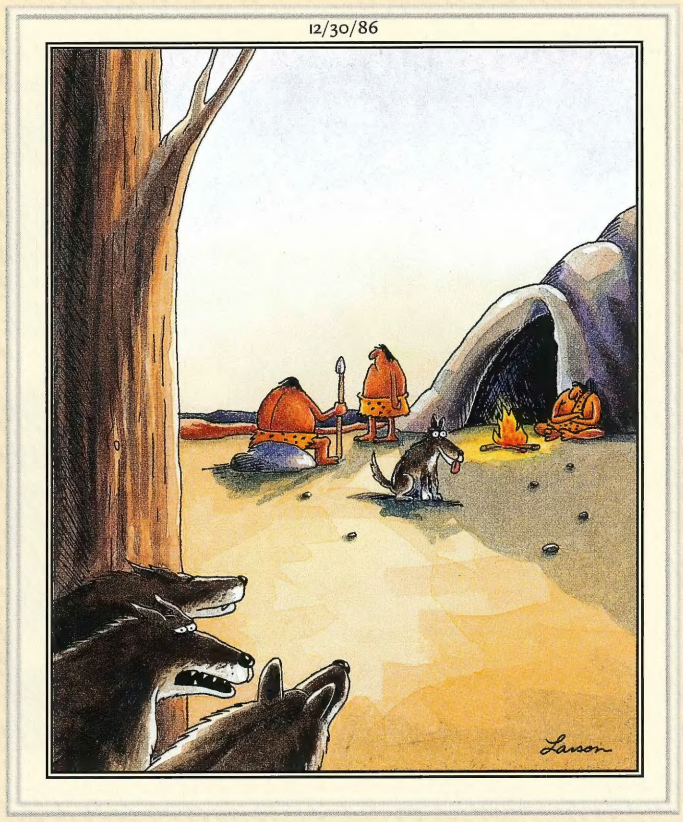


"Carl, maybe you should just leave your flashlight off. We're trying to scare these kids, not crack 'em up."

December 1986

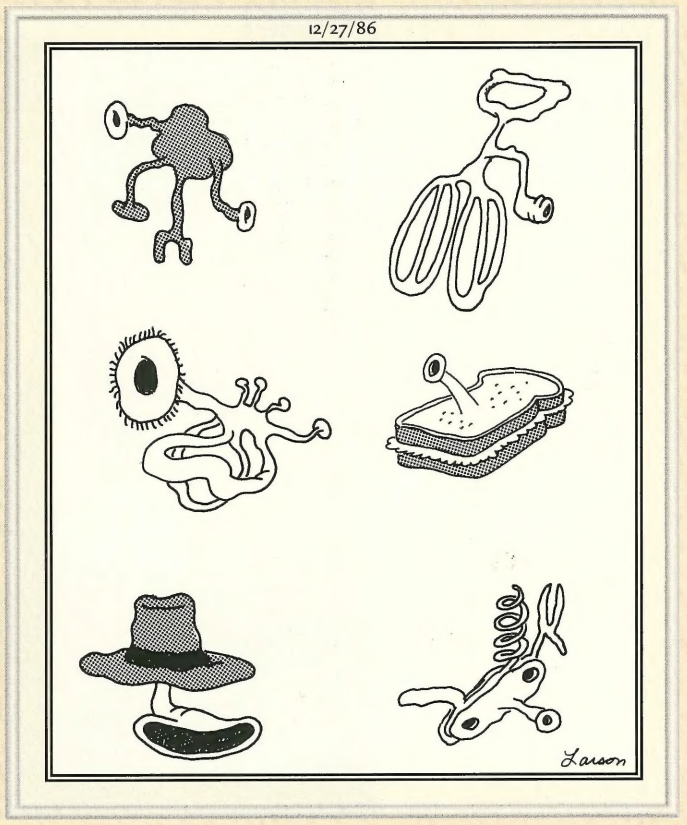


The portrait of Dorian Cow



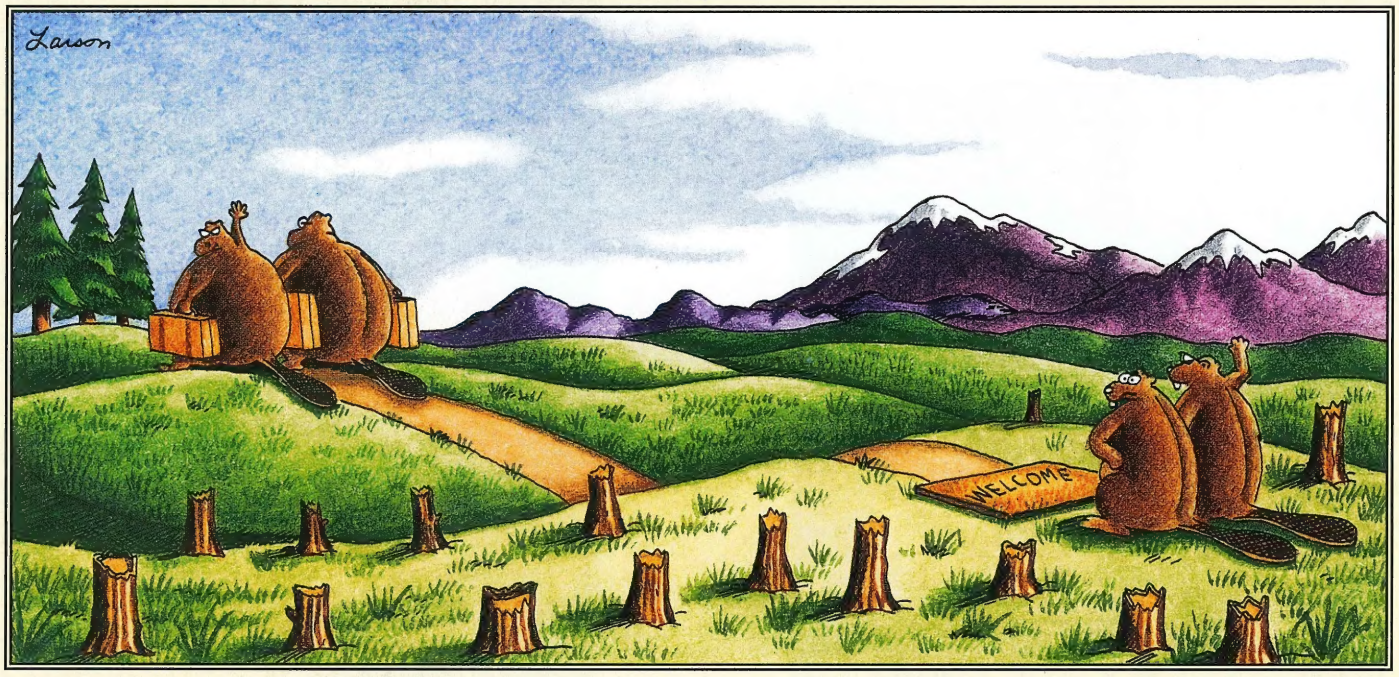
"It's Bob, all right ... but look at those vacuous eyes, that stupid grin on his face—he's been domesticated, I tell you."





Some of the non-vital organs

12/28/86



And the Von Schnells were never invited back again.

12/31/86

